Aug. 12, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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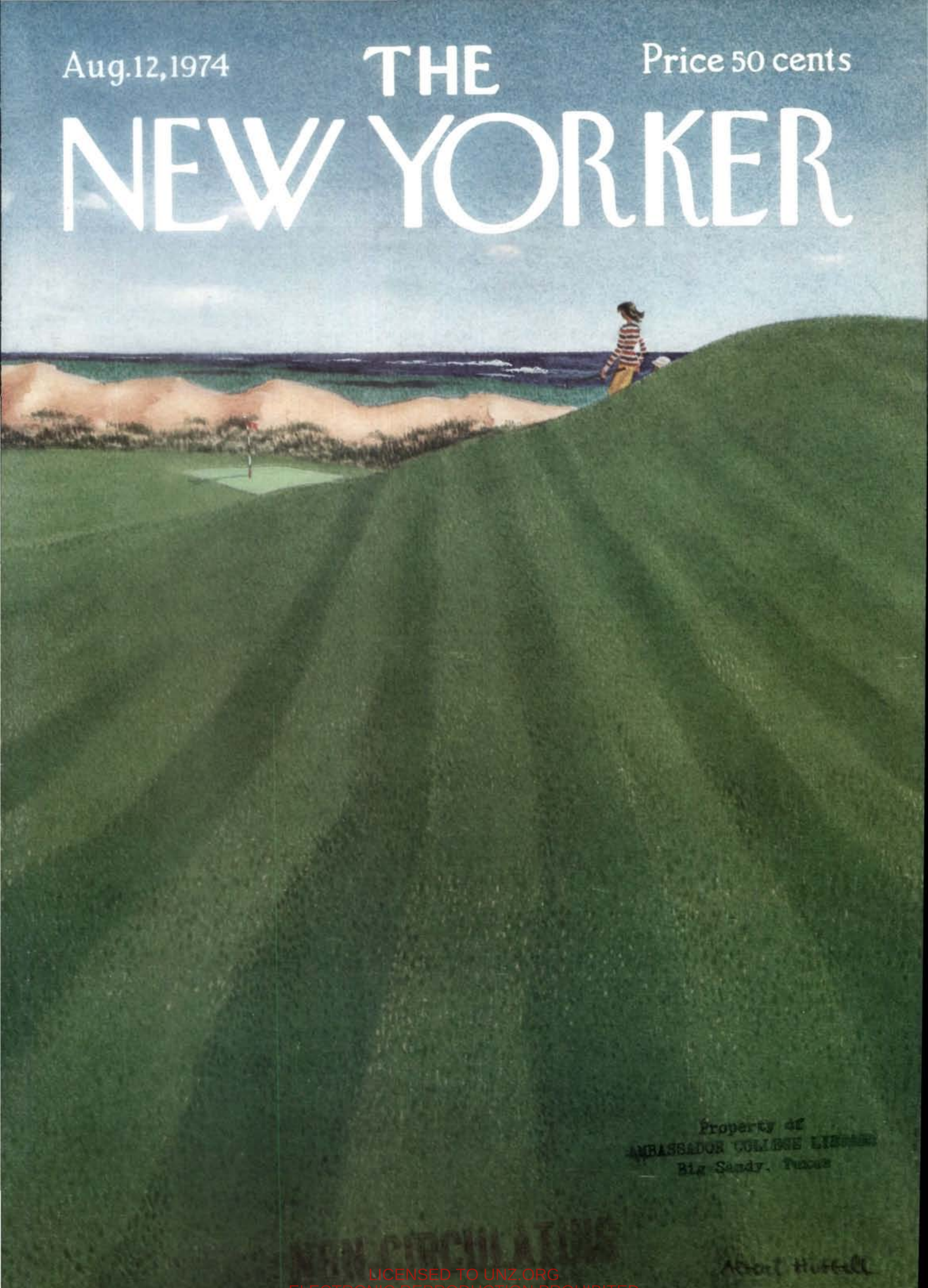
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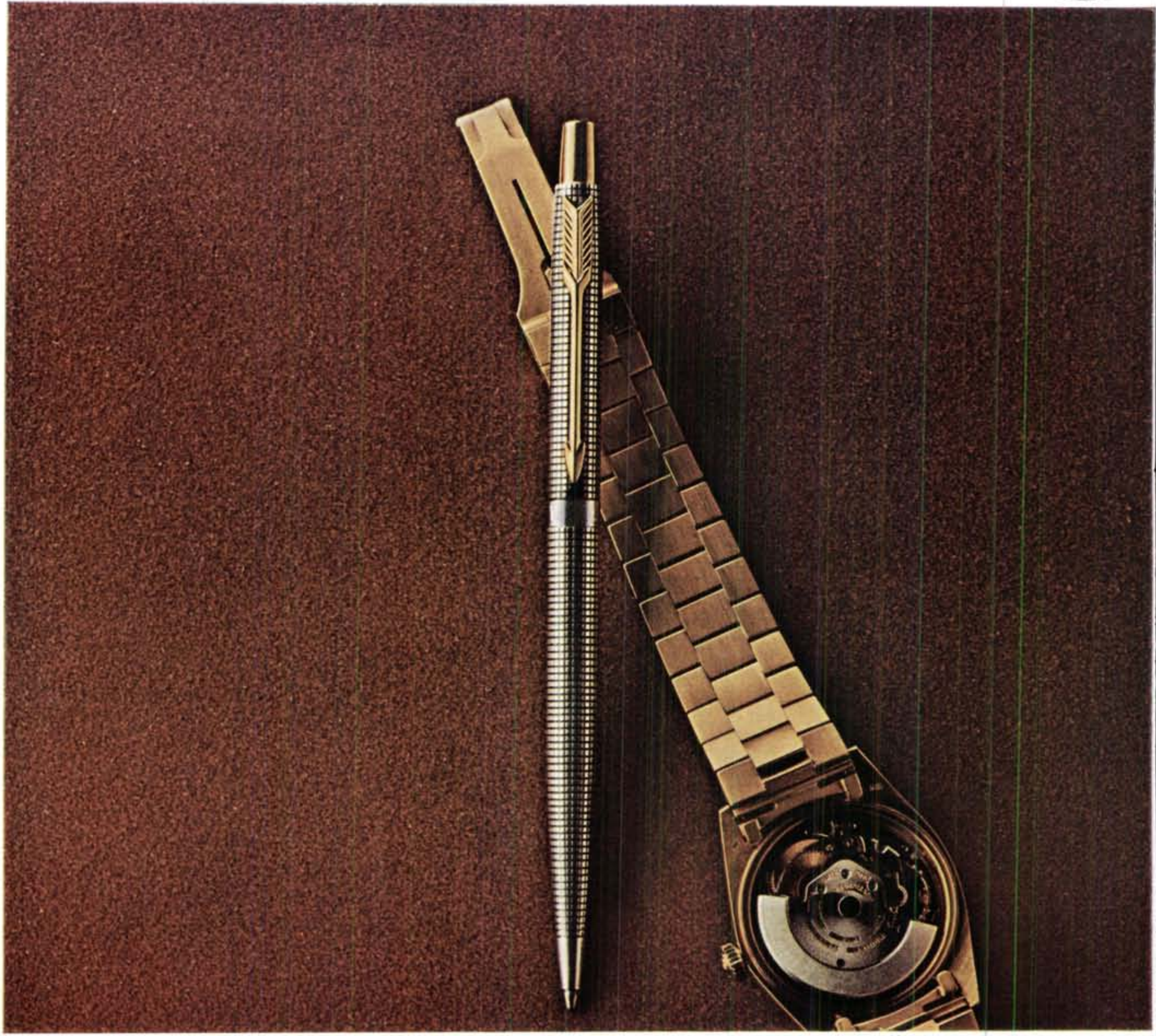

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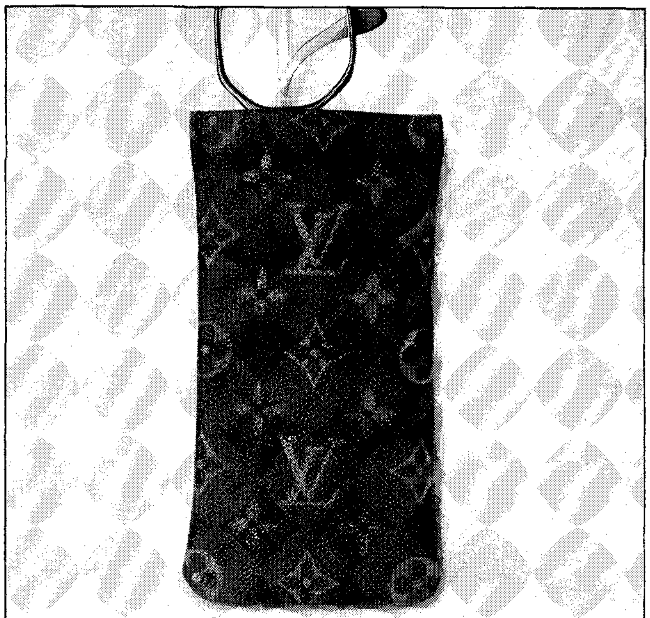

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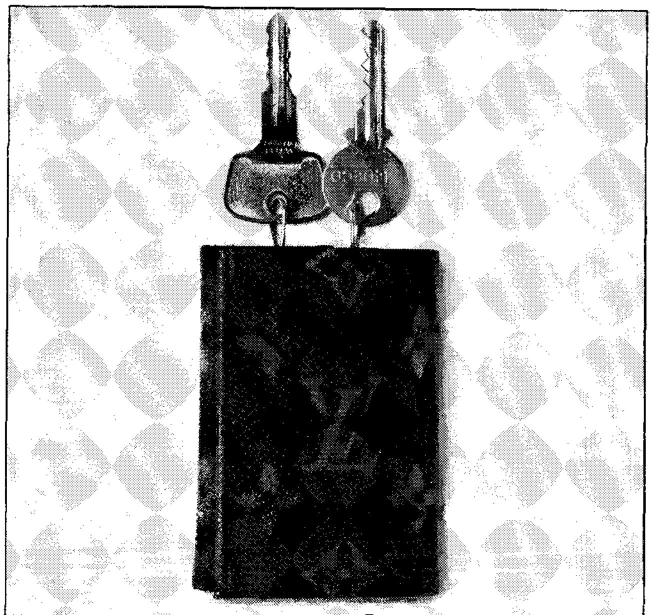

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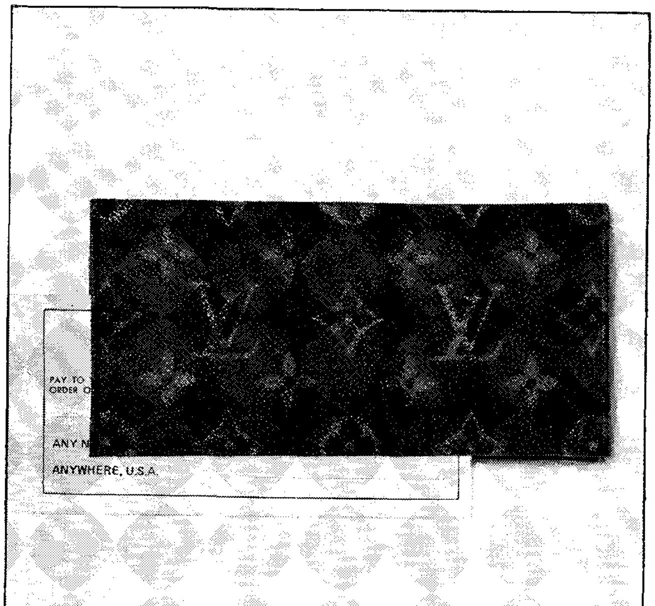
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAD HABITS—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE BURNT FLOWER BED—Paul Sparer and Jane White in Ugo Betti's play, translated by Henry Reed. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 11.)

CANDIDE—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LORELEI—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE MAGIC SHOW—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MY FAT FRIEND—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MY SISTER, MY SISTER—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and Frank Adu plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. May close Sunday, Aug. 11.)

OVER HERE!—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SCAPINO—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SEA HORSE—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Edward J. Moore (who wrote the play) and Conchata Ferrell are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 11.)

THE SIRENS—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

THIEVES—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. Elizabeth Sturges is especially good as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WHY HANNA'S SKIRT WON'T STAY DOWN—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WORLD OF LENNY BRUCE—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Sat-

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; William P. Buxton, George J. Green, and Milton Greenstein, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. L, No. 25, August 12, 1974. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1974 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.

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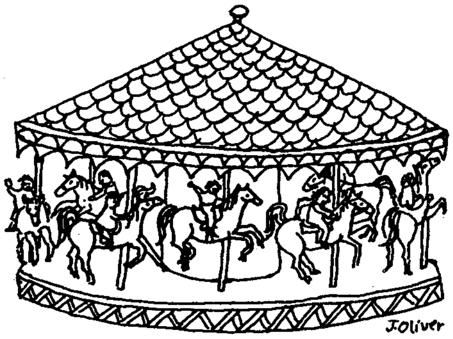

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urdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,945 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.) ... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Aug. 7-8: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 9: "Apollo;" "Billy the Kid;" "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," with Mikhail Barishnikov, formerly of the Kirov Ballet; and "Etudes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 10: "Theme and Variations," "Billy the Kid," and "Le Baiser de la Fée." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 10: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances), in the final performances of a three-week engagement. Wednesday, Aug. 7: "Swan Lake." ... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 8-10: "La Sylphide" (Erik Bruhn will take part in the Friday and Saturday evening performances), "Le Loup," and "The Moor's Pavane." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug. 25—Tuesday evening, Aug. 13: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 14: "Blues Suite," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 15: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Wedding."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 16: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 17: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 17: "Streams," "A Song for You," "The Wedding," and "Revelations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, with others. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Al Carmines—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Piano and songs, starting Tuesday, Aug. 13, at nine and midnight.

James Cotton—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Chicago-blues vocals and harmonica, with his band. At eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, through Sunday, Aug. 11.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Lionel Hampton—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a band, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Elvin Jones—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, leading a trio, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, at ten.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 8-10, from ten until three.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet, from nine to three. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-10.

Red Norvo—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Xylophone, with Hank Jones, Milt Hinton, and Joe Corsello, from nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Bernard (Pretty) Purdie—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading his combo, beginning Monday, Aug. 12.

Dakota Staton—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Jazz singer, with Mike Longo's trio, at nine-thirty, through Saturday, Aug. 10.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Joe Williams—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Jazz and blues singer, with the Bob Cranshaw trio, through Saturday, Aug. 10.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of the John Lewis Sounds, a trio led by drummer Lewis. Music Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm into this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

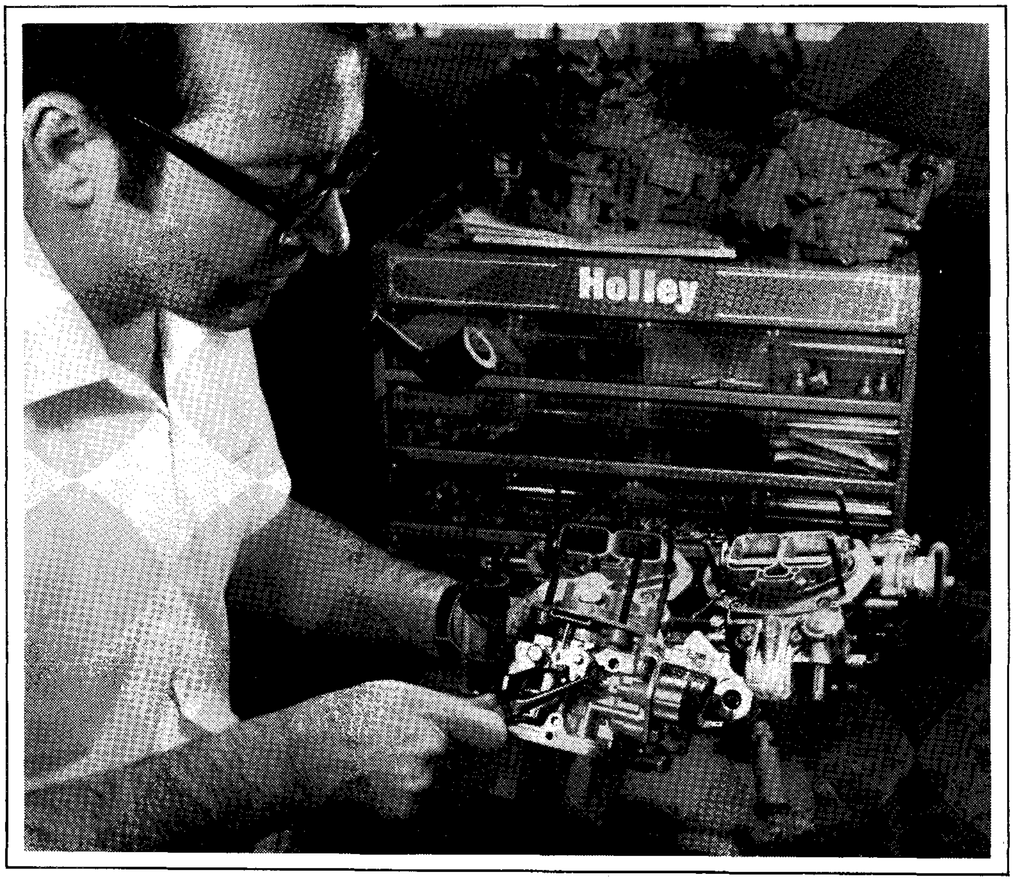
Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—An elongated street-level warren (little changed in fifteen-odd years) with simple, functional, numbing wooden pews that border three sides of the stage. Fred is a pleasant six-piece jazz-rock expedition which uses a farm in the Pennsylvania highlands for a base camp. Its music is rooted in rock and jazz rhythms and is influenced by such diverse composers as Bartók and Teo Macero. Through Sunday, Aug. 11. Shows at nine and eleven. Tuesdays are allotted to lesser-known performers. Ice-cream concoctions or, for Spartans, coffee, tea, or soda. Closed Mondays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Trumpeter Joe Newman leads a lively quartet through Saturday, Aug. 10. On Monday, Aug. 12, drummer Keno Duke's Contemporaries—saxophonists George Coleman and Frank Strozier, pianist Harold Mabern, and bassist Lisle Atkinson—take the stand. Guitarist Ryo Kawasaki, sometimes regarded as an Oriental Wes Montgomery, works with a trio on Tuesday, Aug. 13. Drummer Mickey Roker brings in his quartet on Wednesday, Aug. 14. Music from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club in New York conjures up an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. But at the Bottom Line the seating is ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. Bluesman James Cotton learned harmonica (known to blues enthusiasts as blues harp or mouth harp) from the legendary Sonny Boy Williamson. Cotton's own reputation took on similar proportions during his twelve years with Muddy Waters. He will perform with his band through Sunday, Aug. 11, doing what has become standard veteran-bluesman sets—i.e., the band (usually a youthful quartet) plays alone for one-third or one-half of the total time onstage; then the leader-mentor joins the proceedings, adding his incontrovertible mark of authenticity. Appearing opposite Cotton and his group are Cheryl Dilcher, a strong rock-and-roll singer (through Thursday, Aug. 8), and Larry Raspberry and the Highsteppers, a rock band (Friday through Sunday, Aug. 9-11). Bonnie Raitt, a fine, studied young blueswoman, comes in along with the Boston-based Roomful of Blues to work Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 13-14. On Thursday, Aug. 15,

In this energy-conscious economy, a company that can help conserve energy is really in demand.

And that includes a carburetor manufacturer like Colt Industries.



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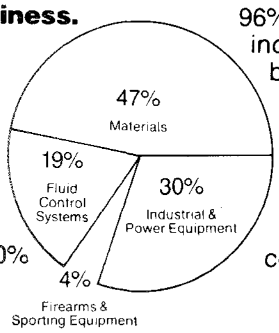

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Colt Industries

singer Oscar Brand, Jr., begins dramatizing fables that concern monkeys, lions, and other ghetto-talking folk. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Cedar Walton on piano and Sam Jones on bass provide the music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whiz-bang drummer Buddy Rich's club is a most agreeable spot: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. Urbane blues singer Joe Williams has been filling in while Rich and his resident septet are on vacation. Williams, who is also a more than capable ballad and supper-club singer (a talent he has perfected in Las Vegas, his adopted hometown) polishes off his final week with help from bassist Bob Cranshaw's trio. Through Saturday, Aug. 10. The following week, beginning Monday, Aug. 12, Bernard Purdie, easily the most influential drummer in soul music, arrives with his quintet and two singers, Francine Long and Ken Lowry. Usually hidden away from the public eye in the recording studio, Purdie is a sight to behold: he is undrummerly calm but in complete control, slyly grinning most of the time. Two shows weeknights; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—West Coast pianist Calvin Jackson, who spends a lot of time leading his thirty-one-piece symphonic jazz orchestra in California, more than makes do with bassist Rusty Gilder Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays, Chuck Folds takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A spacious night spot quartered on the ground floor of one of those large, sturdy apartment fortresses that proliferated on the upper West Side forty and fifty years ago. Singer Linda Hopkins, who won a Tony Award for her work in "Inner City," devotes herself almost entirely to Bessie Smith blues. One suspects that not only Bessie Smith but also Linda Hopkins gets lost in her slick, cult-conscious renditions of those forty- and fifty-year-old songs. (Through Saturday, Aug. 10.) Lillian Roth, who can now be seen any old time in "Animal Crackers," will be here in the flesh beginning Tuesday, Aug. 13. On Sunday, Aug. 11, singer Marta Heflin brings things up to date with some lightweight rock. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. Through the bamboo shades that cover the picture-window walls, one can watch the nighttime traffic surge up First Avenue. Or one can listen as a lively swing trio leaps into what amounts to a tribute to the late Duke Ellington. The senior member of the threesome, drummer Sonny Greer, worked with Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, generating much of the excitement. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty, and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Ted Sturgis, sings at the piano on Monday and Tuesday evenings from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Snacks.

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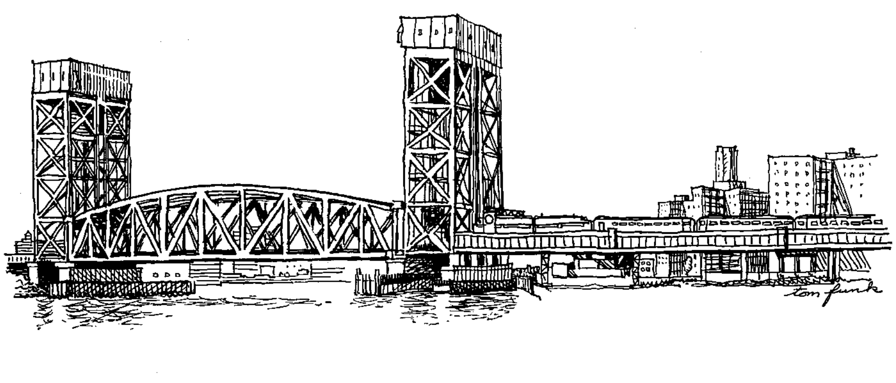
Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. The usual double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall. Dakota Staton, an expressive, perky jazz singer, performs with assistance from pianist Mike Longo's trio through Saturday, Aug. 10. Lou Forrestieri plays solo piano, alternating with Staton and company. Pianist Monty Alexander's trio begins trading sets with bluesy organist Richard (Groove) Holmes and his quintet on Monday, Aug. 12. Music from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays, and on Sundays, Jane Valentine sings with Hayward. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, the Frankie Dash quartet holds forth.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The future of this prominent musical emporium may or may not be in question—a change in management is scheduled soon and might (as in the case of the Bitter End) heal its financial ailments. The cramped, humid, second-story quarters nevertheless continue to present rock celebrities, who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. Ray Manzarek chants, sings, and generally lets loose on his electric piano, organ, and synthesizer. The former Door, now heading his own exciting rock band, leaves the stand after Saturday, Aug. 10. John C. Attle, a cutesy pop singer with Jaggeresque gestures, performs Sunday and Monday, Aug. 11-12. On Wednesday, Aug. 14, the Atlanta Rhythm Section, a blues-and-rock sextet, plugs in. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesday, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—This diminutive club, with lacquered brick walls that look like plastic and a coffeehouse ambience, has lately established itself as the Village comedy center. Chris Rush, who is a high-pitched, high-energy comic, explores some thoughtful but mostly dead-end possibilities for sick humor. An infrequent contributor to the *National Lampoon*, the bald, bearded, and be-denimed Rush could be mistaken for a kindly Hell's Angel. Through Sunday, Aug. 11. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.



Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Red Norvo, the father of the vibraharp, works out on the xylophone for his stint here. His colleagues include pianist Hank Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, and Joe Corsello on drums. From nine-fifteen to one Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, a Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Rhythm-and-blues singer Esther Marrow performs with her supporting quartet Wednesday, Aug. 7, and Sunday through Saturday, Aug. 11-17. Junior Mance, master of the bluesy piano, leads a trio Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 8-10. Music from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A speakeasy during the twenties, this lively West Village cabaret is now a pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. Shows are presented at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays in the Paradise Room, a roofed-over, brick-walled garden, with mammoth potted palms, a campy neon sign, and a black-and-white-tiled stage. Warholian female impersonator Holly Woodlawn gives some torch songs a going-over opposite rasping blues vocalist Sally Eaton through Saturday, Aug. 10. Beginning Tuesday, Aug. 13, Shelley Ackerman, a singer with a musical-comedy delivery, will share the facilities with Al Carmines, who sings in a pleasing, modest baritone and accompanies himself on piano, as he does for his Judson Memorial Church and Off-Broadway productions, playing in a competent, animated style. His songs, simple and sentimental as many of them tend to be, are altogether charming, uplifting, and quite hummable. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills the gap between shows. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays chord-dominated solos opposite singer and pianist Diane Leslie from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Other points of interest include recessed yellow ceiling lights and a flamboyant bartender. Trumpeter Chet Baker, still playing and singing in his cool, placid manner, leads a combo on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, vibraharpist David Samuels works with a quartet. Guitarist Attila Zoller's trio comes in Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17. Sundays are claimed by the smooth guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music from nine-thirty until three Wednesdays through Saturdays, and from nine until two on Sundays. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—A weekend jazz program has been reinstated at this rambling, tri-level downtown institution. Powerhouse drummer Elvin Jones works with a trio in the Top of the Gate Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, at ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Singer, actress, director, and consultant to the Public Theatre Novella Nelson, who is not exactly a jazz singer, does take liberties with the songs in her repertoire. Her confident, dramatic style is abetted by a backing trio led by bassist Richard Davis. On Mondays, the fifteen-member Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation lets go with its big-band seriousness. Not always as serious, but every bit as intense is the band's vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten. Closed Sundays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass win-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially of Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons here—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for saxophonist and clarinettist Russell Procope, trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and pianist Sammy Benskin, on Monday and Tuesday nights. Trumpeter Ed Lewis, pianist Sonny Donaldson, Harold Cumberbatch on baritone saxophone, and drummer Warren Odze get together Wednesdays. Sammy Price, the boogie-woogie piano-playing pride of Honey Grove, Texas (where he was born in 1908), and now of the upper West Side, frolics on Thursday and Friday, Aug. 8-9, with ex-Basie tenorman Paul Quinichette and the fine drummer Oliver Jackson. Saturdays, a quartet headed by Quinichette and Lewis takes over. Sundays, Mabel Godwin plays piano and sings with her trio. All this and food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the newly refurbished **PLAZA RESTAURANT,** from six to ten, Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** pianists Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews play Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to midnight. Saturdays from five to midnight and Sundays from four to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting the Lionel Hampton band at dinner and supper. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Glenn Miller Orchestra, led by clarinettist Peanuts Hucko, provides listening music for dinner and supper, and dance music the rest of the evening, spelled by Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Georges Lacombe (1868-1916)—Forty-nine black-and-colored-crayon drawings by a member of the Nabi group, including studies for a four-panel sculpture named *Lit.* Through Sept. 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Stewart Waltzer—Sprayed and poured acrylic on canvas. Through Aug. 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Pennerton West (1913-65)—Paintings spanning the artist's career. Through Aug. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE,** 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **PARSONS,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by forty American abstract artists. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others, during the hiatus, pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of those open: **ARRAS,** 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **FAIRTREE,** 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.; closed Mondays, open Saturdays. . . . **FEIDEN,** 51 E. 10th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St. . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St. . . . **LARCADA,** 23 E. 67th St.; open Saturdays. . . . **LEWISON,** 30 E. 60th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

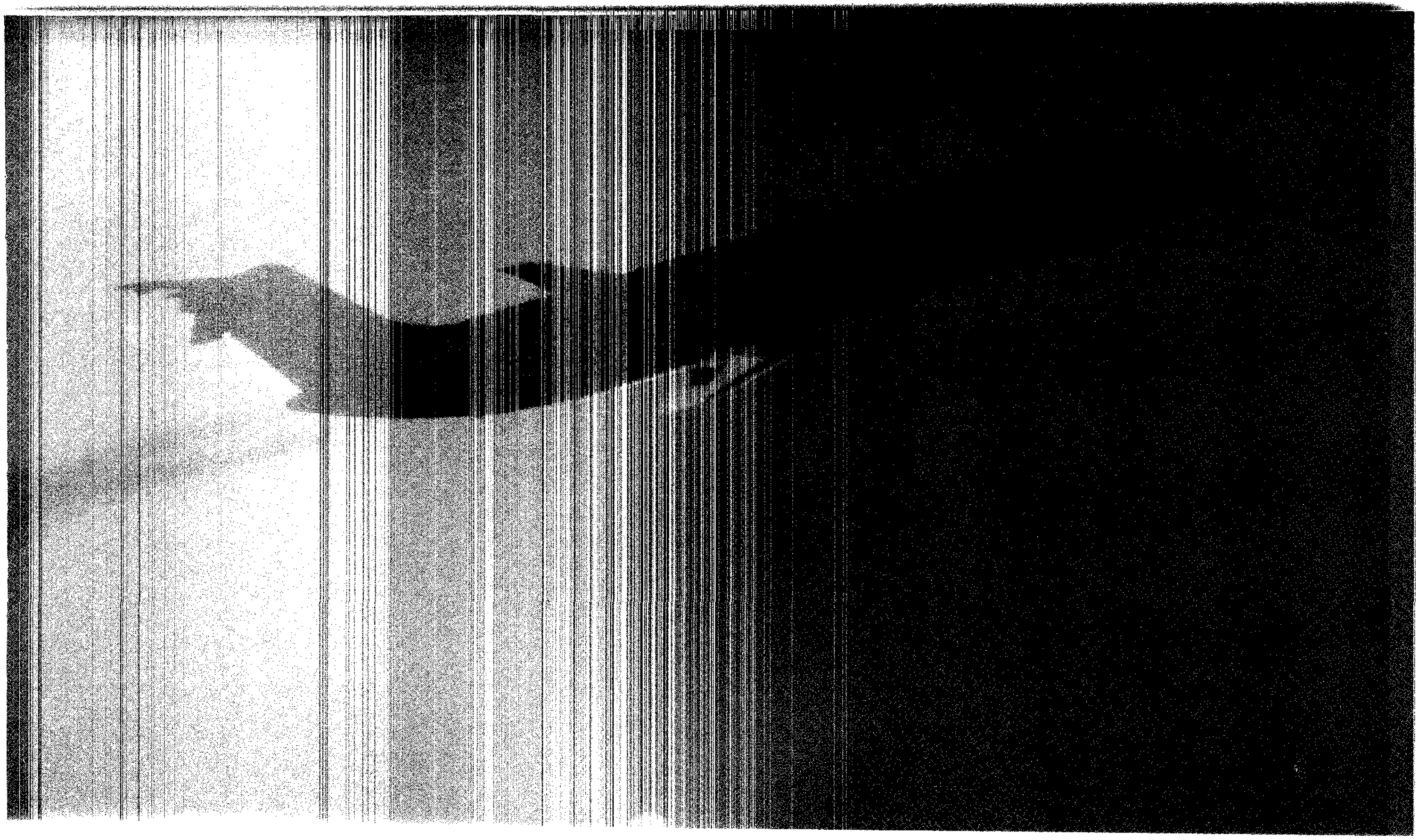
C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) (1832-98) / **Julia Margaret Cameron** (1815-79)—Portraits from the eighteen-sixties by two of the greatest of Victorian amateur photographers. When Mrs. Cameron and the Reverend Dodgson took up their hobby (made possible as such by the invention, in 1851, of the collodion wet-plate process, which improved on previous processes and was patent-free), photographing a person was almost as arduous, complicated, messy, painful (for the victim), and failure-prone as taking out his appendix. As Brian Hill remarks in his recent biography of Mrs. Cameron, "The miracle was that anyone but the most proficient and professional of photographers turned out any recognizable pictures at all." In Cameron's pictures, the effort shows. Many of her prints have a blurriness and murkiness that come not from any striving after artistic, soft-focus effects (these appeared later, with the Photo-Secession), but from ineptitude in working the camera and carelessness in preparing the plates, and from the involuntary movements of the subjects, who were required (because of the large-size plates that Cameron insisted on using) to sit still longer than is humanly possible. These technical flaws, which disturbed her contemporaries (but Cameron not at all), do not disturb us today as much as does the bathos and the false sentiment that sometimes get into her work—notably in the historical and allegorical tableaux she liked to stage and into which she dragooned her husband, children, visiting nieces, cooks, parlormaids, and anyone else she could get her hands on. (Hill relates an incident illustrating Cameron's relentless pursuit of models for her allegories: "In the middle of a conversation with Mrs. Tennyson, she suddenly broke off and ran with extended arms towards the lane. 'Stop him! Stop him! There he is—Time!' An aged white-headed man, scythe and 'a glass that ran' already in his hands in Julia's vivid imagination, was brought to a halt and led to the studio.") But the straigh portraits of famous people such as Tennyson Carlyle, Ruskin, Rossetti, Darwin, Herschel and Jowett, and of beautiful girls and women have a depth and resonance and emotiona intensity that was achieved by no other Victorian photographer, and that compels posterity to concur in the high regard in which this rare woman (who inscribed a print of her portrait of Tennyson with the words "A column of immortal grandeur—done by my will against his will") held her smudgy productions.

Lewis Carroll was alive to the difficulties of early photography (viz. these lines, modelled on Longfellow's "Hiawatha," that he wrote about a photographic sitting: "Grand heroic was the notion:/ Yet the picture failed entirely:/ Failed, because he moved a little,/ Moved, because he couldn't help it"), but, being as compulsively neat as Cameron was slapdash, he contrived to surmount them. His small prints are technically impeccable: as sharp and as incisive as those of the professionals but with a naturalness of pose and expression that distinguishes them from the stiff, static studio portraits of the time. Although he chased after famous people as Cameron did, his portraits of celebrities aren' as remarkable as hers, or as his pictures of little girls. (He once said, "I am fond of children, except boys.") Looking at Carroll's beautiful and beautifully designed pictures of nymphets, one wonders whether it wasn't his eye as much as his id that led him to this preference. Little girls dressed in white nightgowns or plaid school dresses or Oriental costumes, or wearing nothing, are a wonderful sight; the subject alone almost guarantees success to a photographer, and if you add elements derived from Pre-Raphaelism, Japanese prints, and the English arts-and-crafts movement, you may get something like a photograph by Lewis Carroll. A picture in the show of Alice Liddell and her sister Lonina dressed in Japanese robes and seated under a Japanese umbrella, looks like a Whistler and at the same time looks like a photograph; a mischievous flicker in the glowering eye of the original Alice gives the picture its remarkable immediacy and expressiveness about children.

Lewis Carroll and Julia Cameron were acquainted, but did not admire each other's work. After an evening the two spent at Cameron's house on the Isle of Wight looking at each other's photographs, Carroll recorded his impression of her pictures ("some are very picturesque, some merely hideous") and added, "*She* wished she could have had some of *my* subjects to do *out* of focus—and *I* expressed an analogous wish with regard to some of *her* subjects." Through Sept. 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952) / **A. J. Russell** (1831-96)—Gravures of Sioux Indians./ Photographs from 1868 and 1869. Through Thursday, Aug. 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays, 1 to 5; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Group Shows—At **EASTMAN KODAK,** 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: A large exhibition of black-and-white and color photographs by high-school-student winners in an annual competition held by *Scholastic.* Through Sept. 14. (Closed Monday mornings; open Saturdays.). . . **JEWISH MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from



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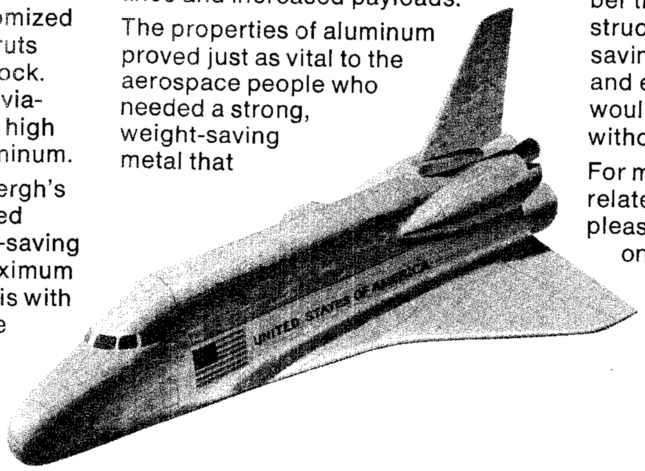

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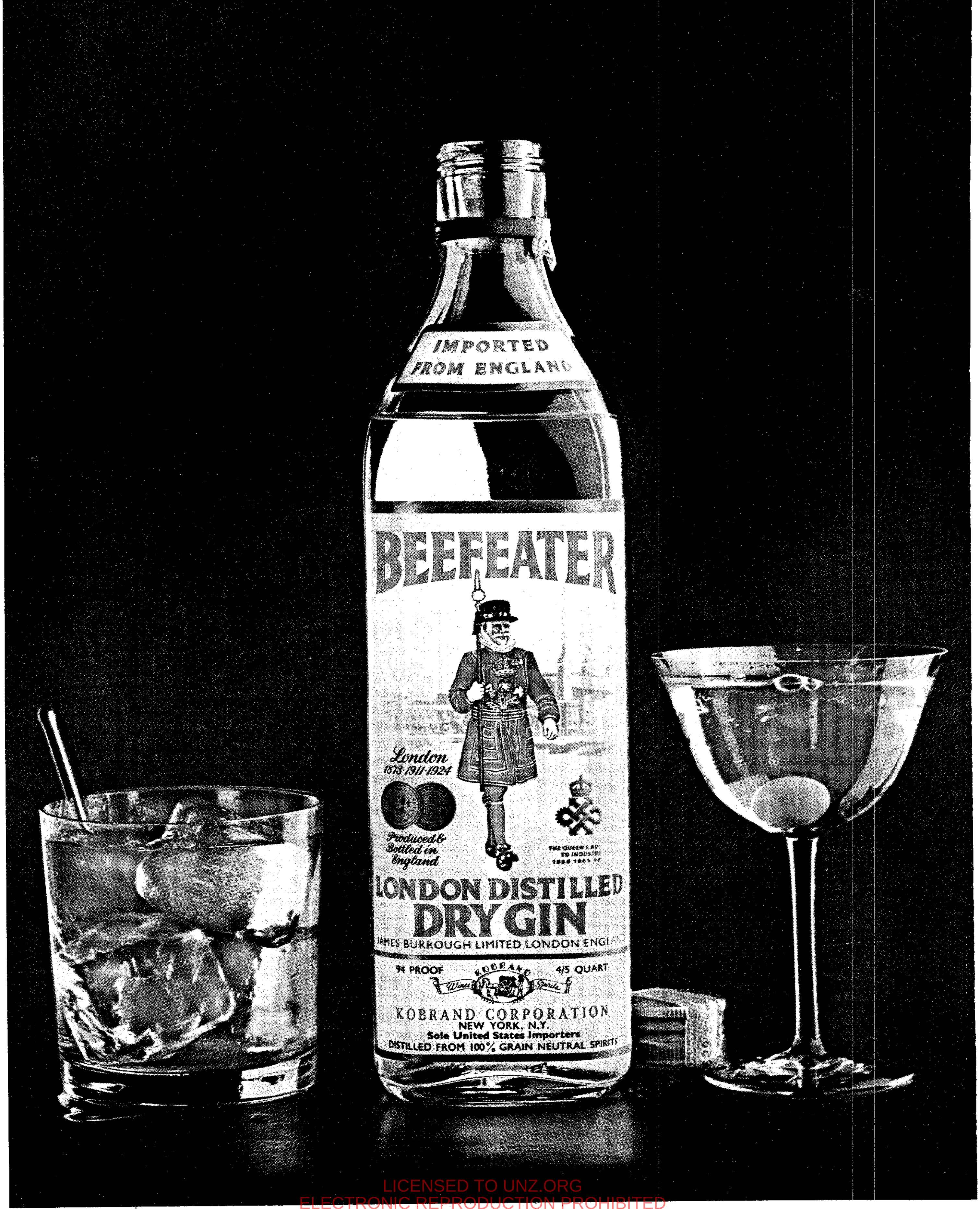
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Fifty photographs of public institutions (hospitals, fire and police departments, schools, and the like) taken between 1890 and 1906, and drawn from the Harvard Social Ethics Collection. Through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs. Through Aug. 27. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)... **WOMEN'S INTERART CENTER,** 549 W. 52nd St.: A joint exhibition of photographs by students and teachers of the Center and by members of a group called Women Photographers of New York. Through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An unconventional and extraordinarily well-designed exhibition has been mounted here to alert people to the venereal-disease epidemic that the city (and the whole country) is undergoing, and to direct anyone who may need such direction to the nearest penicillin shot. (Every seventy seconds, someone in New York gets VD, and by the end of 1974 four-hundred-and-fifty thousand people here will have become infected.) The show (which is in Spanish as well as English) is entirely free of the grimness and sordidness commonly associated with the subject; its tone is matter-of-fact and pleasant and, on occasion, light. Plaster models painted bright red are deployed throughout the show to illustrate, for example, that "some famous people have had VD" (Napoleon, Queen Alexandra, Oscar Wilde, and Gauguin are among the luminaries shown), and that "VD is caught by sexual contact" (three embracing pairs are labelled, respectively, John and Mary, Sam and Bill, and Susan and Agnes). New York traffic signs guide the viewer from place to place, and there are also slides and recordings, and a station, manned by a young man from the Department of Health, where visitors can get a free VDRL blood test. (Last month, three hundred and sixty visitors had tests, and seven cases of syphilis turned up.) The show was designed by Joseph A. Wetzel Associates, and was paid for by a grant from the Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation. Its single weak spot is the precautionary advice it offers: "Avoid VD by chastity (no sex) and continence (be a member of a couple that has sex only with each other)"—counsel that not only runs counter to the sexual morality of many people today but was not heeded even in the days when celibacy and monogamy were universally prized. In his book "Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Sex, But Were Afraid to Ask," David Reuben offers a solution that seems a lot more realistic. He proposes that a VD Day be proclaimed by the White House, and that on that day every American in the susceptible age group receive an injection of penicillin. "That's it," he concludes, "since virtually all those who are infected with syphilis or gonorrhea on that day will be cured," and "those who have been exposed will never come down with the diseases." Dr. Reuben also points out that if something isn't done to arrest the epidemic, in a few years almost everyone in America will have VD. Through Sept. 2.... ¶ A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large exhibition of Currier & Ives prints—landscapes, city views, genre scenes, cartoons, portraits of pet animals, and pictures of clipper ships, steamboats, and trains. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ Photographs, models, studies, and replicas of nineteenth-century New York public sculptures by, among others, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and Frederick William MacMonnies. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ An exhibition of twelve quilts from the American Wing, spanning twelve decades (1800 to 1920) and illustrating twelve varieties of American quilt design and technique. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ About fifty Indian miniatures from the Jeffrey Paley collection. Through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Seurat to Matisse: Drawings in France," an exhibition of a hundred and eighty-four works on paper from the museum's collection, done in France between 1881 and 1954, the year of Matisse's death. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ "Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on and of paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Sunday, Aug. 11.... ¶ Recently acquired drawings by contemporary European and American artists. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ Works of cord and tape, which the spectator can enter, by Marlene Scott V. Through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Fifty-four paintings, prints, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the more than two thousand works bequeathed to the museum by the artist and his wife. Through Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29.... ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Craft objects from six private collections, among them a collection of rugs, jewelry, ceramics, and sculptures by contemporary American Indians. Through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Nineteenth-century paintings from the Museo

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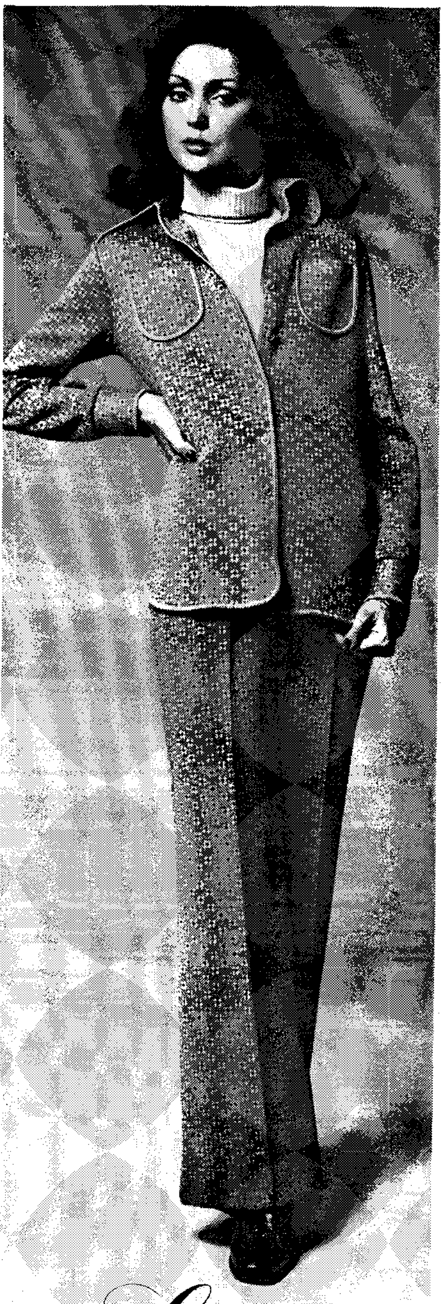

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

de Arte de Ponce of Puerto Rico. William Holman Hunt, William Adolphe Bouguereau, Jaroslav Czermak, William Etty, and others. Through Aug. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibition of scenic and costume designs by Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Saturday, Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 7: Milton Katims conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as viola soloist, with Lili Kraus, piano, and Jaime Laredo, violin. An hour before the concert, Miss Kraus, Mr. Katims, and Charles Russo, clarinet, will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: A piano recital by Alicia de Larrocha. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra, with Benita Valente and Karen Altman, sopranos; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Mallory Walker, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass; and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 12, and Wednesday, Aug. 14: Lukas Foss conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with Hermann Baumann, horn. An hour before the concert on Wednesday, Jörg Demus, piano, and Mr. Baumann will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 13: Hans Richter-Haaser, piano, and the Amati String Quartet, with Mr. Baumann. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15: The Amati String Quartet, with Mr. Demus, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17: John Nelson directing the orchestra, with Mr. Demus; Benita Valente, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, alto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Mozart Festival Chorus. An hour before the concert on Friday, Mr. Demus will give a half-hour recital; an hour before the concert on Saturday, he and Norman Shetler will give a half-hour recital of music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. At midnight on Saturday, the Misses Valente and Bonazzi and the Messrs. Riegel, Gramm, Demus, Baumann, Russo, and Shetler will give a recital. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 24.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The O'Jays—With the Miracles. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Aug. 11, at 8 and 11.)

John Coltrane Exhibit—Photographs, poetry, original art work, memorabilia, and a tape of the music of the tenor and soprano saxophonist, who died in 1967. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 9, at 7: Gunther Schuller conducting the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble in a program of Scott Joplin rags. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 9: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Gershwin program, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting the Boston Symphony in a Britten-Mahler program, with Stuart Burrows, tenor, and Charles Kavaloski, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30: Gunther Schuller directing the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with, among others, Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and the Tanglewood Festival Choir. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 12, at 7:30: Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 7: A recital by Mr. Burrows. . . . ¶ Three all-Tchaikovsky programs performed by the Boston Symphony. Friday, Aug. 16, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with André Watts, piano. . . . Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of "Eugene Onegin" in concert form, with, among others, Judith Beckmann, soprano; Mr. Burrows; Ara Berberian, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Zara Nelsova, cello. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a four-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 24—Wednesday, Aug. 7: Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: William Smith directing the first Saratoga Lawn Concert, with the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9: Andre Kostelanetz conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with André Watts, piano. . . . [Note: Special concerts will be given by Isaac Hayes on Sunday, Aug. 11, by the Fifth Dimension on Monday, Aug. 12, and by Benny Goodman on Tuesday, Aug. 13.] . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14: James Levine directing and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program, with the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15: Franz Allers conducting a program of music of Old Vienna, with Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Thomas Stewart, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16: Zubin Mehta conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano, and George Shirley, tenor. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Sunday, Aug. 11, at 5:30: Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Thomas Stewart, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 5:30: Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 25. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Pearl Lang and Dance Company, the Pilobolus Dance Theatre, and members of the Chuck Davis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 13-17: The Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 10-11, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 12-13, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 2:15. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Aug. 16, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2.

Professional Football—New York Stars vs. Portland Storm. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8. For tickets, call 355-1213.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **saratoga:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 10, and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 17. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 10. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **liberty bell**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Detroit Loves, Wednesday, Aug. 7. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Pittsburgh Triangles, Tuesday, Aug. 13. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Philadelphia Freedoms, Friday, Aug. 16. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8;

through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

YACHTING—America's Cup final trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Thursday, Aug. 15.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, with Barnard Hughes, Cynthia Harris, and Marcia Rodd. Directed by David Margulies. The second of two plays by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—The final performance in the city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Andre Kostelanetz conducting. (Clove Lakes Park, Staten Island. Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 8:30.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Outdoor Concerts. (Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 7-9, and Sunday, Aug. 11, at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Puccini's "La Bohème." (Thursday, Aug. 15, at 7:30; rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 20.)

WOLLMAN RINK—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 7: Sha Na Na and Jae Mason. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 7: Uriah Heep and Manfred Mann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 7: Earl Scruggs Revue, David Bromberg, and the Charlie Daniels band. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 12, at 6:30: The Marshall Tucker band, John Hammond, and Grinder Switch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 7: The Chambers Brothers and Wet Willie. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 7 and 9:30: The Four Seasons and Jay & the Americans. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 7: Don McLean and the Persuasions. (Through Saturday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Arturo Delmoni, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Arthur Bloom conducting a chamber orchestra in the second in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St.)

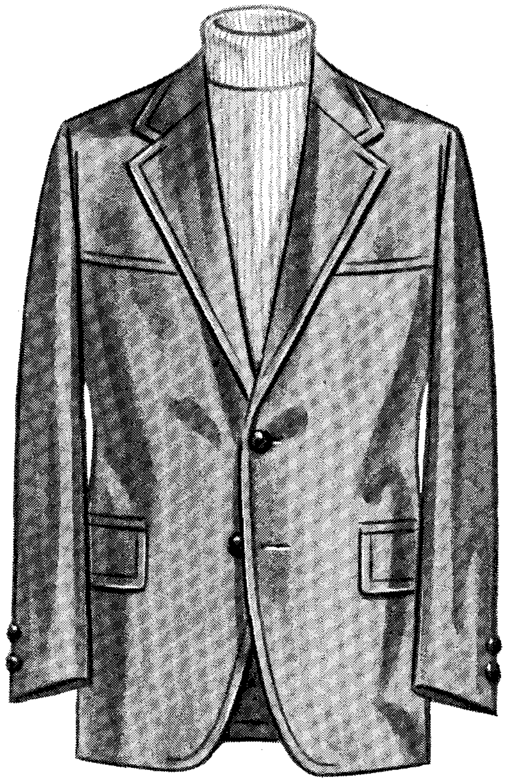
JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 7:30: Roy Ayers Ubiquity and the J.P.J. Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 7:30: Two Generations of Brubeck and Chuck Wayne & Joe Puma. (Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, with Norman Atkins and Geraldine Brooks. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"Columbia University—The City on the Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 11. It will meet at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. and 112th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Monday, Aug. 12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all cooperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.



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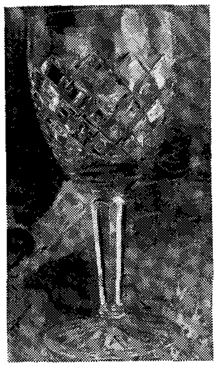

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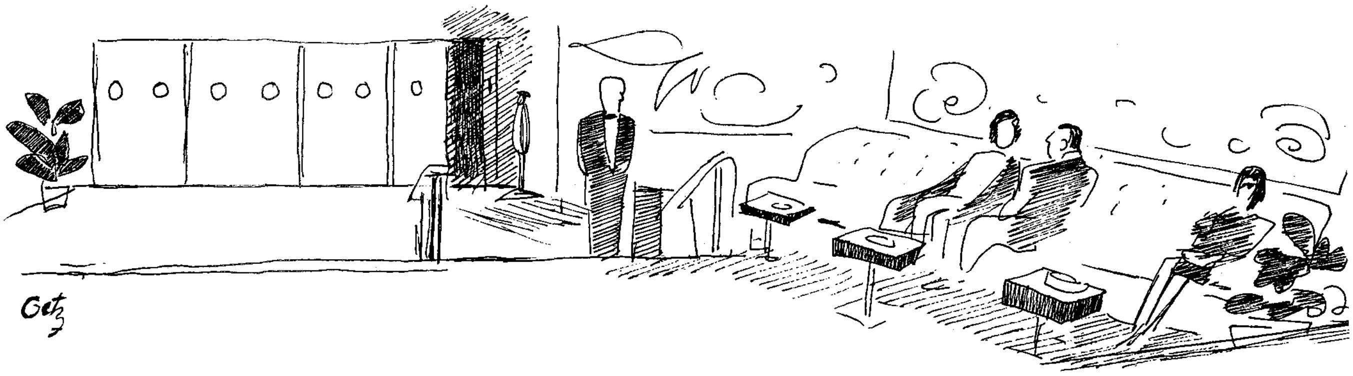
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 13: To be announced.
From Aug. 14: "The Ra Expeditions."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 10: "Mädchen in Uniform" and "Ecstasy."
From Aug. 11: "Follow the Fleet" and "Carefree."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Aug. 13: "The Great Gatsby."
From Aug. 14: "S*P*Y*S" and "M*A*S*H."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Score."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 13: "The Conversation" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Aug. 14: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Le Sex Shop."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Going Places."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Parallax View."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Bank Shot."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Harold and Maude."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Flesh Gordon."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Aug. 13: "Claudine."
From Aug. 14: To be announced.

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Aug. 13: "Golden Needles."
From Aug. 14: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Score."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"California Split."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Aug. 7: "Pigpen."
From Aug. 8: "The Harder They Come."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"For Pete's Sake."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Carnal Knowledge."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The White Dawn."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 13: "The Great Gatsby."
From Aug. 14: "S*P*Y*S."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Herbie Rides Again."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 13: "Return of the Dragon."
From Aug. 14: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bank Shot."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Parallax View."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Education of Sonny Carson."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 13: "Golden Needles."
From Aug. 14: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Parallax View."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Going Places."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Conversation."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Aug. 13 at one or another of the theatres: "Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve"/"The Sting"/"Love and Anarchy" and "Made for Each Other"/"The Big Store" and "A Day at the Races."
From Aug. 14: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 7: "Sherlock Junior."
Aug. 8-10: "A Clockwork Orange" and "If . . ."
Aug. 11-12: "O Lucky Man!" and "Performance."
Aug. 13: "King of Hearts" and "A Woman Is a Woman."
Aug. 14: "Our Hospitality."
From Aug. 15: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Herbie Rides Again."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Tamarind Seed."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 13: "Snowball Express" and "Dumbo."
From Aug. 14: "The Castaway Cowboy" and "The Absent-Minded Professor."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Ophélia."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Aug. 7: "A Day in the Country" and "Boudu Saved from Drowning."
Aug. 8: "Charade" and "Two for the Road."
Aug. 9: "8½" and "Juliet of the Spirits."
Aug. 10: "Phantom of the Opera" and "The Bride of Frankenstein."
Aug. 11: "King Lear" and "Macbeth."
Aug. 12: "The Balcony" and "Marat/Sade."
Aug. 13: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
Aug. 14: "This Man Must Die" and "The Bride Wore Black."
Aug. 15: "Taking Off" and "Loves of a Blonde."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Aug. 11: "A Free Woman."
From Aug. 12: "Harry and Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 8: "Hamlet."
Aug. 9-10: "Othello."
Aug. 11-13: "Julius Caesar."
From Aug. 14: "The Ra Expeditions."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Aug. 7: "The Magician" and "The Virgin Spring."
Aug. 8-12: "Beauty and the Beast" and "Black Orpheus."
Aug. 13-14: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."
From Aug. 15: "King Kong" and "Shoot the Piano Player."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 10: "The Damned" and "Death in Venice."
Aug. 11-13: "The Sea Hawk" and "Captain Blood."
From Aug. 14: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Sting."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"For Pete's Sake."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Malizia."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 13: "The Conversation" and "The Public Eye."
From Aug. 14: "The Ra Expeditions."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 13: "The Great Gatsby" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
From Aug. 14: "The Poseidon Adventure" and "M*A*S*H."

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Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 7 at noon: M-G-M cartoons,

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newsreels, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2: "The Scarlet Letter" (1926), a silent film, directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson; inter-titles and a few scenes missing. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 5:30: "Confessions of a Queen" (1925), a silent film, directed by Victor Seastrom, with Alice Terry and Lewis Stone (the last three of seven reels are missing); and "The Sporting Venus" (1925), a silent film, directed by Marshall Neilan, with Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 2: M-G-M cartoons, newsreels, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 5:30: "The Scarlet Letter." . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 8: "The Wind" (1928), a silent film, directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2: "The Red Lily" (1924), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Ramon Novarro and Wallace Beery; flash inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 5:30: "Confessions of a Queen" and "The Sporting Venus." . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at noon: "Keno Bates, Liar" (1915), directed by and with William S. Hart; "The Mystery of the Leaping Fish" (1916), directed by John Emerson, with Douglas Fairbanks and Bessie Love; and "A Modern Musketeer" (1918), directed by Allan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks—all silent films. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 3: "The Circle" (1925), a silent film, directed by Frank Borzage, with Eleanor Boardman. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 5:30: "The Red Lily." . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 12:30: "A Family Affair" (1937), directed by George B. Seitz, with Lionel Barrymore and Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 3: "You're Only Young Once" (1938), directed by George B. Seitz, with Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 5:30: "Love Finds Andy Hardy" (1938), directed by George B. Seitz, with Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and Lana Turner. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2: "Downstairs" (1932), directed by Monta Bell, with John Gilbert and Olga Baclanova. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 5:30: "Scaramouche" (1924), a silent film, directed by Rex Ingram, with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry; final reel missing. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2: "Lights of Old Broadway" (1925), a silent film, directed by Monta Bell, with Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 5:30: "The Red Mill" (1926), a silent film, directed by William Goodrich (Fatty Arbuckle), with Marion Davies and Owen Moore. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at noon: M-G-M cartoons, newsreels, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2: "The Circle." . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 5:30: "The Fire Brigade" (1927), a silent film, directed by William Nigh, with May McAvoy and Charles Ray. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 2: M-G-M cartoons, newsreels, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 5:30: "After Midnight" (1927), a silent film, directed by Monta Bell, with Norma Shearer. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8: Two silent films, directed by Monta Bell and with Norma Shearer—"Upstage" (1926) and "Lady of the Night" (1925), flash inter-titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 7 at 4 and 6: "Devotion" (1946), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Ida Lupino and Paul Henried. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 4 and 6: "Deep Valley" (1947), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Ida Lupino and Dane Clark. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 5 and 7:30: "Spite Marriage" (1929), a silent film, directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton and Dorothy Sebastian. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 and 11 at 4 and 6: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Sylvia Miles; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 4 and 6: "The Corn Is Green" (1945), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis and John Dall. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 3 and 6: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Absent-Minded Professor (1961)—In the funniest scene of this popular Disney slapstick farce, a runty basketball team defeats its opponents by bouncing off the ground and darting around in midair. The secret is a rubbery substance called Flubber, which defies gravity and generates its own energy. Fred MacMurray is the professor who concocts the stuff; with Keenan Wynn, Nancy Olson, and Leon Ames. Robert Stevenson directed. (Festival; starting Aug. 14.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay is from Richler's own novel, adapted by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (Reviewed in these pages 7/22/74.) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

Bank Shot—With George C. Scott and Joanna Cassidy, directed by Gower Champion. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 8-12.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 13.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 8-12.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

The Bride of Frankenstein (1935)—James Whale, Universal's pre-war master of horror pictures, made this Frankenstein sequel when the studio realized that killing off the Monster had been an act of commercial lunacy. Risking forgetfulness on the public's part, they blandly restored the destroyed money-spinner to life. The sequel is actually better than the original, for once. Elsa Lanchester's hair is dressed in the manner of a rather distraught Pharaoh's daughter, and Ernest Thesiger is a wonderfully eccentric scientist hellbent on discovering things about labelled and microscopic organisms in jars. Universal objected at the time that Boris Karloff had become too human, with his crusty jokes and his addiction to smoking. That may be part of the later time's pleasure in the piece. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 10.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia—With Warren Oates, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Aug. 14.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Columbia I, and Juliet I.)

California Split—With George Segal and Elliott Gould, directed by Robert Altman. (Cinema I.)

Captain Blood (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Regency; Aug. 11-13.)

Carefree (1938)—Ginger Rogers is particularly sexy and wackily funny in this pairing with Astaire. He's a psychiatrist this time, which allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when he puts her in a trance. The plot is on the tedious side, and the supporting cast is less than luminous (Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Ralph Bellamy), but the Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam," and the picture is wonderful fun, for all its faults. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 11.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beekman.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; starting Aug. 15.)

The Castaway Cowboy—From the Disney studios, with James Garner and Vera Miles. Directed by Vincent McEveety. (Festival; starting Aug. 14.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps. Love and money triumph. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Coronet.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (East 59th Street I; through Aug. 13.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Elgin; Aug. 8-10.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (5th Ave. Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Symphony; through Aug. 13.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Regency; through Aug. 10.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 13.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Regency; through Aug. 10.)

Death Wish—With Charles Bronson, directed by Michael Winner. (Loews Ciné.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Festival; through Aug. 13.)

Ecstasy (1933)—This romantic, sensuous Czech film, directed by Gustav Machaty and starring the very young Hedy Lamarr, was originally intended to be called "Symphony of Love." It was banned here, and then released, and then withdrawn, and finally reissued in so many different versions that everyone who talks about it appears to have seen

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(or imagined) different sex acts. The theme is Lawrencian, as Henry Miller pointed out in the definitive essay on the picture, "Reflections on Ecstasy," and the sex scenes are both explicit and symbolic. The peculiarity of this famous picture is that it's innocently absurd and yet delicately, tenderly erotic. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 10.)

The Education of Sonny Carson—With Rony Clanton, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (12/23/72) (Olympia; through Aug. 13.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Escape to Nowhere—With Lino Ventura and Lea Massari, directed by Claude Pinoteau. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Plaza.)

Follow the Fleet (1936)—Astaire and Rogers at their most buoyant. In this one, Astaire and Randolph Scott are (implausible) shipmates, and Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are (implausible) sisters. (From Hilliard's enervated performance, one would never guess that she would go on to be a TV star.) The material, derived from the play "Shore Leave" (which had earlier become the musical "Hit the Deck"), isn't as sophisticated as in the best-known Astaire-Rogers movies, but the corniness is pleasant enough, the numbers are mostly playful and fresh, and the Irving Berlin score includes "Let Yourself Go," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and the big finale, "Let's Face the Music and Dance." The cast includes Astrid Allwyn as the villainess bitch, and Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, and Tony Martin. Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 11.)

For Pete's Sake—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St.)

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A Free Woman—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Paris; through Aug. 11.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Murray Hill, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Golden Needles—With Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Ashley, directed by Robert Clouse. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Aug. 13.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton), but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Aug. 13.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Paramount; through Aug. 8.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (2/24/73) (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Aug. 8.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Fine Arts, and Thalia.)

Harry and Tonto—With Art Carney, directed by Paul Mazursky. (Paris; starting Aug. 12.)

Herbie Rides Again—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Berry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Juliet 2, and 23rd St. Cinema.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Elgin; Aug. 8-10.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Julius Caesar—A new British version, directed by Stuart Burge, with Charlton Heston, Jason Robards, and John Gielgud. (Paramount; Aug. 11-13.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 15.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 11.)

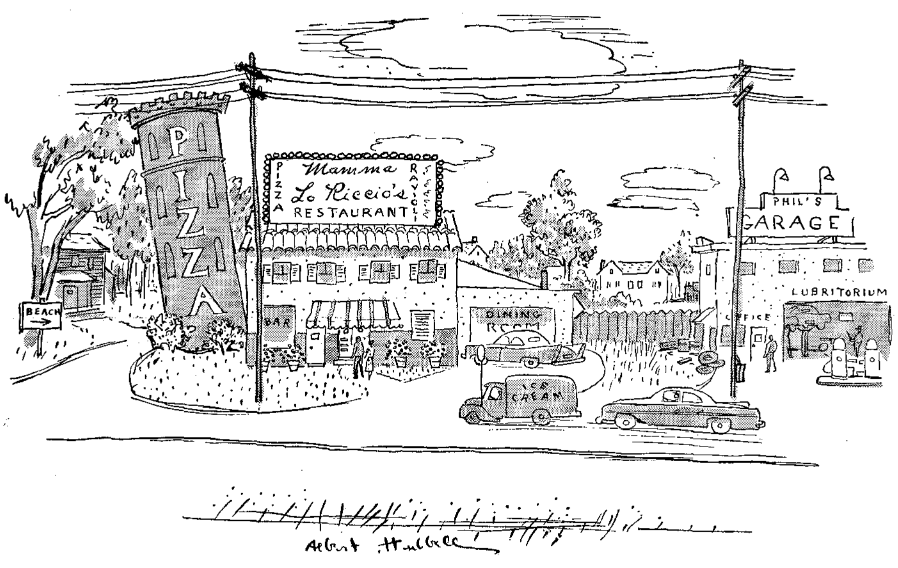
King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Aug. 11.)

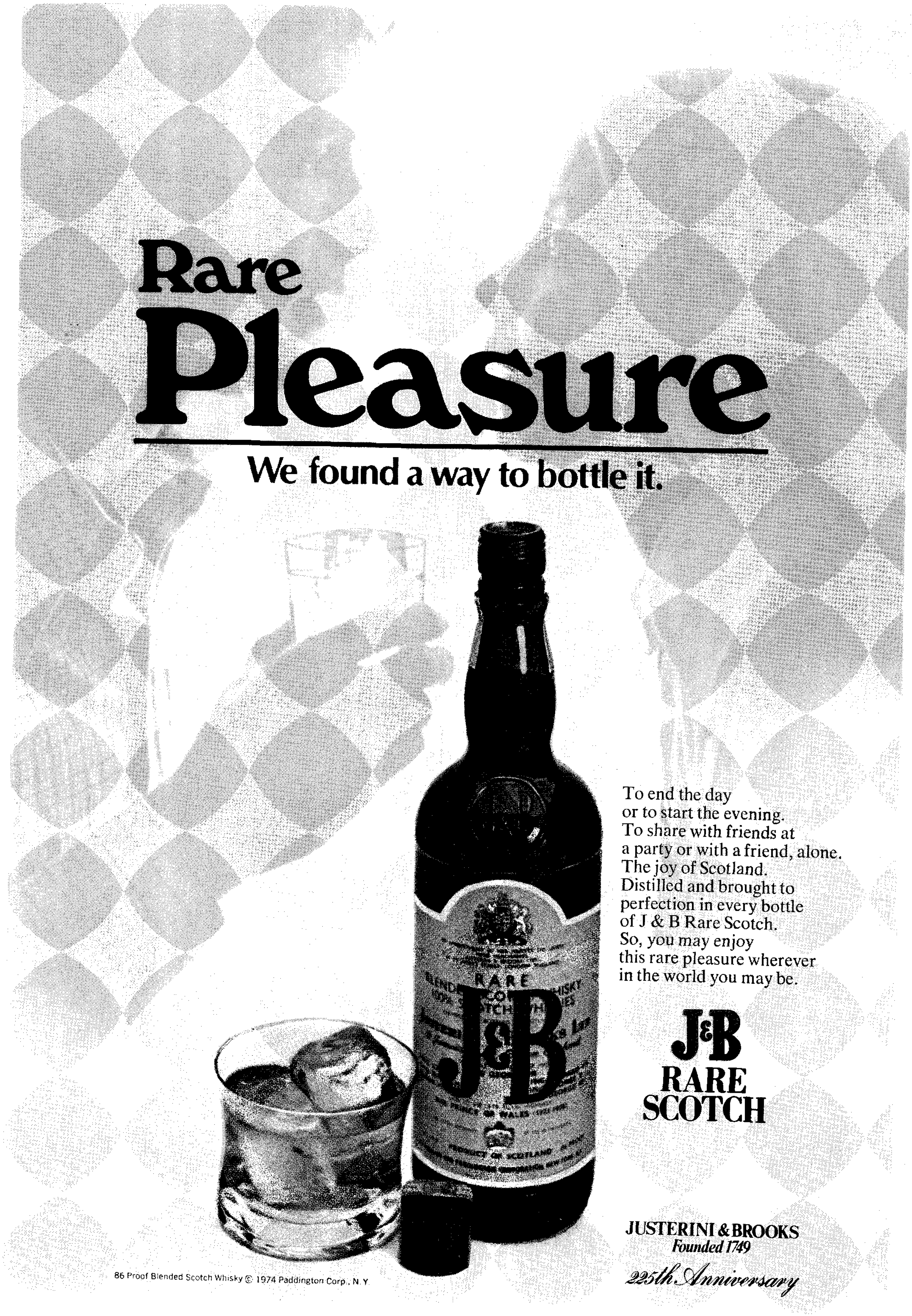
Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 13.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. A Czech film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

Macbeth (1960)—With Maurice Evans popping his eyes and Judith Anderson smiting her brow. The stodgy production that George Schaefer directed for television. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 11.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster





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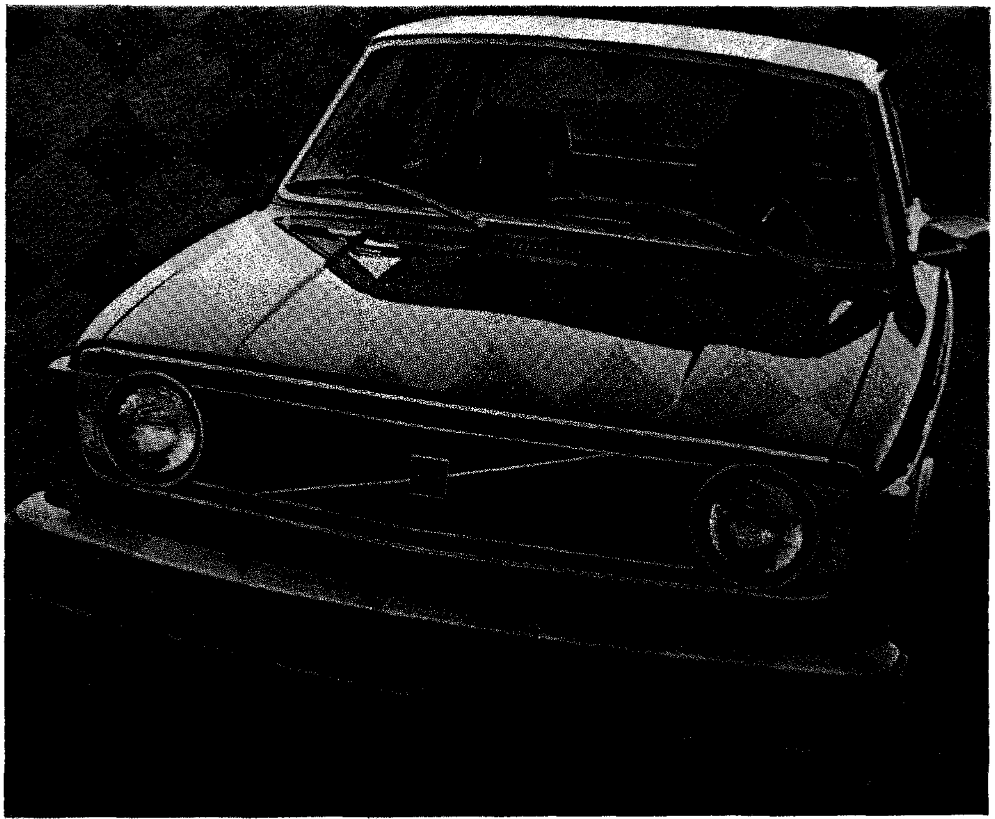

*Based on Environmental Protection Agency's Federal certification test results for '74 model year.

comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Beacon.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A sensitive young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 10.)

Made for Each Other (1971)—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 13.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 7.)

Malizia—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (6/17/74) (New Yorker.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Elgin; starting Aug. 15.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Aug. 14.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Elgin; Aug. 11-12.)

Ophélia (1962)—With André Jocelyn and Juliette Mayniel, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playboy.)

Othello (1966)—Performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain. (Paramount; Aug. 9-10.)

Our Hospitality (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife) and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. (Elgin; Aug. 14.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. The way out here—very carefully nourishing no particular political enmity—is to attribute the assassination to a chest-beating secret brotherhood bent on a kids' manhood game of seeing who can hold out the longest. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum, and Waverly.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; Aug. 11-12.)

Phantom of the Opera (1925)—If you're at the opera and see someone looking up furtively at the chandelier with a faint shudder, you can be fairly sure he has seen this tacky yet unforgettable piece of Guignol claptrap—or, at least, one of the remakes of it. The story is from a French penny dreadful; the first half is a botch and dreary, but then the mixture of the morbid, the gaudy, the ornate, and the rotted becomes scary and, in a way that may be peculiar to movies, thrilling. Lon Chaney is the diabolical genius, Erik, who lives in the dripping cellars of the Paris opera house; hypnotically, he lures the young singer (Mary Philbin) he loves into his bedroom in the sewers and shows her his coffin bed. Norman Kerry is the blundering, deadhead hero. Arthur Edmund Carewe is the Persian, and Snitz Edwards, John Milian, and Gibson Gowland are in the cast. The director was Rupert Julian, but things were not going well, and Edward Sedgwick was brought in to finish the film; Chaney himself directed some of his own sequences. (He must have cut quite a figure on the set, giving orders to the crew while in his grisly, cadaverous make-up.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 10.)

Pigpen (1969)—With Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (First Avenue Screening Room; Aug. 7.)

The Poseidon Adventure (1972)—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (12/16/72) (Olympia; starting Aug. 14.)

The Public Eye (1972)—Mia Farrow plays the winsome California wife of a stodgy London accountant (Michael Jayston) who sets a private detective onto watching his young bride. She is actually nothing more than dead bored and youthfully mystical, raptly getting up early to watch the sun rise. Topol plays the private detective, a whimsical and very noticeable creature all in white, who never stops eating yogurt and cracking aphorisms. Directed by Carol Reed, who made a ghastly mistake to come anywhere near the tripping, spineless falsity of Peter Shaffer's script, based on his own stage play. (Symphony; through Aug. 13.)

The Ra Expeditions—A documentary film of Thor Heyerdahl's voyage across the Atlantic. (Art,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paramount, and Symphony; starting Aug. 14.)

The Return of the Dragon—Directed by, and with, the late Bruce Lee. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 13.)

Score—With Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant, directed by Radley Metzger. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu.)

The Sea Hawk (1940)—With Errol Flynn and Flora Robson. (Regency; Aug. 11-13.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Le Sex Shop—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (Gramercy; starting Aug. 14.)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Cinema Studio; Aug. 13-14.)

Sherlock Junior (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a marvellously imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Elgin; Aug. 7.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 15.)

Snowball Express (1973)—From the Disney studios, with Dean Jones and Nancy Olson. Directed by Norman Tokar. (Festival; through Aug. 13.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

S*P*Y*S—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 14.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 13.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy; through Aug. 13.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Fireman's Ball," working for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Gramercy; starting Aug. 14.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Music Hall.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay, and the cast includes Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Uptown Saturday Night—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

Valerie and Her Week of Wonders—A Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 13-14.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 7.)

The White Dawn—With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett, directed by Philip Kaufman. (Loews Tower East.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 13.)

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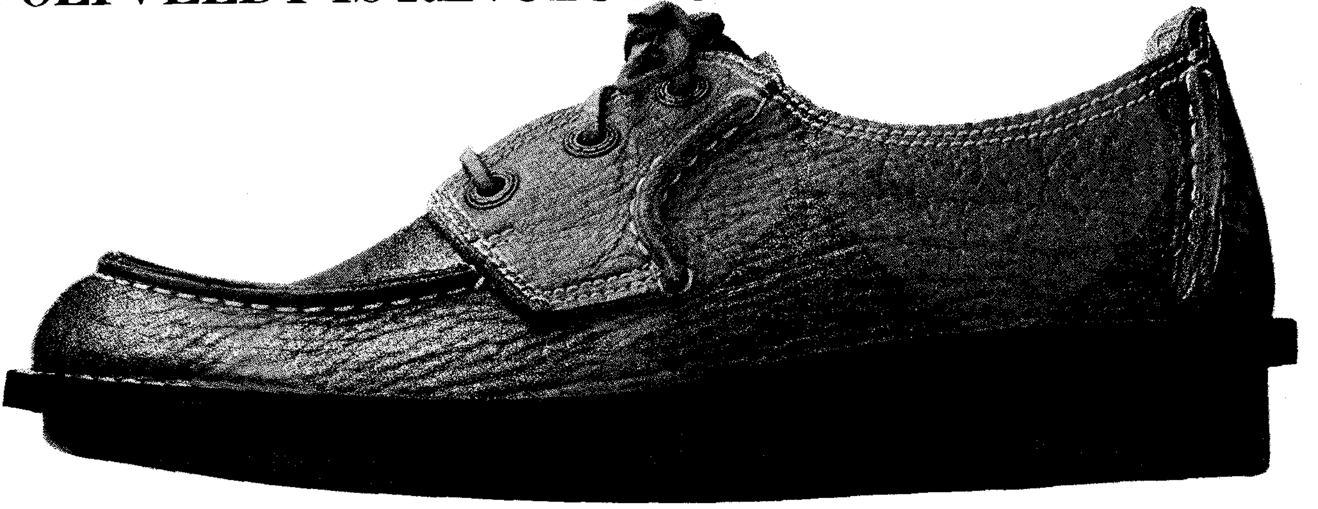

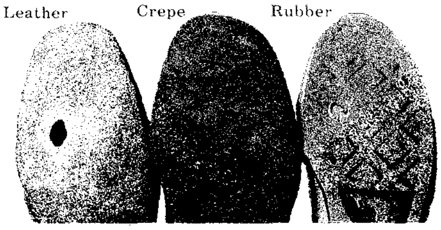

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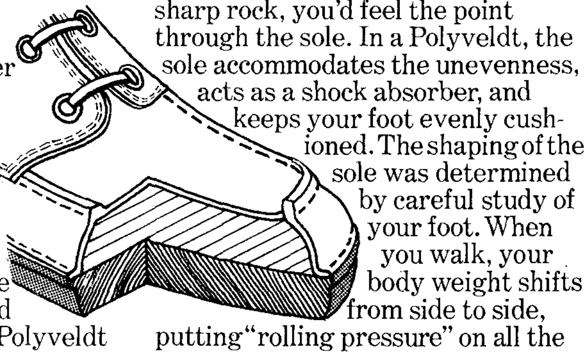

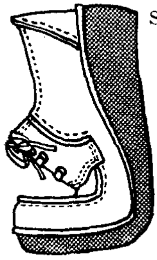

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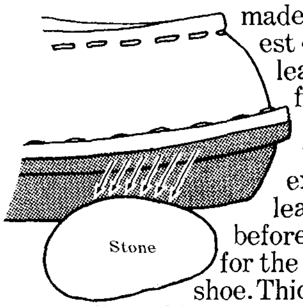

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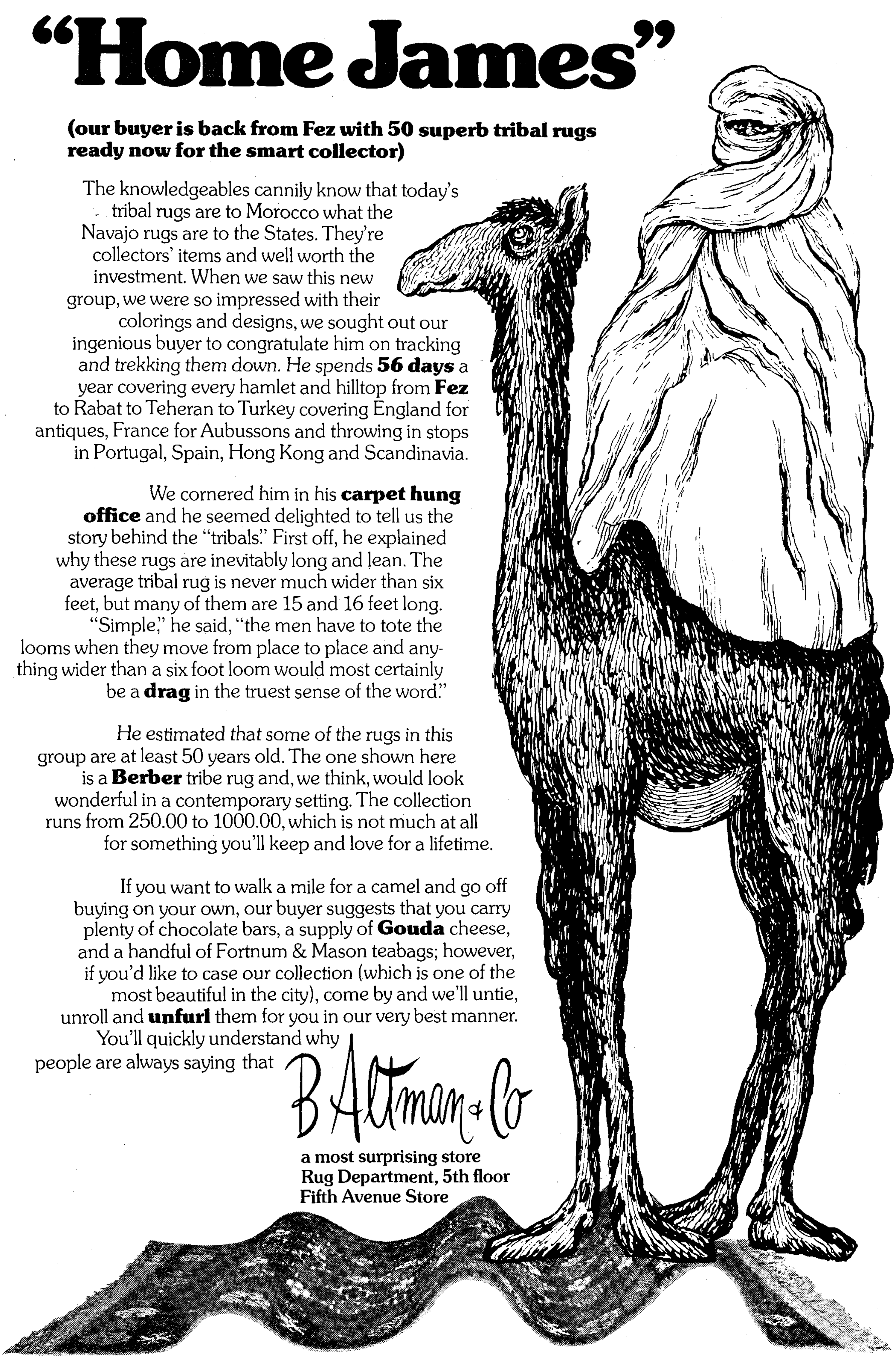

The knowledgeables cannily know that today's tribal rugs are to Morocco what the Navajo rugs are to the States. They're collectors' items and well worth the investment. When we saw this new group, we were so impressed with their colorings and designs, we sought out our ingenious buyer to congratulate him on tracking and trekking them down. He spends **56 days** a year covering every hamlet and hilltop from **Fez** to Rabat to Teheran to Turkey covering England for antiques, France for Aubussons and throwing in stops in Portugal, Spain, Hong Kong and Scandinavia.

We cornered him in his **carpet hung office** and he seemed delighted to tell us the story behind the "tribals." First off, he explained why these rugs are inevitably long and lean. The average tribal rug is never much wider than six feet, but many of them are 15 and 16 feet long. "Simple," he said, "the men have to tote the looms when they move from place to place and anything wider than a six foot loom would most certainly be a **drag** in the truest sense of the word."

He estimated that some of the rugs in this group are at least 50 years old. The one shown here is a **Berber** tribe rug and, we think, would look wonderful in a contemporary setting. The collection runs from 250.00 to 1000.00, which is not much at all for something you'll keep and love for a lifetime.

If you want to walk a mile for a camel and go off buying on your own, our buyer suggests that you carry plenty of chocolate bars, a supply of **Gouda** cheese, and a handful of Fortnum & Mason teabags; however, if you'd like to case our collection (which is one of the most beautiful in the city), come by and we'll untie, unroll and **unfurl** them for you in our very best manner. You'll quickly understand why people are always saying that B Altman & Co

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

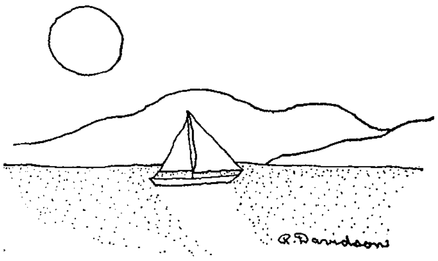
IN Greece, a military dictatorship has yielded in favor of a democratic civilian regime. Performing an act that we think is without precedent, a general who was serving on the military junta put through a call to a civilian in exile and invited him to come home and form a government. There was jubilation throughout the country. Thousands of people poured into the streets of Athens, holding candles aloft and shouting "Democracy!" Immediately, newspapers began to publish uncensored news. Political prisoners were released, to joyous welcomes. A composer and an actress returning from exile were mobbed by well-wishers at the airport. In Portugal, meanwhile, military leaders have deposed a civilian dictatorship and are apparently moving the country in the direction of democratic government. In Thailand, a military junta has been replaced by a civilian government. In France, where Valéry Giscard D'Estaing, a conservative, has recently been elected President, one of the new government's first acts was to ban wiretapping. In Spain, Generalissimo Franco has handed power over to Juan Carlos de Borbón, a man of more moderate persuasion, and an ad-hoc coalition of civilian leaders is reported to have announced its willingness to form a new government and restore full democratic freedom. The unbroken succession of coups of recent years has now been interrupted, in a manner of speaking, by a series of reverse coups, in which power reverts to the people. For reasons unknown, a shift in the political climate of the world has occurred, and it seems to favor liberty. Here in the United States, of course, the House Judiciary Committee has met and cast its votes. No regime fell, no one was out in the streets with candles. But some invisible equivalent of these celebrations was quietly taking place. And when it was all over, everything was changed. Here, too, freedom had somehow won the day.

Fancy

WE breezed through the Twentieth Annual National Fancy Food and Confection Show the other day, trying a cheese here and a nut there, a cookie, a glass of wine, a pickle, a cup of soup, a candy, a chocolate, a slice of salami—all of which added up to the ruination of our summer diet. As we were going into the Coliseum, where the show was held, we ran into Peter C. Simon, Sr., the slim, high-keyed, suntanned, elegant owner of Ellens, a gourmet shop on Madison Avenue near Eighty-sixth Street. Mr. Simon told us he was appalled by the mob of noshers and grabbers he had seen at the show. "The management is letting in all kinds of outsiders, and they're eating themselves sick," he said. "With the cost of eating now, these people stay all day, making three, four, five meals of it. Last year, the show was held in Chicago, and nobody unofficial was allowed in. There was only tasting—not *eating*."

"Have you tasted anything here that impressed you?" we asked, sampling some Hawaiian Macadamia Nut Banana Crunch and washing it down with a Hawaiian Sun Guava Drink.

"Filets of smoked rainbow trout!" Mr. Simon called out. "Divine! Succulent! Smoked turkey out of this world! Personally, I hate smoked turkey. It's always dry. But I can't stay away from *this* turkey. Juicy. Moist. Marvellous. Don't miss it! Or the trout! Booth 15. High Valley Farm, from Colorado Springs." Mr. Simon turned away as we offered him a bit of Banana Crunch. "Please! I've got to stay alive to do my ordering here. I'm getting barley-sugar reindeer and tiny, tiny gingerbread houses. For Christmas."



We made a beeline for Booth 15, sampled the turkey (Mr. Simon had not given us a bum steer), sampled the trout, and then moved along to other booths, having some Souper Noodles, shrimp-flavored (manufactured by the Sammen Shokuhin Company, Ltd., of Amagasaki, Hyogo, Japan). After that, we stayed for a long time, in a trance, munching jumbo colossal natural pistachios from Iran and colossal Brazilian cashews from Brazil. Then, all perspective in a mishmash, we ate the old triangular Toblerone chocolate in a white-chocolate version. After that, dying of thirst, we went back to the Hawaiians and gulped a few paper cupfuls of Kona coffee—black. Slowing down, we headed for the exhibits from the Netherlands and listened carefully to a very nice woman named Margot de Hartog, who explained to us the nature of Jos. Poell's pastry shells.

"They are crispy, flaky, paper-thin," she told us. "You make a filling of veal and bouillon, and you stuff it into them. Are you Dutch?"

"No," we said.

"You sound Dutch," said Miss de Hartog. "Did you know that Hollanders have the longest longevity, and the lowest death rate at childbirth? We all eat a lot of sweets. Every second shop is a sweetshop."

"How are Dutch teeth?" we asked.

"No trouble. Teeth good. Cholesterol good. We do a lot of bicycling. We are great swimmers. Great skaters. We work it off. We live long. Take this package of *chocolade hagel*. Everybody in Holland has this in the house. Put it on the children's breakfast, the way we do in Holland. It makes them eat.”

“Chocolate *sprinkles*?” we asked. “On bacon? On eggs?”

“On anything,” Miss de Hartog said. “Here. Try this Dutch Dandy cheese. It’s new. It’s different. A very mild, semisoft cheese. Something that everybody else does not have. Do you like it?”

“Delish,” we said, sprinkling some *chocolade hagel* on it. “Double delish.”

“That is correct,” Miss de Hartog said. “Now, you skate, and you live long.”

We went back to the U.S.A.—Booth 1212, the Dickinson Family, from Portland, Oregon, presided over by Bob Brown, a hearty laugher. “We’ve always made a very fine line of Northwestern preserves,” he told us. “Every one of our preserves is hand-poured. They are made in three-and-a-half-gallon batches. Wild-mountain-blackberry preserves. Golden-peach preserves. Apricot-pineapple preserves. Boysenberry jelly. Do you know what street we’re on? Wild Blackberry Square!” Mr. Brown gave us his hearty laugh. He was chewing, and we asked him what.

“Look,” he said. “This is what a can of our salmon looks like.” He opened a can of Dickinson Family smoked salmon. “Pacific silver salmon. Caught off the mouth of the Columbia River, *before* they start up the river, which means the meat is firm. This fish is smoked over alder wood for seventy-two hours, and then the drippings are poured back into the can. Have some. . . . Well?”

“Delish,” we said.

We were joined by a tall, bony maiden wearing a folksy native Austrian costume.

“Here she is, back again! Help yourself, my dear!” Mr. Brown said, laughing heartily. “My Austrian neighbor from across the aisle!”

“I come alvays *für* snocks!” the Austrian maiden said, snacking the salmon.

“She can’t stay away from our salmon!” Mr. Brown called out.

“You come to see me *für* vhite vine aftervard,” she said.

“Thank you, my dear,” said Mr. Brown. “Let’s go right now.”

We were greeted at the Weinland Österreich Booth by a tall young man, with a big, long face, who looked like the Austrian maiden’s brother.

“Vhite vine,” she ordered, for Mr. Brown and us.

“Aren’t you joining us?” Mr. Brown asked, graciously.

“I prefer the red,” she said. “But they say the fish has to svim in the vhite.”

“Vhite and red both, ve have had good response,” said her brother. “Austrian vines are very Austrian. Charming, light, and fresh. *Spritzig*.”

“You said it. Wow, this is good!” said Mr. Brown.

“Now ve go back for more salmon,” said the Austrian maiden.

“O.K., my dear,” said Mr. Brown, and he gave us a hearty wave.

We headed for the Twining Tea Booth and shook hands with the Englishman in charge.

“Anything new?” we asked.

“Our Twining tea bags are now packaged exactly like the loose tea,” he said. “We’re saying, ‘Twining Tea Bags are twins to our tins.’ ”

“Who thought it up?” we asked.

“Somebody in America, I believe,” he said. “More and more people in America are going in for good tea, you know. We’ve just come out with a new one—Indian Breakfast Tea. Made from Assam. On a hot afternoon, our Earl Grey is delicious. At night, when you’re weary, the Jasmine is good. But there’s nothing better in the morning than a good, strong cup of tea. It pulls you around.”

We were still very thirsty, but Twining wasn’t offering samples, so we moseyed about, pausing at the headquarters booth of the Twentieth Annual National Fancy Food and Confection Show. The woman in charge told us the show was a big success. She was eating a hot dog on a bun, with sauerkraut, and sipping a sugar-free cola drink.

“What’s the idea?” we asked, watching her take a big bite of the hot dog.

“I got it out on the street, at the corner,” she told us, without apology. “Surrounded by all this glamour, I always get a yen for something more prosaic.”

We went on, and made a few mistakes. Bean jelly with Japanese citrus, which some man from Tokyo told us was a very good dessert. Mistake. Some dried cuttlefish, which another man from Tokyo told us was great with beer. Mistake. Some salami Calabrese from Italy, which was supposed to be free of garlic. Mistake. (We get a garlic-free Genoa salami from a little place in Great Neck via our friend Lola Finkelstein, and that is *perfect!*) We wound up, happily, at the booth of the Vinton Popcorn Company, of Vinton, Iowa. (“It’s ALWAYS popcorn time! Enjoy VINTON popcorn. It’s the popping-est.”) An angry-looking fellow named Donley F. Jager was in charge, and we hung around with him and ate his popcorn, which he said was selected from his own varieties of seed.

“We do not buy open-market corn,” he told us angrily. “We don’t aim for the movie business, because they are constantly driving you down on price. That’s point one. And point two is that our yellow popcorn pops forty-four to one and our white corn pops thirty-three to one. We recommend strictly our own coconut oil to pop with. It’s strictly clear. Colored oil burns out, has a bad smell, and it costs you extra. Now, do you want to eat something special?” he asked angrily.

“Of course.”

“Our parched, or toasted, sweet corn,” he said, sounding angry as hell. He handed us a sample package called Krunchy Nuggets of Sweetcorn. (“Krunchy Nuggets are a swell friend to keep company with. Especially when you’re just sitting around the fireside visiting with other friends and sipping your favorite beverage. Just put all these beautiful little golden nuggets in a bowl and you can’t help but reaching in to say ‘Hi’ to the tasty little Krunchy Nuggets.”)

We ate some. “Delish,” we said.

“We went through forty-eight varieties of corn to get the only three that are satisfactory, but don’t ask me how we make it,” he said. “We’ve got a secret formula.”

“What are you sore about?” we asked.

“Who said I’m sore?” he said angrily, and he ate some of his toasted sweet corn. “I’m from Iowa.”

Coupla Tourists in London Again

THAT friend of ours who sends in reports about his trip to England (“just had to catch it while it’s still playing”) has been at it again:

NEWS items for you: You’ll never guess what the hot new hairdo in London for teen-age boys is—flat-top crewcut on top, shoulder length on the sides. Can you beat it? Met one fantastic hairdresser, though—woman. Get to her in a minute. The hottest rumor in London goes like this: Sooner or later, the British will get tired of keeping troops in Northern Ireland and withdraw them. (By the way, you hear this rumor in Fleet Street pubs, shortly before closing time.) The very next day, Scotland will declare its independence and claim all the North Sea oil as its birthright. Then, the day after that, the Welsh will secede and claim all the oil that’s just been discovered off the coast of Wales. (This oil has not been tapped yet, because of all the money tied up in the North Sea drillings.) After that, presumably, the Northern Irish will give up on the United Kingdom, declare *their* independence, and start looking for oil. This would make five countries on two small islands, and leave the English with a lot of coal, no oil.

Meanwhile, the new English national pastime is telling Irish jokes. Over here they would be Polish jokes; forty years ago, mainland Italians told them as Sicilian jokes. You hear them in theatres, in pubs and clubs, from journalists, cabbies, gardeners, bargees, foreign princelings. Sample jokes (detribalized):

Did you hear about the (nationality you love like June bugs) gardeners who were laying sod? The foreman kept shouting at them, "*Green* side up! *Green* side up!"

What do you do if an (android) throws a grenade at you? Take out the pin and throw it back.

◆

THE Irish Republican Army tried to blow up Westminster Hall, the oldest part of the Houses of Parliament, while I was in London. The bomb went off early one morning. No one was killed. The Norman masonry of the Hall turned out to be a lot stronger than the Irish explosives, so the only things that got blown up were some secretaries' offices and a staff canteen next door. A Welsh peer named Lord Davies of Leek (pronounced "Davis") invited my travelling companion, Henry, and me to have dinner at the House of Lords and inspect the damage. Lord Davies is a sweetheart. He is white-haired and pink-faced. He says things like "Look you" and "Mark you," and he is the first peer ever to use the word "boondoggle" in debate in the House of Lords. He once said to me, "Beware! I am a freeman of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania." Lord Davies is 70. As Mr. Harold Davies, he was elected to Parliament in 1945. He was a junior minister in Harold Wilson's first Labour Government, in 1964, and later became the Prime Minister's Parliamentary Private Secretary—meaning his private adviser. In 1965, he caught quite a bit of flak for flying to North Vietnam to visit Ho Chi Minh, whom he knew, and see if he could work out a peace settlement. He was made a life peer in 1970.

An official of the House of Lords, called Black Rod, gave us a printed pink card that said "This card is to enable guests of Peers to be recognized and treated as such until their host arrives." Then we got shown into the bar of the House of Lords—nice panelled room; looks like a swanky pub—where our host recognized us and bought us whiskeys. He and a friend of his, Lord Wynne-Jones, a former chemistry professor, were teasing a baroness about her speeches in Parliament. But they polished her off so that they could tease us Yanks. Lord Wynne-Jones remarked that Billie Jean King had lost that afternoon at Wimbledon. Lord Davies said, "Mark you, I have nothing against a nation that sprang from the loins of a great Welshman."

I, of course, asked what Welshman.

"Thomas Jefferson," said Lord Davies.

"What a nation!" said Lord Wynne-Jones. "And what loins!"

Lord Davies said, "Lord Wynne-Jones has been in the White House more times than Tommy Lipton has tea leaves."

The barmaid, going home, said, "Good night, all."

"Good night, Iris," said the peers.

Lord Davies told a Welsh joke—a story about his farmer grandfather. This old man saw his farm boy, whom he worked very hard, climbing a hill one night with a lantern. "Where are you going with that lantern, boyo, wasting paraffin on a fine moonlight night?"

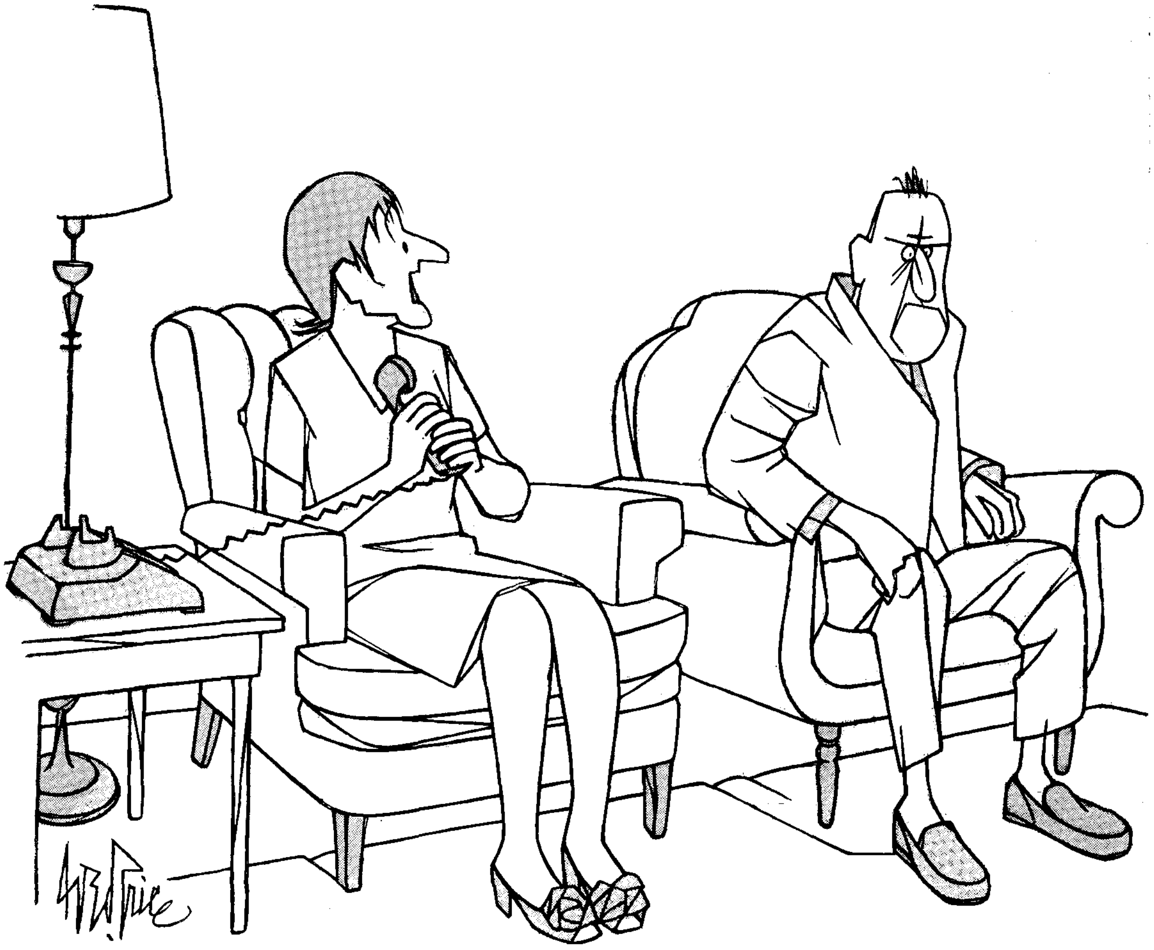
"I'm going courting."

"I didn't need to carry lanterns when I was courting."

"Judging by your old woman, you should have."

"There's not much to show you here," said Lord Wynne-Jones. "Unless you want to see the library." He made a face.

Henry said he didn't want to see the library. Lord Davies said, "I did find a book there, printed in one-thousand-something, that had a recipe for mak-



"I don't suppose you'd be amenable to anything this evening."

ing aphrodisiac butter from mother's milk. Well, come out on the terrace and I will buy you one more drink before dinner. With ice?"

"Not necessary," I said.

"Thank God!" said Lord Davies.

The terrace is furnished with wooden benches and tubs of red geraniums, and overlooks the Thames. Big Ben struck 8. Golden evening sunlight flooded the river's bridges and the buildings of South London. "Jesus Christus!" said Lord Davies. "Now I know how Turner could paint that well. Wynne-Jones, are you leaving? до свидáния! Goodbye! *Au revoir!*"

We talked politics for a while, and Lord Davies said that the policy of modern governments was to socialize the losses on big projects and privatize the profits. Then we talked about beer, and Lord Davies said he thought the new keg beer the big breweries are putting out is anemic, adulterated, puffed-up bloody beer that the boffins cooked up. Then he took us to eat in the House of Lords cafeteria, where they have brown plastic trays with the coat of arms of the House of Lords on them. We ate fresh-salmon salad, which tasted terrific, and then Lord Davies got up and fetched us all coffee and cheese and crackers. Henry said, "I've never been served dinner by a lord before."

"Good grub," said Lord Davies.

Then he took us to Westminster Hall to see the bomb damage. We passed through courtyards and internal alleyways. In one alley we saw a door with 4 empty milk bottles in front of it. There was a beer keg in front of another door. Westminster Hall was built in 1097 and is noted for its ancient oak hammer beams and roof. The beams were charred by the blast but still in place. The Hall had been cleared but smelled of wet stone and smoke. The rooms just beyond, where the bomb went off, had disappeared, but a flying buttress of the Hall was still standing. Lord Davies didn't say anything except "If that bomb had gone off half an hour later, it would have killed 50 to 100 people."

After a few minutes, Lord Davies said, "Now I'll show you the way out. Do you want a Tube? Goodbye, boyos. *Au revoir!* до свидáния!"

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INTERLUDE: Ever wonder where a phrase like "high crimes and misdemeanors" comes from? Well, take a look at the printed messages and street signs in England. The English have been working on this kind of language for centuries, and now it's good for all times. High Elvish, I call it. The very same gab that will be used by the Galactic Federation when it annexes the asteroid belt. The genius of the English is that they can use it for *anything*. Samples:

From a sign in a park:

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
OPEN SPACES—BYELAWS

12. A person in a verminous or offensively filthy condition shall not lie upon or occupy any seat in the open space.

In a phone booth:

Have money ready 2p or 10p
Lift receiver
Listen for continuous purring
Dial number or code and number
When you hear rapid pips, press in a coin

In Covent Garden:

COVENT GARDEN MARKET
AUTHORITY BYELAWS

7. A person being the driver of a vehicle (not being a hand trolley, hand truck, hand barrow or handcart) shall so drive or propel his vehicle as to make it proceed in a clockwise direction on the throughway.

On a cigarette coupon:

ADVICE BY
H.M. GOVERNMENT
If you do smoke cigarettes
Leave a long stub.
Remove from mouth between puffs.
Inhale less. Take fewer puffs.

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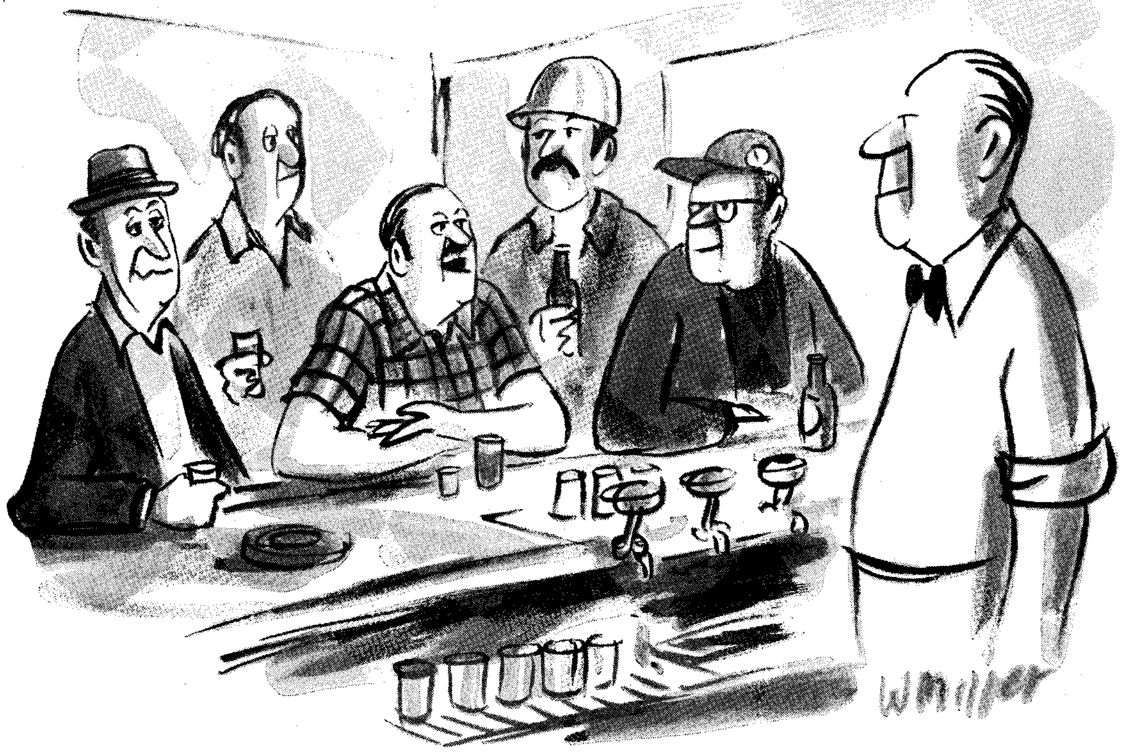
CHRISTINE MITCHELL DRIVER, a big blonde with bangs, is one of the top 3 hairdressers in London, the only one of the top 3 who's a woman. She's also the only fashionable West End hairdresser who doesn't give a standard cut but instead looks at her customers—men and women—and gives them what they need. Consequence is they end up looking handsome, charming, and themselves. Christine once took one look at a woman with long hair and then cut it very short. "Had to be done," she said. "I could see right away that woman didn't even know how to pick up a hairbrush."

We first heard about Christine from our London hostess, the writer Pat Williams. Pat swears by her, said the one thing we absolutely *had* to do in London was get a haircut from Christine. So we did, of course. "You'll like Christine," said Pat. She was right. (By the way, did you know that even cemeteries in England are snobbish? Pat lives in Hampstead, right near this cemetery whose first row, next to



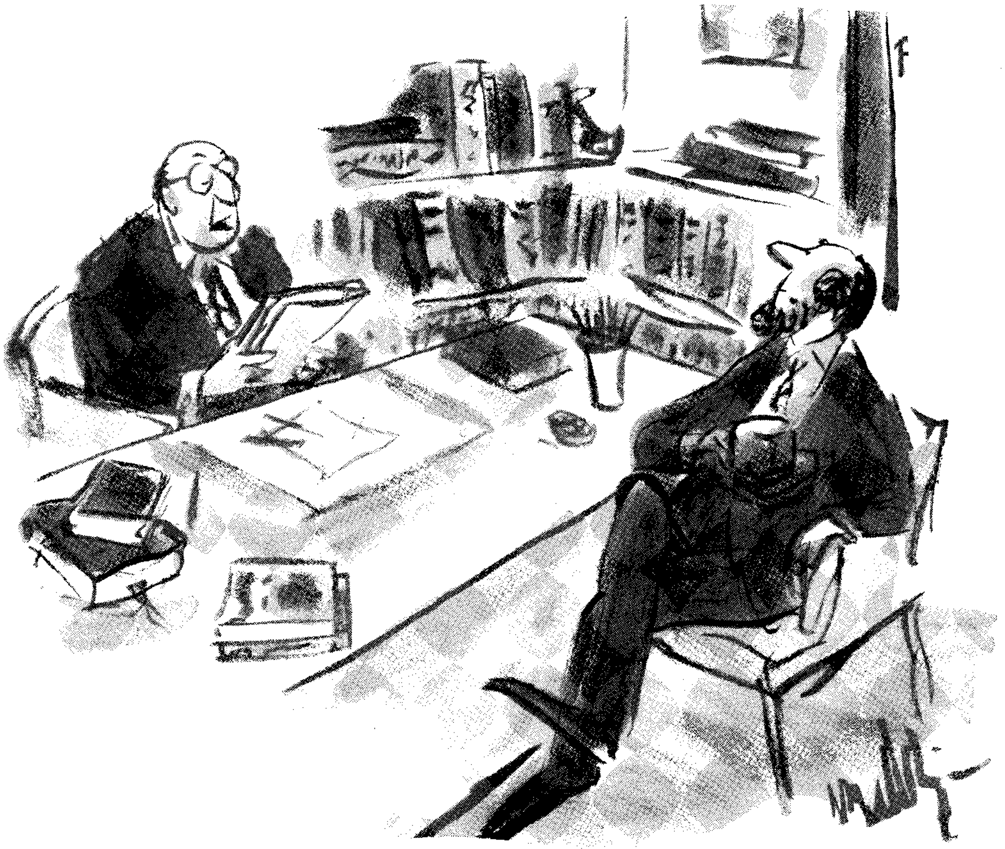
"I yield my remaining thirty seconds to my distinguished colleague with the porkpie hat."

the street, boasts the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell; the actress Kay Kendall; George du Maurier, the novelist and grandfather of Daphne; and Anton Walbrook, the actor, who was in “La Ronde” and “Lola Montès.” Walbrook just arrived.)

Christine's shop, Mane Line (it's in Weighhouse St., just off Grosvenor Sq.; she runs it with her partner, Ray Oliver), is full of fresh flowers, has a stereo system that plays soul rock and “Cabaret” and so forth, and in general does not look like a hairdressing salon. Coffee and cigarettes are on hand. There are postcards around the mirrors, from customers vacationing in Vienna, Japan, Spain. Henry had a protein treatment, and we both had trims, and then Christine took both of us (we by now looking very smart) to the bar of the Europa Hotel for a drink. Drink turned out to be 4 Margaritas apiece. Christine gave us Mane Line matches. Turned out to be only matches in England that work. Matches said shop for “girls and men.” (35-40% of business is men.) I wanted to know why this phrase. Christine said, “Had to be done. ‘Boys and girls’ is just too twee,* ‘men and women’ sounded like a public lavatory, ‘ladies and gentlemen’ would get all the wrong sort of people.”

Christine one of nicest people in London. Comes from Yorkshire, loves jewelry, was wearing gold necklaces, gold bracelets, 8 rings. Has toy poodle named Bourneville—a kind of Cadbury chocolate exactly same color as dog. Has handbag named Gregory. Gregory is whole baby alligator—arms, legs, head, teeth, everything.

After another Margarita, Christine talked about her former hobby. Her new hobby is fixing up a new Mane Line shop in Savile Row. “I took flying lessons until the petrol crisis. I had already soloed, and had just got to the point where my instructor took me spinning—put me into a tailspin, you know, and I had to come out. Quite a psychiatrist, my instructor—pretended we were just taking a routine lesson. But of course I knew we were climbing high. ‘That wasn't so bad, was it?’ he said afterward. ‘I don't know,’ I said. ‘I had my eyes closed.’ ‘*Yech!*’ he said. So we had to do it again.”



“‘War or Peace.’ My, what a catchy title!”

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THE one big success story in England so far this year is the Campaign for Real Ale, or CAMRA, which is dedicated to saving English draught beer. The big breweries in England—there are six of them—are dedicated to buying up as many breweries and pubs as they can (they now own 60% of the pubs in the country), so they can sell something called keg beer, which is served like draught beer but functions more like a giant can of beer, since the beer is filtered and juiced up with carbonation and often pasteurized before it leaves the brewery. Real draught beer is still living and fermenting and brewing as you drink it, and, of course, it is also warm and flat and sour but quite delicious—it's like drinking bread and cheese. Englishmen think of our American beer as “lemonade” and “a good thirst quencher.” Real draught beer is drunk in pints in pubs, and, my God, those pint glasses weigh a ton, and, my God, those Englishmen can put them away!

I had I don't remember how many pints one night with two officials of the Campaign for Real Ale, Michael Hardman and Christopher Hutt (author of “The Death of the English Pub”); the Campaign's membership has increased from 1,800 to over 20,000 in a year, and is now growing at the rate of 1,000 members a week. We were in an uncontaminated Hampstead pub called The Flask. Nice guys, a little dazed by their success, me a little dazed by their beer—Young's beer, small, independent London brewer. Well, these guys were very friendly, but they kept knocking 'em back, and saying “Cheers!,” and standing there and standing there. The Flask was doing tremendous business—this was a Friday night—and I was told that a year ago, before the campaign got geared up, there might have been a dozen people there of a Friday. CAMRA publishes a “Good Beer Guide,” which lists 1,500 or so reliable pubs (The Flask is called “a comfortable pub of the modern old-fashioned type.” Wonder what that means. Looked sort of like a bare room to me), and the next step is CAMRA wants to raise a quarter of a million quid, which is a lot of lolly, to buy its own pub. So of course I ponied up a tenner, and the boys told me that Prince Philip is a real beer man and once walked into a North Lancashire pub and said, “A pint of bitter, please. Real stuff; no keg, please.”

Then the publican called “Time, please!,” and I heard Michael telling Christopher—it sounded as if it were coming from ever so far away—“Beer has its moods, its characters, its shadings, very much like a woman, or anything else that's living. It has its temperaments—all the advantages and disadvantages of anything that's living.”

Icky, self-consciously cute.—“What's the Difference? A British/American Dictionary,”* by Norman Moss.

THE HOUSE OF MY DREAMS

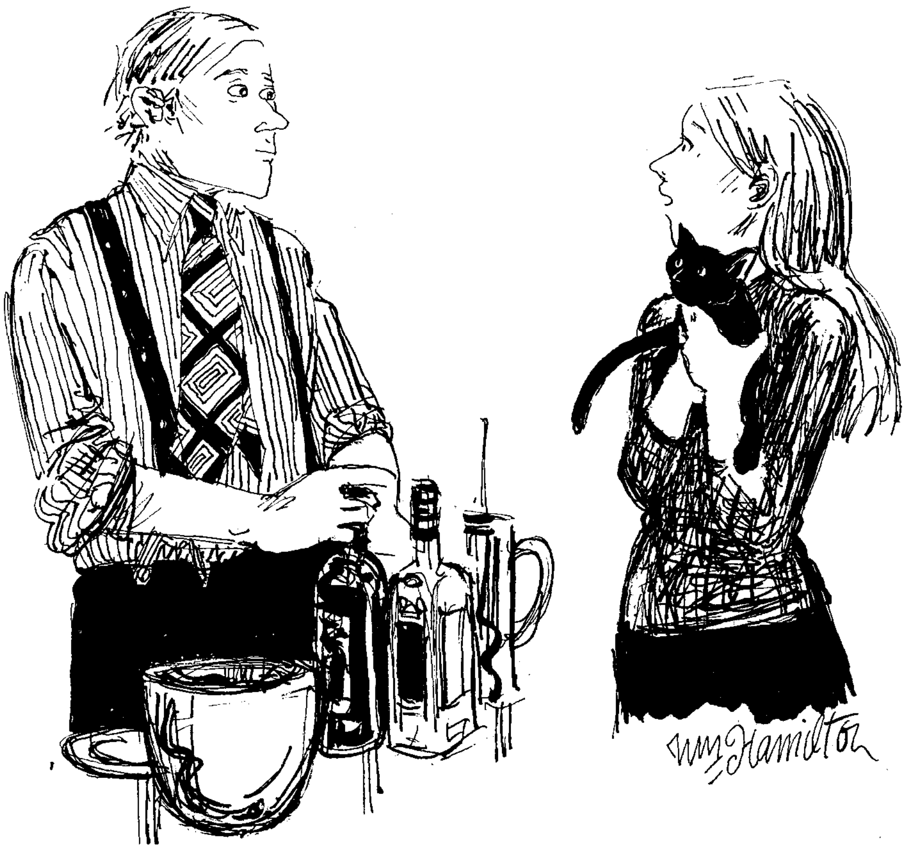
SHE hurried home from the neighbor's house to have a few spare moments to herself. The rooms were stripped, the windows bare, the dust and the disrepair of the ledges totally revealed, everything gone except for the few things she insisted on taking herself—a geranium, a ewer, and a few little china coffee cups that miraculously had escaped being broken. There was a broom against the wall—a soft green twig that scarcely grazed the floor or penetrated to the rubble adhering there. Neighbors were good on the day one moved house. No, that was not fair. She had had good neighbors, and a variety of them, in London. She had spent nights with them, got drunk with some of them, slept with one of them and later regretted it, quarrelled with one of them, and with one woman had made a definite plan to have a walk in the country once a week, but excuses had always intervened, hers and the woman's.

She went to the children's room and hollered, "Hey round the corner po-po, waiting for Henry Lee." This was the room where nightly her children used to squabble over who would have the top bunk, and where she brought cups of hot milk, thick with honey, for the colds and congestions they did not have, and where her elder son used to enjoy looking up at the skylight, listening to the rain go pitter-patter, hoping for the snow to fall, listening (though one cannot hear it) to the sun coming up and lighting the pane of glass, watching the gradual change from dark sheet to transparent sheet and then to a resemblance of something dipped in a quick wash of bright morning gold. Her son had dreamed that there were pink flamingos in a glass, a glass that he was drinking from, and that they were there because of special bacteria in the water. That pink, or rather those multiples of feathered pink, layer upon layer, could compare with no color that he had ever seen. He feasted on it. The room was empty except for the marks of casters, the initial "E" daubed on the wall, and the various stains. When she repeated, "Hey round the corner po-po," there was not the slightest hint of an echo. Ah yes! The children had ritually buried a coin under one of the loose floorboards, and no doubt it was down there, somewhere, in its hole, covered with dust and maybe sheathed with cobweb. The night she had served their father with a custody writ, she had gone all around the house and lifted off the telephones and watched them where they lay, somehow like numbered animals—black things or white things or a red thing that had gone temporarily dead. In the middle of the night, her husband came and slipped a threatening letter in under the hall door (she had nailed down the letter flap), and she was there cowering and waiting for it, the letter saying, "They are mine, they are not yours, you are going to be a nervous corpse if you take this to court, you gain nothing except your gross humiliation, you are bound to lose, I cannot show you any mercy, I am really determined to do everything within the law to get custody of those children, no holds barred." She had read it and reread it and wrung her hands and wondered how she could have married such a man.

Another time, she had waited in the hall, being too shy to stand at the window, and at intervals had pushed the letter slot open to peep out into space. She had been waiting for a man who did not appear. They happened to have the same birthday, and that factor along with his smile made her think somehow he would come, and, listening for the car or the taxi, she had found herself in a particular stance, a stance repeated from long ago, waiting behind a window in a flannel nightgown for a man, her father, who anyhow might thrash her to death. It was as if all those past states only begged to be repeated, to be relived, to go on forever and ever, amen. Those things were like knots that bound her.

BE THANKFUL YOU CAN BE SEEN GOD BLESS YOU

THE house had been her fortress. And yet there were snags. The time when a total stranger knocked, a tall thin man asking if he could have a word with her, stepping inside onto the rubber mat and telling her that he had no intention of leaving her alone. It happened to be late spring, and he was framed by the hawthorn tree, and, looking at it and the soft nearly emergent petals, she thought, If I pretend not to be in the least bit afraid, he will go away. That was what she did—stared at the tree, giving the impression that someone else was in the house, that she was not petrified, that she was not wobbling, not alone. He repeated his intention, and then she dismissed him, saying, "We will see about that," and he stepped out and she closed the door very quietly. But, back in the house, she began to tremble and was too incapacitated even to lift the telephone to call anyone. Then, when she heard his footsteps go away, she lay down on the floor and wondered why it was that she could not have talked to him, but she knew why it was; she was petrified of such people. They were usually tall and gangly, they had a funny stare, and they laughed at things that were no laughing matters. The first such person she had ever come across had been a woman, a tall streelish creature whose mania gave her a wild energy, made her stalk fields, roads, byroads, lanes, made her rap on people's doors at all hours of day and night, insult them about their jobs, their self-importance, their furniture, and everything that they had taken to be enhancing. She could not have asked the man in for fear he might strangle her, or misbehave—treat the floor as a lavatory—or, worse, refuse to leave! She had the glass of the door changed, so that she was enabled to see out but no caller could see in. He came a few times more, but each time was told to scamper by a handyman who was in her employment.



"I mean, God, Philip, what if he doesn't really like Tabby Treat but is only eating it so we'll feel less guilty?"

IT had been a nice lunch, at the neighbor's, that day—delicate. Poached eggs and leaf spinach. When she sat down, the neighbor handed her a linen napkin and said, "There you are, pet." They drank wine, they clinked glasses, they recalled Christmases, numerous parties, the Scottish boy whom they both fancied and deceived each other over.

At the time, it had rankled. She herself had met him on the road one morning by the merest chance, and he'd had the temerity to tell her he had been looking for a hardware shop, although it was a street solely of private houses. But that was well behind her.

The garden would go on blooming. The Virginia creeper would attach itself to everything and finally encumber everything. She had planted three trees, numerous creepers, herbs, and wonderful bright shrubs that defied the sullen London soil. She would recall the garden in times to come—the evenings sitting out on the low wall, looking at the river, or again at the blocks of flats on the opposite side, feeling the vibrations of the distant tube train go right through her stomach and her bowels, admiring the flowers, and sometimes getting down to stake up a rose that had straggled and bowed along the ground. It had been a home. "No place like home," her parents used to say whenever they went away from their ramshackle farm, to be ill or to shop for a day, or in the case of her father to go on binges.

She went up to her bedroom. Nothing left of its character but the wallpaper. Beige wallpaper with bosses of red roses, each rose like an embryo bud and all intricately joined by stems that were as thin as thread and on the point of ravelling. Not many people had seen her bedroom, but those who had were still in it, like ghosts, spectres, frozen in the positions that they had once unthinkingly occupied. There was the boy, blond, freckled, who had never made love to her but had harbored some true feelings for her. He always used to arrive with a group but almost always got too drunk to go home, and once, though not drunk, felt disinclined to go home and took off his boots by the fire and held the soles of his feet toward it, asking if by any chance seers read feet, if feet had lines of destiny just like hands. She thought that maybe shyness had deterred him, or maybe distaste. He used to talk in the early morning, the very early morning, touching the stems of the roses with his forefinger, watching through the window the careers of the birds, and the course of the river beyond. People used to envy her that view of the river. Yes, it was a shame to leave. At night, because of the aspect of the water and its faithful lap, it often seemed as if she were in another city altogether, and now just as the trees were beginning to grow she was leaving it all behind. She ought to desecrate it, do some act of mischief, such as at school when they got holidays and used to throw compasses and chalk about, used to chant "Kick up tables, kick up chairs, kick Sister So-and-So down the stairs, no more Latin, no more French, no more sitting on a hard old bench." But those were the carefree days, or seemed to be.

I AM loath to leave, she thought, and dragged the broom over the bare wood floor. Dust rose out of nowhere, so she filled a coffee cup with water and spattered it over the floor to keep the motes down. Once during a very special party, she had thought that the freckled boy must not be coming, and then, just as her hopes were dashed, he arrived with a new girl, a girl not unlike herself, but younger, tougher, and more self-assured. The girl had asked for cigars immediately, and strode around the room smoking a cigar, telling all the men that she knew they

WALKING IN CONEY ISLAND

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries.—*Melville.*

Encountered at estuary
end across beaches and dunes,
or opening out of the breakwater's
armlock, a last magnitude
of bay, or beyond the crazywork
of masts and rigging down a street
suddenly, the sea stuns,
moving into itself, gray over
green over gray, with salt smell
and harbor smells, tar, flotsam,
fish smell, froth, its sentient
immense transparent space.

Walking in Coney Island, bicycling
in Bay Ridge on the crumbling, water-level
promenade under the Verrazano,
walking the heights above the Narrows, driving
on Brooklyn Heights, then slowly at night
under the East River Drive past the empty
fish market, past Battery Park, and then
northward driving along the rotting piers,
or looking downriver from Washington Heights
into the harbor's distant opening,
I recovered one summer in New York
the magical leisure of its lost sea-space.

Breathing, I entered, I became
the open doorway to the empty marvel,
the first Atlantis of light.

Windy sun below the Narrows,
Gravesend scud and whitecaps,
coal garbage gravel
scows bucking off Bensonhurst,
Richmond blueblurred
westward, and high
into the blue
supreme clarity,
it gleams aloft, alert
at the zenith
of leaping, speed
all blown to the wind—
what, standing in air,
what does it say
looking out out out?

And the light
(everywhere,
off ridge, rock, window, deep,
drop) says,
I leap clear.

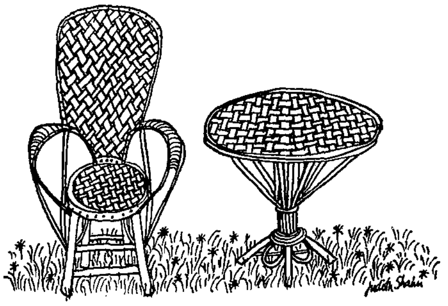
—IRVING FELDMAN

• •

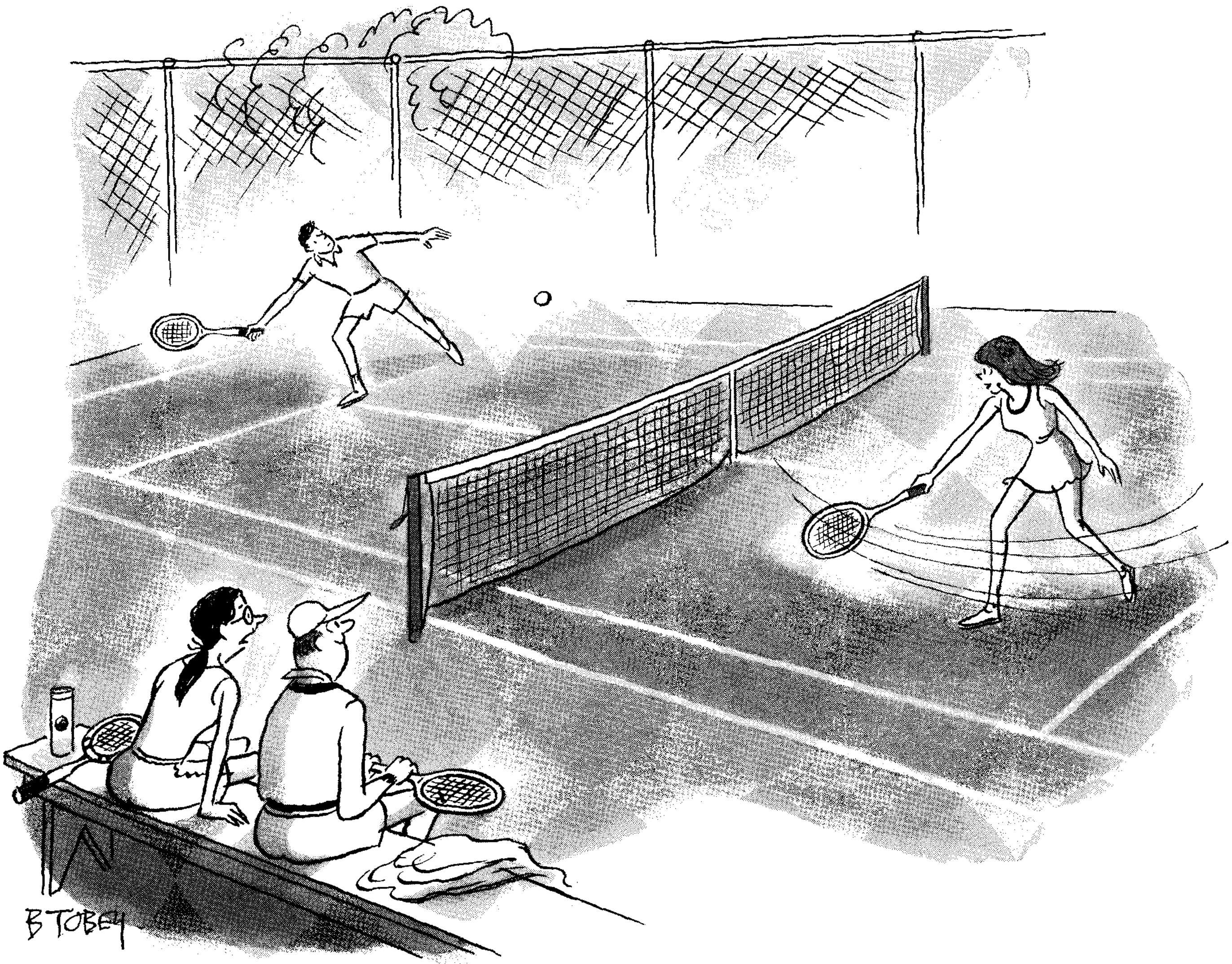
lusted after her. She was both clever and revolting. At the end of the night, there were only the three of them left, and they sat in a little huddle. He was right in the throes of a sentence, when all of a sudden he fell fast asleep, the way children do, leaving the two of them to watch over him, which they did like vultures. Together, they removed his high boots, his suède jacket, and his outer sweater. When at last the girl fell asleep, she herself went around the house, stacking glasses, thinking it had been a good party, primarily because he was there. And occasionally, even in those very early days, things would suddenly become otherwise, and her heart would enter a swoon. She would forget a name, even her own name, or a cigarette butt in a glass would be enlarged a hundredfold, and once the violets came out of a brooch and it seemed to her they were exuding either sweat or tears. The cheeky girl rang her employer the moment she wakened and asked how Kafka—her dog—was, then borrowed money and, walking away from the boy, waved, as if his function in her life was now completed.

Her children used to have parties, too, birthday parties, where all the glasses of orange juice would be lined up on a tray, and piles of paper hats towered into a cone, and, later, meringue crumbs would be sent flying about the place and some children would be found crying because they had not gone to the lavatory. It was worst when they left to go away to boarding school—empty rooms, empty beds, and two bicycles just lying there in the shed. They would come home for holidays, and there would be the usual bustle again, with various garments left on the various steps of the stairs, but it was always as if they were visitors, and gradually the house began to have something of the chilliness of a tomb.

But she met an Asiatic holy man, and, having talked to him at length and hearing his creed, she asked him to join her, to come under her roof. The very first evening, however, she had a premonition, because, when he arrived as he did at the appointed hour and with his rucksack, she saw that he had a black scarf draped over his head, and when she caught sight of him in the doorway he looked like nothing so much as a harlot, his Asiatic features sharply defined, his eyes like darts and full of expectation. They sat by the fire, she served a casserole, bringing a little table close for him to put his plate on. He even drank some wine. He told her of his daydream to go by boat down the French canals throughout the length of a summer. When the time came to retire, it seemed to her that he let out some sort of whimper. Once in her bedroom, she locked her door and began to tremble. She had just embarked on another catastrophe. On his way to bed, he coughed loudly, and it seemed to her that he lingered on the landing, just outside her door. She was inside, cringing, listening. She seemed to be always listening, cringing, in some bed, or under some bed, or behind some pile of furniture, or behind a door that was weighed down with overcoats and trenchcoats. She seemed to be always the culprit, although in truth the other person was the wrongdoer.



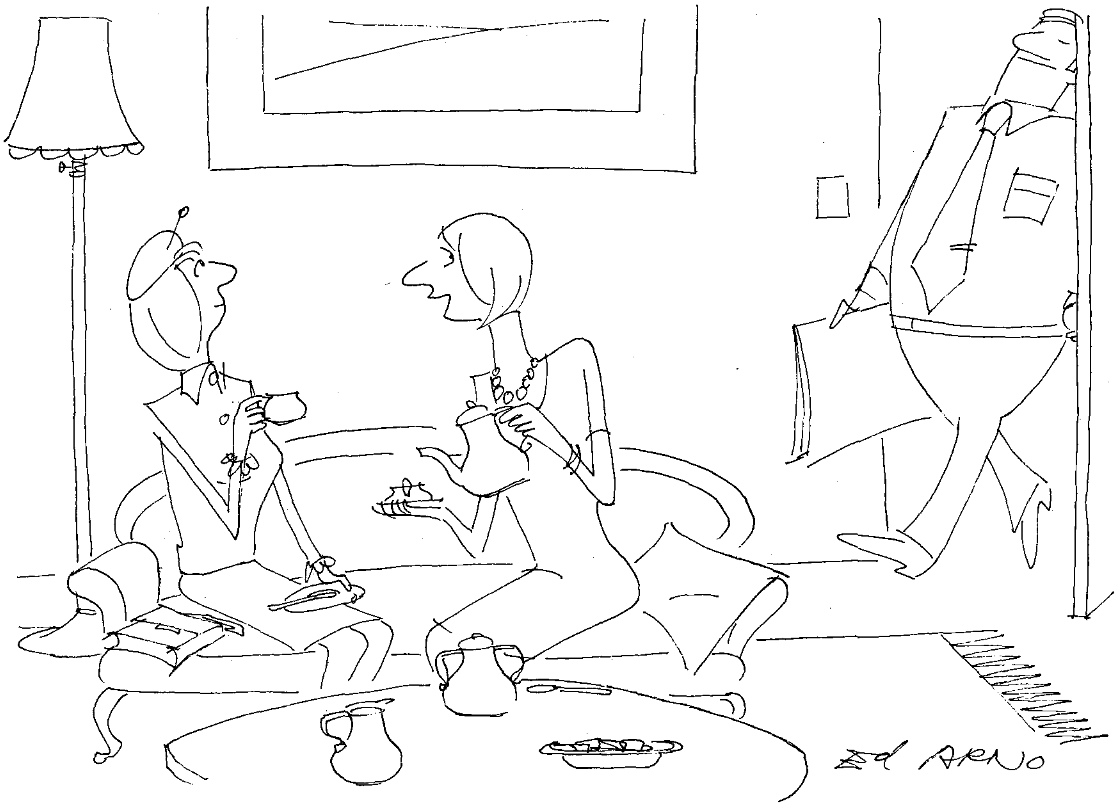
In the morning, the holy man slipped a note under her bedroom door to say she was to join him the moment she wakened, as they did not want to lose a moment of their precious time together. She greeted him coldly in the kitchen, but already she could see that he was hanging on her words, on her looks, and on her every gesture. After three days, it was intolerable. His sighs filled the house, and the rooms that were relatively cheerful with flowers and pretty objects, these, too, began to accumulate a sadness. She found herself hiding, anywhere—in the lavatory, in the garden shed, in the park, even though it was bitter cold. He would rush to her with a towel and slippers whenever she came in and would have some mush ready, which he insisted she eat. He called her Angel, and used this endearment at every possible moment. The neighbors said he would have to go. She knew he would have to go. The day she told him, he said it was his greatest fear realized, that of becoming happy at long last—his



"Well, I think there's more to life than having a terrific backhand."

• •

wife had died ten years before—only to be robbed of it. He broke down, said how he had dreamed of bringing her up the French canals, of buoying her with cushions so that she could see the countryside, loving her and caring for her and lulling her to sleep. On the day of his departure, he wrote a note saying that he would stay in his room, his "hole," as he called it, and not bother her, and not require any food, and leave quietly at four, as arranged. At lunchtime, she called him to partake of a soup she had made. He was in his saffron robe, all neat and groomed, like a man about to set out on a journey. But he was shivering, and his eyes had a veil over them, a heavy veil of tears. He sat and dragged the spoon through the thick potato soup, and at first she thought that it must be some way of cooling it, but as the time went by she saw that it was merely a ploy to fiddle with it, like a child. He did not say a word. She clapped her hands and, much too raucously, said, "High diddle diddle the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon. The little dog laughed to see such sport and the dish ran away with the spoon!" He looked at her as if she had gone mad. She said, "Please don't take it so badly." He said she was the second person he had ever loved, said how his wife had been a European, too, sired in a dark, wet country, a lover of rain and a lover of music. He loved nothing Asiatic, nothing related to his own land, not even the sunshine or the bright colors or the smells that pervaded the air of Bombay. His destiny had been his dead wife, and now her. Anger overtook her, so that she wanted to beat him with the spoon, grind his face into the mush of soup; she wanted to humiliate him. When she was clearing away the dishes, he said again that he would stay in his "hole" and leave quietly at four. But when the clock struck she waited for his footsteps on the stairs and then along the hall, but she waited in vain. She prayed to God that he would go. At five, she decided that he must have killed himself, and before going up she took the precaution to call in the neighbor. Together, they climbed the stairs, smoking vigorously, manifesting a display of courage. He was sitting in the middle of the floor with his rucksack on, his head lowered. He appeared to be praying. He said "Angel," and how he must have lost track of time. Then he said it was too late to go, and that he would postpone his departure until the morrow. Eventually, she had to call the police, and upon leaving he handed her a note which said that he would never get in touch with her, never ever, but telling her where he would be at each and every given hour. He was taking employment as a cook, and he wrote his employer's number, stressing that he would be there at all hours, except when he would travel by bus, two afternoons a week, to take guitar lessons. Then he gave her the various possible numbers of the guitarist, who had no fixed abode. Next morning, another letter was slipped under the door, and so each morning faithfully,



"Here he comes—the Voice of America!"

• •

until he died seven days later. She refused to admit any guilt.

SOON after, she decided to have renovations done—kitchen and living room made into one, a big picture window to provide a grander view of the river, and a stained-glass window in which a medley of colors could interact as they did in the church windows she had seen long ago. The cubes and the circles and the slithers of light that had fascinated her in childhood were still able to repossess her at a moment's flounder. Like the trepidation and the waiting behind the window and the various sets of chattering teeth. Other things, too—shouts, murmurs, screams, an elderly drunk falling down a stairs, his corpse later laid out in an off-white monkish habit on a wrought-iron bed, and she herself being told that he had died of pneumonia, that he had not died of a fall. So many puzzling things had been said, things that contradicted one another. They congratulated you for singing, then told you never to open your gob again as long as you lived. Your tongue was not your friend, it was too thick and unwieldy, it doubled back in your throat, it parched, it longed for lozenges. Yes, rows and the prefaces to rows, and thumpings and beatings and the rash actions of your sister, the flighty one, going out at night, winter night, with blue satin knickers on, which she had stolen, going to a certain gateway, to cavort with a travelling creamery manager, coming in long after midnight, and trying desperately not to be heard, but being heard and accosted fiercely. For some curious reason, creaks are more pronounced in the dark, and her sister was always heard and always badly punished, so that there were cries after midnights and "Don't, don't, don't." Her sister bled on the stairs; then soon after that her mother, her father, a clergyman, and two other important men interrogated her about her private life. Her sister denied everything, just stayed there, glued to the damp area of the stairs. Then, the next day, her mother, her sister, and herself walked along a hedged road, and every minute her sister was cross-examined, and every minute she denied the accusations and said she was a virgin. They were on their way to another doctor, a doctor who did not know them. When they passed an orchard, the little apples were already formed on the trees and they were desperately bright, but hard and inedible. Her sister was found to have lied—had tried to abort herself; she was sent to the Magdalen laundry for the five remaining months and had her bitter confinement there.

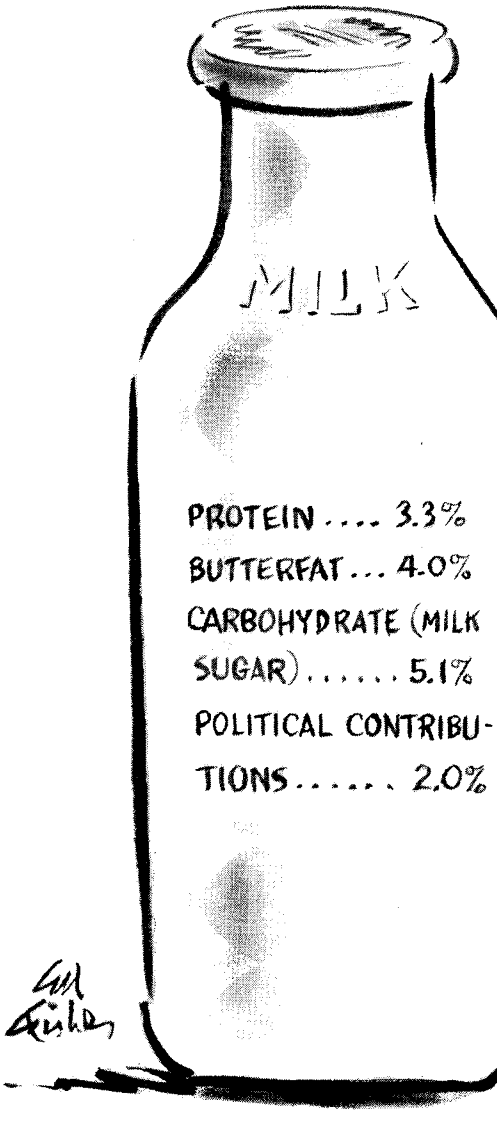
But there had been delicious things, too—treats. On Sundays, a trifle left to set on the other side of the stained-glass panel, a trifle in a big pudding bowl, left down on tiles to cool. She would go down the stairs in her nightdress, creep, go through the glass door, squat down on those tiles, and scoop out some of the lovely cold jollop with her hands, and swallow it. It was cakey. Later, it would be covered over with a wad of whipped cream, then sprinkled with "hundreds and thousands" which would shine away as they were being swallowed. She never got a walloping for that misdemeanor because, in her mother's eyes, she was a little mite.

On the other hand, her father punished her for everything, particularly for sleeping in her mother's bed. When her father got in, she tried not to look, not to listen, not to see, not to hear, and not to be. She moved over to the wall, smelled the damp of the paper, and could even smell the mortar behind the paper. There were mice in that room. They scuttled. Shame, shame, shame. Always, for one second, a dreadful swoon used to overwhelm her, too. Her bones and every bit of her dissolved. Then she contracted and steadied herself. Afterward, she and her mother ate the chocolate sweets, little buttons. They simply used to melt on the tongue, like Holy Communion. They were so soothing, and so satisfying after the onslaught. Then the worst was over, for a week or so, until it happened again. On one side of the bed was a lattice, and when a finger was put through, it was like a finger being dispatched into space. Fingers alone could do nothing, but fingers seamed to knuckles belonging to palms, to wrists, and to arms could stir cakes or pound potatoes, or shake the living daylights out of someone, out of one's own self. One's lights were *in* there—resided, not as an illumination but as offal. Lights were given to dogs, to curs, and did not show the way as did a lamp or a flash lamp. Saturday mornings were languor time. Her mother brought her tea and fingers of toast. The sun would be streaming through the blind, making shapes and gestures, warming the weeping, historied walls, the dark linoleum would be lit up, the dust rambling all over it, the dust an amusement in itself, while out on the landing the sun beamed through a stained-glass window and resulted in a different play altogether. Happily, she munched on those fingers of toast. Even the stone hot-water bottle that had gone cold became a source of pleasure as she pressed on it with her feet and pushed it right down to the rungs of the brass bed and threatened to eject it. When her father threatened her with the slash hook, her nostrils went out like angels' wings, and she sped with the prodigal speed over three marsh fields to a neighbor's house, to one of the cottagers who was making damson jam while at the same time giving her husband a bath in the aluminum tub. They laughed at her because of the way she shook, and asked if perhaps she had seen the banshee.

"NO, pet, no one can help you, you can only help yourself," the neighbor had just said at the delicate lunch. Was that true? Would that always be true? She went into her empty bathroom. The woodwork was as new and blond as in a showroom, and the bar of almond-shaped soap hanging from the tap asked to be used. She whispered things. She looked at the shower, its beautiful blue trough and the glass-fronted door. They had taken a shower together, she and a hulk of a man, this stranger. She hung his shirt over the glass door to serve as a sort of screen. He was so good-looking, and so heavy, and so warm, and so urgent as he pressed upon her that she thought she might burst like fruit. It was such a pity that he turned out to be crass. "Let's get married," he said at once. She took him to Paris, and in the hotel room he made himself at home, threw his belongings about, started to swagger, ordered the most expensive champagne, and booked two long-distance telephone calls. Her children were in the adjoining suite. They had not wanted him to come, but, remembering the pleasure in the shower, truer and more persuasive than words or deeds, the scalding half-happiness, she had let him accompany them, knowing she could not afford it, knowing that he would cadge. The moment he used her toothbrush, she knew. She went out to the chemist to buy another, and he said what a pity that she hadn't bought him some after-shave. She could not sleep with him again. She went down and reserved another room for him, a cheaper room. They quarrelled disgracefully. He said he was "bad news" but that bad news travelled like wildfire. He moved to the other room but would not leave them alone. He followed them wherever they went, and hence the visit was ruined. He rang her, saying he was a health officer and had to examine her. He ordered wines from the cellars, and she was certain he would steal furniture or linen. It was a beautiful hotel with circular rooms and little separated balconies on each landing affording a view into the well of the hall. The bathroom was like a sitting room; there was even a chaise for lying on, and the walls were a lovely warm pink. It was a dry paint, like a powder, and the walls were warm to nestle against. She sat on the chaise and very formally cursed him.

IN the maid's room, she stood over the washbasin. That was one room she had neglected. The washbasin was an eyesore. Would the new people have it mended, or have it removed? The new owner was a doctor, and there would be a sign chalked up on the pavement saying "Doctor—In Constant Use." The Spanish maid had been a nice girl, but a slut. She used to do old-fashioned things like plait her hair at night, or iron her clothes by putting them under the mattress. They used to talk a lot, were chatterboxes. The day the maid arrived was in January, and the children were playing snowballs and had just acquired a new dog. The new dog left little piddles all over the floor, tiny yellow piddles, no bigger than a capsule, and the dinner was specially special because of the new girl, and the children were as bright as cherries, what with the exercise and having been pasted with snowballs and the excitement of a new dog. The girl had had a mad father who broke clocks, and a mother who pampered her. She came from a small town in the north of Spain, where there was nothing to do in the evenings except go for a walk with other girls. The girl ironed her hair to straighten it, and took camomile tisane for her headaches. They exchanged dreams. In the mornings, she used to go to the girl's room, sit at the foot of the bed, and take a long time deciding what she should wear that day. The girl began to dream in English, dreamed of cats, shoals of cats, coming through the window meowing, and of herself trying to get the latch closed, trying to push them back. The girl got spoiled, stayed in bed three or four certain days of each month, left banana skins under her pillow, neglected her laundry, and never took the hairs out of her brush or comb. Eventually, she had to go. Another parting. So also the little dog, because, although house-trained, he developed a nervous disease that made him whine all the time even in sleep, and made him grit his little teeth and grind them and grind things. It was not long after that something began to go amiss. She got the first sniff of it, like a foretaste, and it was a sniff as of blood freshly drawn. Yet it was a nothing.

There was a space where the small bay window had been. The builder had hung a strip of sacking there, but she was certain something would come through—not simply a burglar, or wind or rain, but some catastrophe, some unknown with the features of a beast. Whenever she entered that room, she felt that something had just vacated it. A wolf, she thought. It made people laugh. "A wolf," they said,

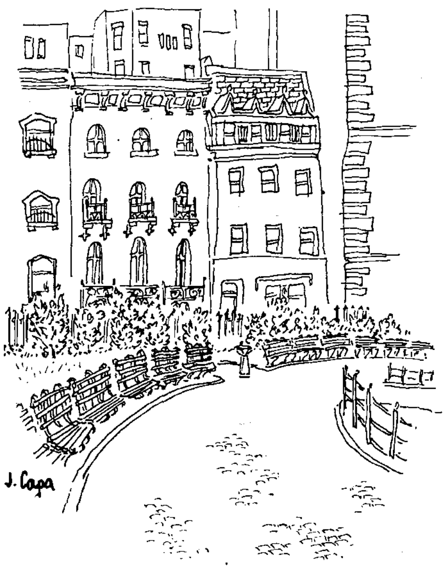

MILK
PROTEIN 3.3%
BUTTERFAT ... 4.0%
CARBOHYDRATE (MILK SUGAR) 5.1%
POLITICAL CONTRIBUTIONS 2.0%
Ed Fisher

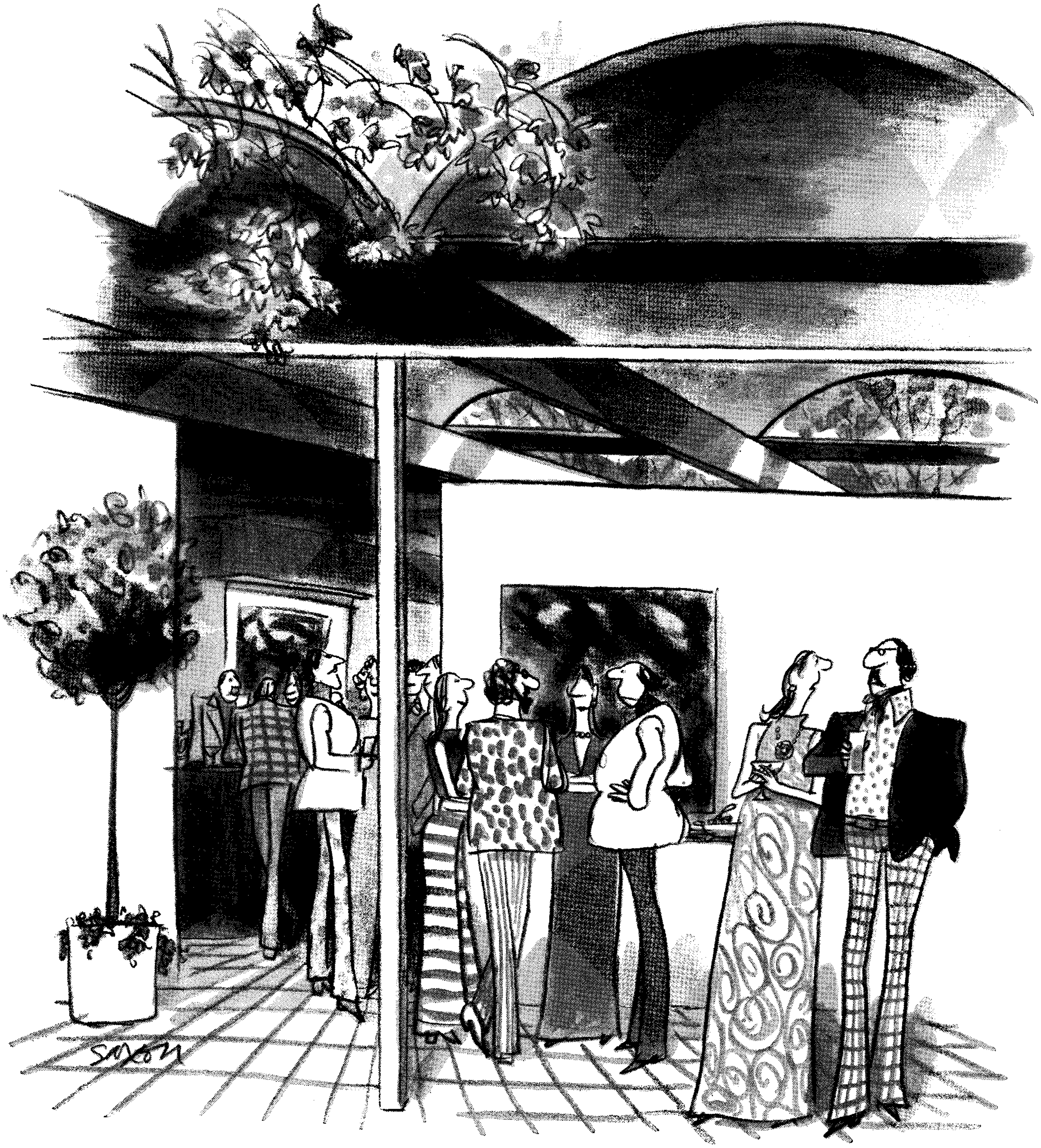
"the proverbial big bad wolf." She rummaged through her old books for a copy of "Red Riding Hood," but could not find it. She could remember it. It was a cloth book with serrated edges. The edges were cut carefully, so that the book did not ravel. She saw the little specks of cloth that had been nipped out in a heap on the floor, colored like confetti. When the big new window was delivered, the hall door had to be taken off its hinges. Six men carried it through, each one bossing the others, telling the others to get a move on, to move on, for Christ's sake, to do this, to do that, to watch it, watch it. She saw it break into smithereens a hundred times over—but it wasn't, in fact, until it was in and well puttied that she realized what a risk they had taken. She opened a bottle of whiskey, and they drank, looking out at the river that happened on that day to have the sheen and consistency of liquid paraffin. It was like a bright skin over the brown water. She imagined spoons of it being donated to loads of constipated tourists who went by on the pleasure boats.

Naturally, there was a party to christen the room. Would that have been the time that the boy brought the insolent girl who had a dog called Kafka, or was that another time? They were all jumbled together, those parties, those times, like the dishes stacked on the long refectory table, or the bottles of wine, or the damp, gold champagne labels, or the beautiful entrées. Perfection and waste. She placed two men together, whereupon one took offense, thinking he was assumed to be a homosexual. She had to bring him out into the garden, and in the moonlight solemnly tell him that she had not been thinking, that she was a careless, a bad hostess. He was full of umbrage. He said he should not have come. She knew that he would never be invited again. A foreign woman stayed on, and they drank a bit, and picked at the food, and drank more, and lay down on the mat by the dying fire. Even the embers were gray. She huffed on the fire, and slowly one ember came to life, then another. Without thinking about it, she began to caress the woman and soon realized that she was well on the way to seducing her. It was a strange sensation, as if touching gauze, or some substance that was about to vanish into thin air. Like the clocks of dandelions that were and then were *not*—fugitive dandelions, vanishing, running away, everything running away, everything escaping her former state. The woman asked her to go on, to please go on. She thought of other loves, other touches, and it was as if all these things were getting added together in her, like numbers being totted up in a vast cash register, poor numbers that would never be able to be separated. She did go on, and then her own eyes swam in her head, and, for no reason, she recalled the transparent paper that her mother used to apply to the lower halves of windowpanes, paper with patterns of butterflies and the consistency of water, when dampened. The woman spoke about her chap, what a regular maniac he was. Then the woman told her some facts about her sordid childhood in Cairo, about being a little girl, constantly raped by uncles and cousins and great-uncles, and great-great-uncles, and with each similar revelation she would say, "Horrible, eh? Horrible, eh?" The woman had lived through wars, had half starved, had eaten cactus root, had been bruised and beaten by soldiers, and hideous though these events were they had not made her deep or brave, they had not penetrated to her. She was like any other woman at the tail end of a party—a little drunk, a little fatigued, grumbling about her fate. The little dog bared his eyeteeth at them. He knew he was being put away before it happened, hence bit doors, wainscotting, and the legs of chairs—bit avidly in anticipation of his fate. She hadn't told the children until it was over. They cried. Then they forgot. But did they forget? They, too, had brimming hearts. Children's hearts broke, but they did not know that for a long time. One day, they discovered it, and then it was as if some part of them had been removed unthinkingly, on an operating table.

SOON after that, she caught the illness, or rather it descended on her—an escalating fever. It centered in the throat, the nose, and behind the eyes, and everything about her felt raw. The neighbor used to come to see her, bring Bovril in a thermos, and the doctor came twice a day. But when they were gone it used to possess her again, that flicker of terror. Would her heart be plucked out of her body, would the roof fall in, would a rat come out of its hiding? She often saw one on the head of the bed, on the bedknob, poised, its stripes bristling. A girl she'd known had had a rat, in her bedroom, that got killed by a cat after hours and hours of play. She had witnessed the last screeching toss, the leaps, then described the remains—a little heart of dry, triangular flesh and a string where the tail had been. The girl had found a nice bloke and moved with him into his barge. The very day the girl saw him, she wrote him a note saying no person, animal, insect, or thing had sniffed about her for almost a year, and asked were there any offers. No more rats—at least—not for the time being.

At the height of the fever, small flying creatures assembled and performed a medieval drama. They flew from the ceiling, perched on the various big brass curtain rings, hid in the dusty hollow space above the wardrobe, and hissed at one another, hiss hiss. They chattered in a rich and barbarous language. She could comprehend it, though she could not speak it. They stripped her bare. They worked in pairs, sometimes like angels, sometimes like little imps. They, too, had tails. They worked quickly; everything was quick and preordained. She lay prostrate. Her nipples were like two aching mouths unable to beseech. The King, half man, half woman, lay upon her, and in that unfamiliar, mocking, rocking copulation all strength seemed to be sucked out of her. Her nipples had nothing left to give. After milk came blood, and after blood, lymph. Her seducer, though light as a proverbial feather, had one long, black, curved whisker jutting from his left nostril, and there was no part of her body that did not come under the impact of its maddening trail. The others kept up some kind of screeching chorus. She was wrung dry. She came to on the floor. She saw the pictures and her oval, silver-backed mirror as if she had been away on a long, long journey and she resaluted them. In the silence, there was a heaviness, as of something snoring, and various hairs had got into the glass of orange juice beside the bed. The next day, when the temperature had abated somewhat, she decided to get a grip on herself, to find the use of her legs again, and to walk around.



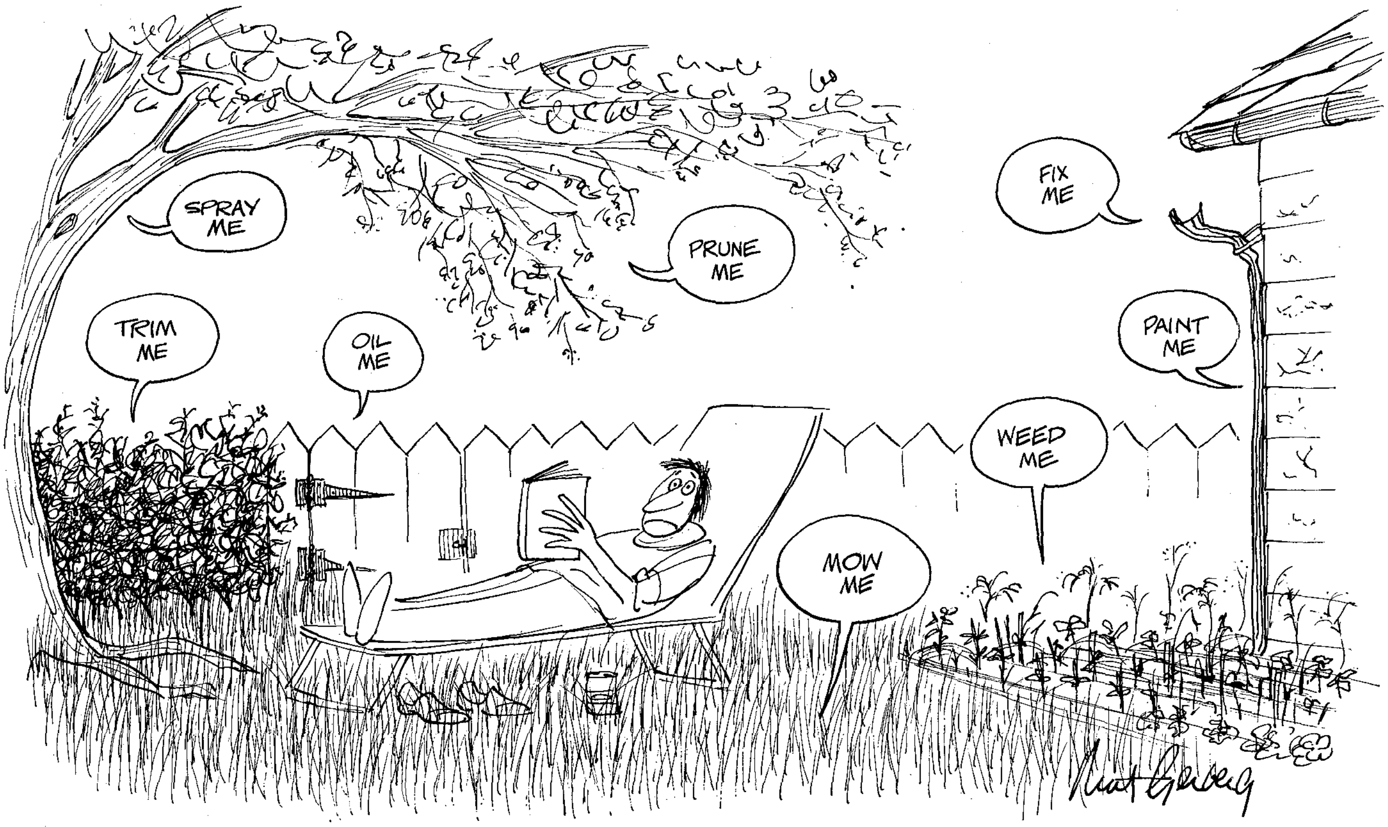


"When Harold Bigelow said, 'The sky is the daily bread of the eyes,' all you could come up with was 'Yes, it's always seemed that way to me, too.'"

• •

There was even a walking stick that someone had left behind. She opened a door that led into a room—a little vacant room, as it happened, but it was no longer empty; she saw numbers of coffins throughout the room, lifting and flying about, and she heard a saw cutting through wood, slowly and obstinately. "Good God, I am dying," she thought, as the coffins flew about, and then she closed the door and then opened it again, and the room was as it should be, with a single bed, covered in an orange counterpane, a lamp with a white globe, a buckled dressing table, and a painting that represented a very purring heart. That was the first time. Not long after, the washbasin in the maid's room took a little dance, and the enamel was like a meal inside her mouth, crushing her teeth. They said it was bad to be alone; it was.

SHE lost interest in cooking and housekeeping, wagged her finger at her own self, and pronounced a ridiculous verdict: "You are slipping, slipping." Very often, she caught sight of a bright sixpence concealed inside a wad of dough, and she thought that if she could get it and keep it in her purse it would be a good augury for the future. Yes, she was slipping. Her hardworking mother would not approve. Her mother had been a good cook, superb at puddings, blood puddings, suet puddings, and of course the doyenne of all, the inimitable Queen of Puddings. The neighbors suggested she



take driving lessons, and she did. On the very second lesson, she headed straight for a pond, and escaped only because the instructor grabbed the steering wheel. All she could hear was "The pond, the pond." She saw it, with its fine fuzz of green scum, looking exceedingly calm and undangerous. The instructor drove home.

She went to a boy called Pierre, to have streaks and highlighting. Consequently, her hair at night suggested the lights of an Aladdin's cave. She should have streetwalked. She got a new outfit. She got new boots. They were the color of hessian and thickly crusted with threaded flowers. In the shop, the male assistant told her that their consultant psychiatrist could tell any woman's character from the footwear she chose. For that, she smirked. There was only one tune in her head, and it was that London Bridge was falling down, falling down. She would sit far back into a chair and try to keep still. But very often it would come, this mutiny, and there was no knowing what blood battles, what carnivals, what mad eyes and bulbous eyeballs would swim before her. "Get thee to a nunnery," she said to them in vain. The bills poured in. Nevertheless, she bought unnecessary things—an ivory-inlaid occasional table, a rocking chair. The chair had to stay in the shopwindow for three days until a dexterous man came to haul it out. She used to go up to the shop and look at it, observe the word "Sold" in bold red letters and her name just beneath it. She envisaged sitting on it, going rock-a-bye-baby. She never did, because it had to go back to the shop, still with its corrugated wrapping on it, since the check had bounced. She had stopped work supposedly for a month, but by then it was three months. She had been replaced by a younger girl, and the newspaper column that used to carry her name and her oval-faced likeness each Tuesday morning now had a cute little photograph of a blond lady, who used the pseudonym of Sappho. Her former editor wrote and said if he could ever do anything for her he would be only too glad to help. It was both touching and useless. As time went on, she was selling instead of buying. Her dresses, both chiffon affairs, in beautiful airy designs, were in a shopwindow not far away, and her fox cape had been snatched up in two minutes after she had deposited it in the secondhand market. She saw the new owner go out in it, strutting, and she wanted to stab her. The new owner wore red platform shoes, and she herself made a note to procure a pair when her ship came in.

The children guessed, but never said. They got little presents for her—usually nice notebooks and ball pens to try and coax her back to work. From school, they wrote insouciant notes—how they were out of socks, they were almost out of underwear; they wondered if she'd had the leak fixed. A man whom she'd met in the park, another nutter, drew her a graph of her waning sexuality and presented her with a sealed letter. He wrote:

> It appears you do not appreciate a mature person, such as myself, you know many cultured children, some you worship, and some you ridicule, but dear friend, you say you are very occupied, so is The Pope, The United Nations, The Brotherhood of Workers, The Black Militants, The White Pacifiers; all playing similar games.
>
> Fellow-puppet of nature, from outside, stationed in my space, time, and tranquillity, I observe the stardust drifting and pulsating through the Milky Way. Goodbye. It is not the end of me.

Then he told her to beware. All because she stood him up one day on a park bench, where he was going anyhow, for his afternoon donation of fresh air. She let the bills come and then dropped them into the boiler. She was glad she had not converted to oil; otherwise there would have been no boiler and no ashes and no ashpan with its lovely big surreal clinkers. The house was silent, and yet in those silences she would hear a little gong, summoning her to something—to prayer, perhaps—and then the voices real and imagined were like packing needles, being dispatched in one ear and out the other, through the brawn of her head. Yet no one had died, not even her parents, so that there was no excuse for those ridiculous coffins.

STILL, morning was morning. She would creep down into the garden, quietly, so that she did not even disturb the pigeons out of their roost, and at once she would be possessed of such a nice feeling, a safeness—talking amicably to the things of nature about her. There were still such things—the milky air, the camellias in their trembling backdrop of shining foliage, which she would smell and touch and inhale, and thank for being there. Symbols of another world, a former world, a beautiful world. What world? Where and when had she gone wrong? It was inside that things were worst. If she sat, or lingered too long in any room, it seemed as if the books, the encyclopedias, might commence to talk, the pages might fly open and reveal something dire. At intervals, the walls purred. She was several sizes—tiny and shrinking, holding a doll's stomach, messing, making it say "Ma ma, ba ba;" she was beating nettles with a stick, she was squatting under the trees, she was a freak being hoisted up on stilts, she was flying, not flying, fixed frozen. She began to lock the doors, on one room after another, and she would listen outside these doors, and peer through their keyholes, but not go in. She locked every room in that house, had a camp bed down in the hall, and was ready to fly at the slightest hint of irregularity. In the end, she rented a room in a small hotel, and came home only for a change of clothing, or to collect the mail.

KNOCK knock. He was there. She went out smiling, and he helped her with the few things that she was carrying. He hesitated before pulling on the choke. In the back seat were two cardboard boxes full of empty milk bottles, and the moment they started up, two or three of the bottles rolled off.

Any regrets? Yes, plenty of regrets. She was going to a place named after a lake, and she and others would be under supervision. He said she would be all right, that there were plenty others in the same boat. Her hackles did not rise. Ah, never did the house look so lovely as just then, the multicolored brick with its hues of violet and crimson, the paintwork that with a bit of effort could be renewed. She had thrown it all away, she had let it go. Her lungs burst for a moment with regret, and she thought of the alternative, of how blissful it would be to be going in there and starting all over again, with wooden spoons and a kitchen table, a primus or a stove, a few items. Then she checked herself. It was no use wishing. She saw the living death and the demons behind her, she saw the sad world that she had invented for herself, but of the future life she saw nothing, not even one godsend.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

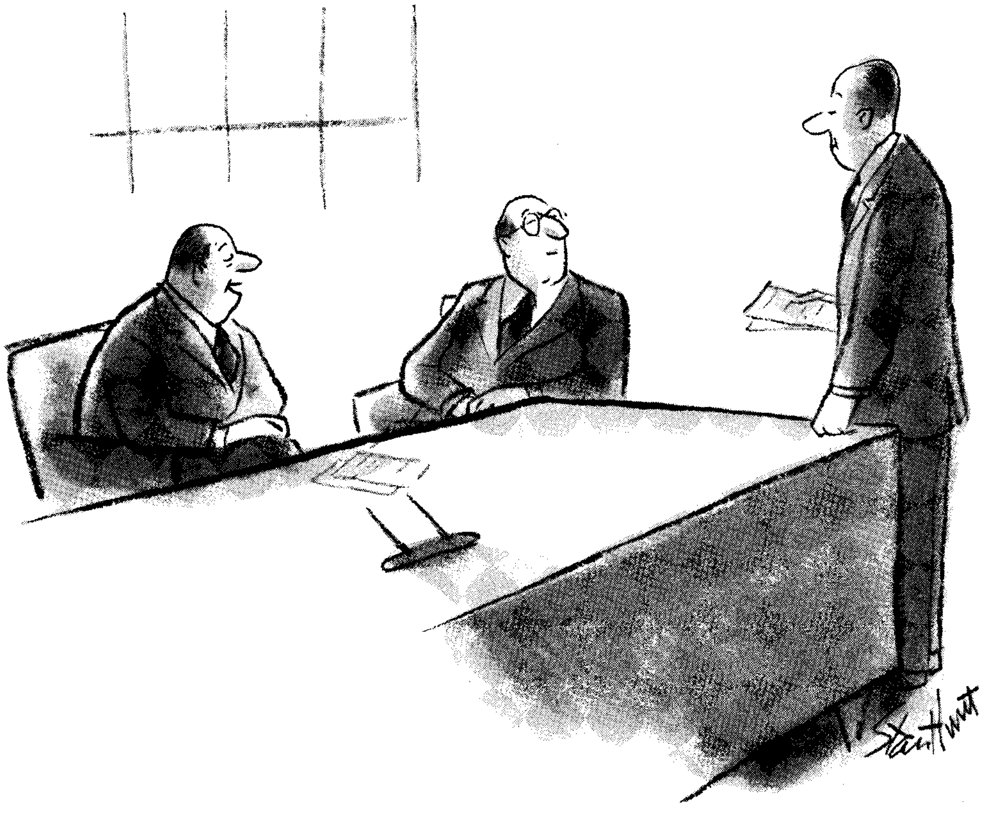
BY THE GRAIN ELEVATORS

THIS afternoon in rolling, partly wooded country, still green, though the summer is far gone. Here in the north they are still harvesting. All day yesterday the harvesters maneuvered like tanks across the grain fields, under dark heavy clouds, racing with the menace of rain. Sound of their throbbing echoing along hillsides, their clacking and rumbling, all for one species that numbers its days. Last night they harvested long after dark. I listened, imagining the nocturnal animals of the soil, with a light not of the sun dawning for them. And the animal heads of the wheat, being harvested in their sleep: a sudden blinding light, suddenly going out around their closed eyes. I thought of those who would eat the bread that was harvested at night, that night, in haste, late. I listened to the night harvest, the approaching and receding noises of machines in the dark, and the syllables of human shouting, woven across the nearer cries of owls, waking the magpies and crows, drowning out the crickets and the cheeping of mice among the roots. I watched the beams advancing slowly across the blackness. It came into my mind how suddenly my father had become an old man, wanting to be old. The wheat was green, then, and it was another year. Last night I honored the change better than at the time. We are taught not to grieve, but having felt it I slept peacefully. I woke once and it was over. They had gone home from the unlit stubble, taking the grain. It must have been the dew that made them stop. The night was quiet.

Today they began again as soon as the sun had burned off the lower mists. The lines of the woods were dark on the hills and between the fields. A few cattle in the woods. Brick farmhouses, and little streams crossing pastures, reflecting crows and the low gray rushing sky.

A sign said "Ferry," and I took the road, not to cross but to see the river. Ahead of me were trucks and trucks of grain, going north. They converged from side roads, ahead and behind. Together with them I left the open fields and entered the woods. The road was narrow. Barbed wire was stretched among the trees, higher than someone could reach. The way drops steeply to the shore. Many of the trucks continue across the ferry. They sit in lines and wait, for hours. Few still go at all to the grain elevators built from fortifications of the last war. The year it was declared, for some time their fathers went right on, just the same, with the harvesting, through week after week of perfect golden autumn days, many of them with horses or oxen. Then there was only the day harvest.

—W. S. MERWIN

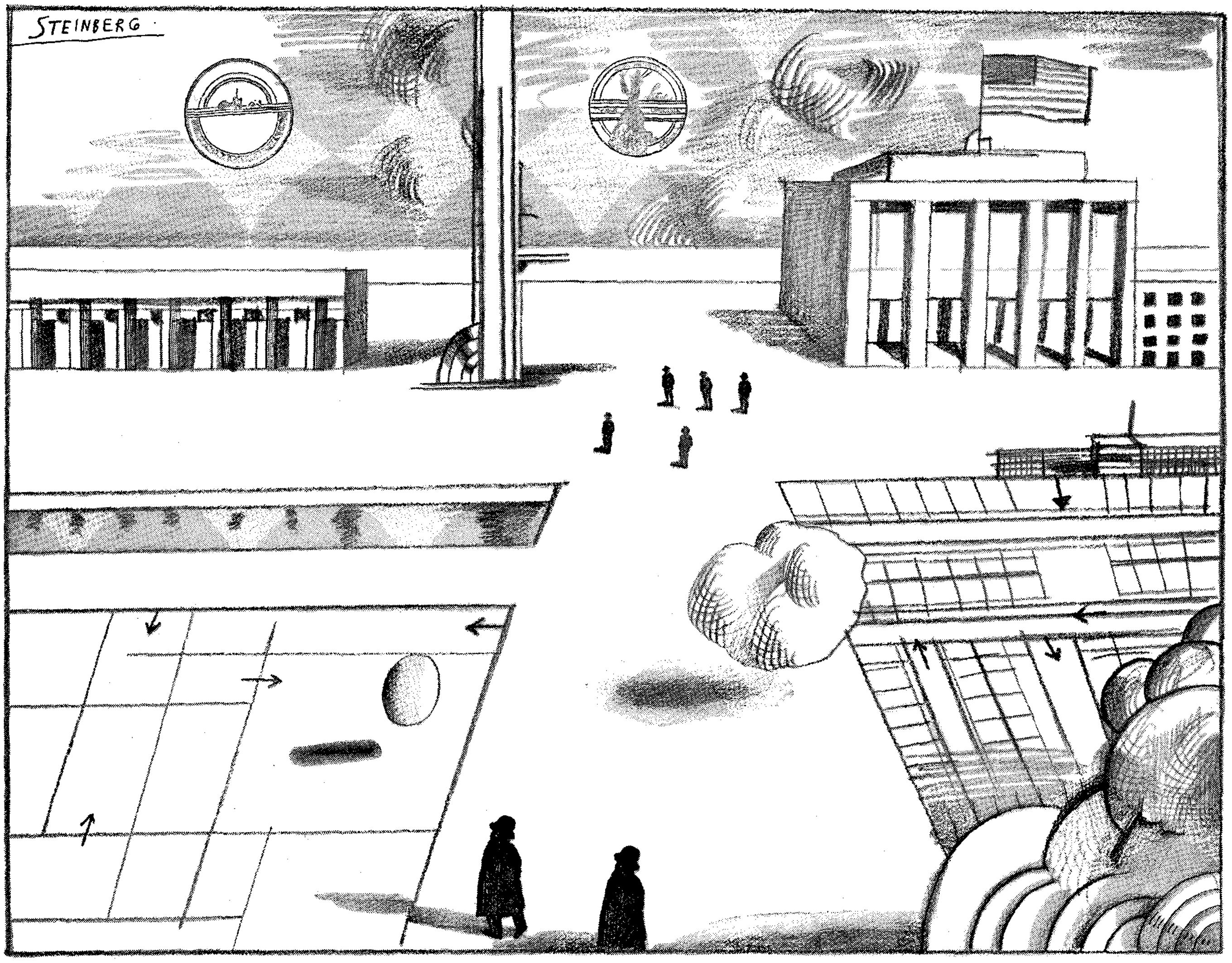


"Perkins here is one of my foot soldiers."

ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE POWER BROKER

III—HOW THINGS GET DONE



ROBERT MOSES first obtained power, during the nineteen-twenties, by seeing the potential for power where other men had not—in the humble agencies of state government that administered state parks—and by creating out of them a single, unified body with immense power, power insulated from and thus, in its field, independent of the government to which it was ostensibly subordinate. Now, in the early nineteen-thirties, Robert Moses wanted to extend his influence into New York City, where he would need power of new, even greater dimensions. And he was beginning to focus on another humble institution—the public authority.

No one else saw what he saw—including, most significantly, Fiorello LaGuardia, who was elected to his first term as mayor in 1933. When, shortly after the election, LaGuardia invited Moses to join his administration, their discussions centered on parks, not public authorities. Moses told the Mayor-elect that he would be interested in taking over the city parks—but only under certain conditions. First, he must be allowed to keep his state jobs, the chairmanship of the State Council of Parks and the presidency of the Long Island State Park Commission. Second, as he has recalled, "I told the Mayor that I was not interested in taking the city job unless I had unified power over all the city parks, and even then only as part of the unified control of the whole metropolitan system of parks and parkway development." The operative word was "unified." There were five separate park departments in New York City, one for each borough, and each with its own borough park commissioner. If the five commissionerships were abolished and the five departments were consolidated into one, Moses said, he would be willing to become its commissioner—if the commissioner's authority was extended to include not only parks but parkways.

Both these conditions would be precedents: as far as political observers could remember, no one had ever been allowed to hold state and city offices—certainly not upper-echelon offices—simultaneously, and there had never been a citywide park commissioner. But it was not these conditions that were, in the long run, most significant for the city but others that Moses also insisted on.

The key to a unified park-and-parkway program, Moses said, was the proposed "triborough" bridge, which would link Manhattan, the Bronx, and Queens, thus making Jones Beach and his other Long Island parks more accessible to residents of the Bronx and Westchester County. The city had begun building the bridge in 1929, but it had run out of money and had been prevented from raising more by the Depression. Several months before LaGuardia's election, Moses had been instrumental in the establishment of a Triborough Bridge Authority, which was eligible for aid from the newly established federal Public Works Administration, but he had been denied membership on the authority. Now he insisted on control of the authority. He also had plans to finance construction of a Marine Parkway and Marine Parkway Bridge to the Rockaways and of a Henry Hudson Bridge between the Bronx and Manhattan; the plans were to create two more authorities. He wanted control of them, too.

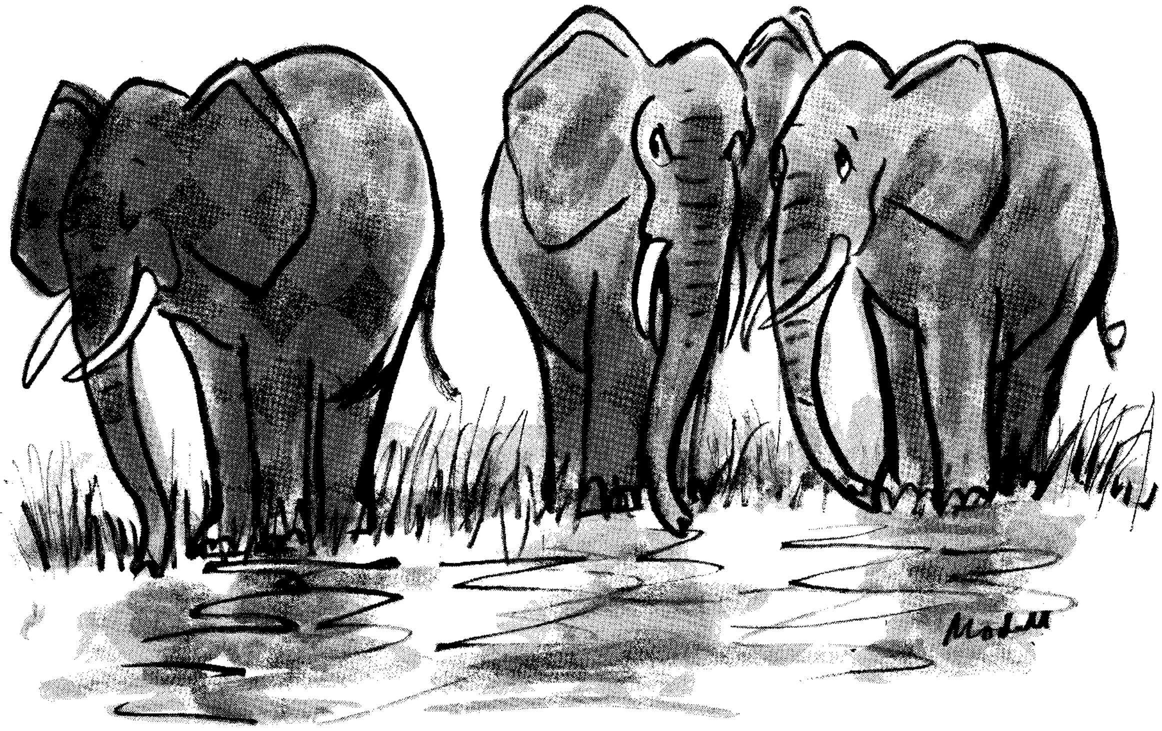
LaGuardia agreed to all these stipulations. When Moses suggested that he himself draft not only the bill consolidating the park departments and setting forth the powers he would possess as New York City Parks Commissioner but also bills establishing the two new authorities, LaGuardia saw no reason not to agree to that, too. They were among the first bills submitted to the Legislature by the LaGuardia administration.

LaGuardia did not consider the authority appointments particularly significant, because he thought of public authorities as people had always thought of public authorities—as nothing more than toll-collecting agencies that would each build a single public work and go out of business as soon as its cost was paid off. But Moses had begun to think deeper.

The public authority was not a new device. The first of these entities, which resembled private corporations but were given powers previously reserved for governments—powers to construct public improvements and, in order to pay off the bonds they sold to finance the construction, to charge the public for the use of the improvements—had been created in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. By the time Robert Moses went to Oxford University, in 1910, three and a half centuries later, there were eighteen hundred such entities in England, including the huge Port of London Authority (named "Authority" because each of the clauses in the Act of Parliament that spelled out its powers began with the words "Authority is hereby given") and scores of highway-building boards, whose roads were named "turnpikes," because they were blocked with horizontal bars, or "pikes," that revolved on pillars and would be turned aside to let a carriage pass only after a toll was paid.

But the public-authority concept was new in the United States. The Port of New York Authority, the first large authority in America, modelled on its London counterpart and created by an interstate compact between New York and New Jersey, was not set up until 1921, did not float its first bond issue until 1926, and did not become financially successful until 1931—after it had, in 1930, following four years of near fiscal disaster, persuaded the two states to let it take over the highly successful Holland Tunnel, which had been constructed by an independent commission. It was not until the New Deal, when Reconstruction Finance Corporation and P.W.A. grants were made available to Depression-strapped municipalities for self-liquidating projects, that urban authorities began to be widely established. In 1933 and 1934, when Moses was playing the crucial role in setting up not only the Triborough and the Marine Parkway Authorities but also the Bethpage, Jones Beach, Henry Hudson, and Hayden Planetarium Authorities, and was playing a lesser but still key role in the creation of several other authorities, there were still only a few authorities in the entire country.

Almost every public authority created in the United States had conformed to a single pattern: each had been created to construct and operate one, and only one, public improvement, a bridge or tunnel or sewer system; to issue only enough bonds to pay for the construction of that improvement, and only bonds with a fixed expiration date; and, when that date arrived—or sooner, if revenue was collected faster than had been expected—to pay off the bonds, eliminate all tolls or fees, turn the improvement over to the city, and go out of existence. The Port Authority, empowered to construct and operate several improvements, had become America's first multipurpose public authority, but each of its projects conformed to the traditional pattern, since each was financed by a separate bond issue and both the authority members and the public officials concerned expected that as soon as each issue was paid off the tolls on the facility financed by that issue would be eliminated. Motivated by the failure of several Port Authority projects to earn enough to meet the interest and amortization payments on their bonds, Julius Henry Cohen, the authority's brilliant general counsel, was attempting in 1934 to break new ground by devising a new kind of bond and persuading bankers who held the authority's outstanding bonds to accept the new one in their place. Under the plan Cohen had in mind, the individual bond issues would be combined into a single general issue supported by the revenues from all Port Authority enterprises—a move that would allow use of the Holland Tunnel surpluses to bail out such money losers as two of the authority's bridges connecting Staten Island with New Jersey. The new issue would be open-ended: should there be an over-all surplus, the authority could use it to finance new projects. The bankers refused to consider open-end



"You know the type. Remembers only what he wants to remember."

bonds for unspecified new projects, but in 1935 they did agree to a consolidation of outstanding bonds in a so-called General and Refunding Bond, which could be used for *one* new project—the proposed Lincoln Tunnel. And this bond, rather than any devised by Moses, was the first bond issue in the United States to be secured *not* by a single public improvement but by an authority's general revenues.

But Moses, in drafting the 1933 Triborough act and a series of acts during the thirties amending that act and creating other authorities, went much further. The primary reason was money. The carrying charges—interest and amortization—on three million one hundred thousand dollars in bonds that had been sold to pay for the lower level of the Henry Hudson Bridge were about a hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars a year, and that sum could be collected, at ten cents per car, from 1,560,000 cars. But from the day the Henry Hudson Bridge opened—on December 12, 1936—the traffic counts that Moses found on his desk each morning indicated that the number of drivers handing their dimes to the bridge toll collectors each year would far exceed 1,560,000. In 1937, the bridge's first full year of operation, the number was nearly 6,500,000; in 1938, it was more than 10,300,000. And maintenance costs on bridges were, Moses learned, gratifyingly small. Painting the entire Henry Hudson, for example, cost only eighteen thousand dollars, and a new paint job was needed only once in four years. The salaries of toll collectors, the only operating personnel required, totalled less than fifty thousand dollars per year. "Our bridge was fabulously successful," Jack Madigan, Moses' gruff Irish financial wizard, recalled several years ago. "We were earning—*after the carrying charges*—six hundred thousand dollars per year *net!*" And that was just one bridge. The revenues of the Triborough, which opened on July 11, 1936, were also running far ahead of expectations. By 1938, that bridge, on which the annual carrying charges were about one million eight hundred thousand dollars, and on which the toll was twenty-five cents for cars and more for trucks and buses, was collecting two million nine hundred thousand dollars in revenue, leaving a balance of over a million dollars. What was more significant still, the traffic volume on every one of Moses' bridges was higher each month than it had been for the corresponding month the previous year; clearly, volume—and revenue—was going to be far higher than even those staggering figures.

Under the laws creating the bridge authorities—the acts that Moses himself had drafted—unexpectedly high revenues could be used in only one way: to retire the authorities' bonds faster than had been scheduled, and thus speed the day when they would go out of existence and turn their bridges over to the city. With surpluses of such unprecedented size, the bonds of Moses' authorities would be retired very fast indeed. At the rate the Henry Hudson Bridge was making money, for example, its cost would be amortized not in forty years but in ten years perhaps, or nine, or eight. In a decade or less, a bridge that the city had been trying unsuccessfully to finance for thirty years would have been built by Moses and completely paid for, to stand for centuries as a great free public improvement for its citizens. Using the surpluses in the way the law required would therefore make the Henry Hudson Bridge and the Triborough spectacular successes—all the more spectacular in a city in which public works always seemed to cost the public more, not less, than had been anticipated. But this was not the kind of success in which Moses, obsessed with accomplishment and power, was interested. Money—revenue, surpluses—was the key to accomplishment and power, but only if he could keep it and use it. It was of no use to him if he had to surrender it to bankers as fast as he got it. It was of no use to him if, as soon as he had paid off the bondholders, he had to surrender control of his bridges. Money was of use to him only if, in other words, he could use the bridge surpluses for other purposes than bond paying and if he could keep control of the bridges. And under the traditional

AUGUST: A JINGLE MAN

A ländler enters the heat-stifled land
In elfin octaves on our purpling road
Diminishing to dusk in a late haze
That has to pass for sunset where no blaze
Kindles and quenches; mountain pipes, abroad
Improbably, soon seek and take our hand

As if we were some children. Round the bend,
The tune gains strength; a monstrous music box
Rolls, Juggernaut, upon us, with the force
Of giant tinkling rooted in the source
Of infancy and plashing off the rocks
Of Eden, which we thought was at an end.

It heaves in view, materializing out
Of thickening particles of purple air:
A scarred white reefer box upon a truck
Whose dinged pink panels have seen better luck
Conducted by a kid with long, dank hair
And an expression of the sorest doubt

At having made himself a jingle man,
At having chosen our forsaken road
Where no coin-clutching children flag him down,
At having to go on to the next town
In front of his unsold and softening load
While we, behind him, hear his Dopplered tune

Go high and tinny in an eerie skirl
Of magic ravelled and the twilight rent,
As if to point at his retreating back
And question his emprise, and, jangling, mock
The simple hope of grace that must have sent
Him out, Pied Piper in a childless world.

—L. E. Sissman

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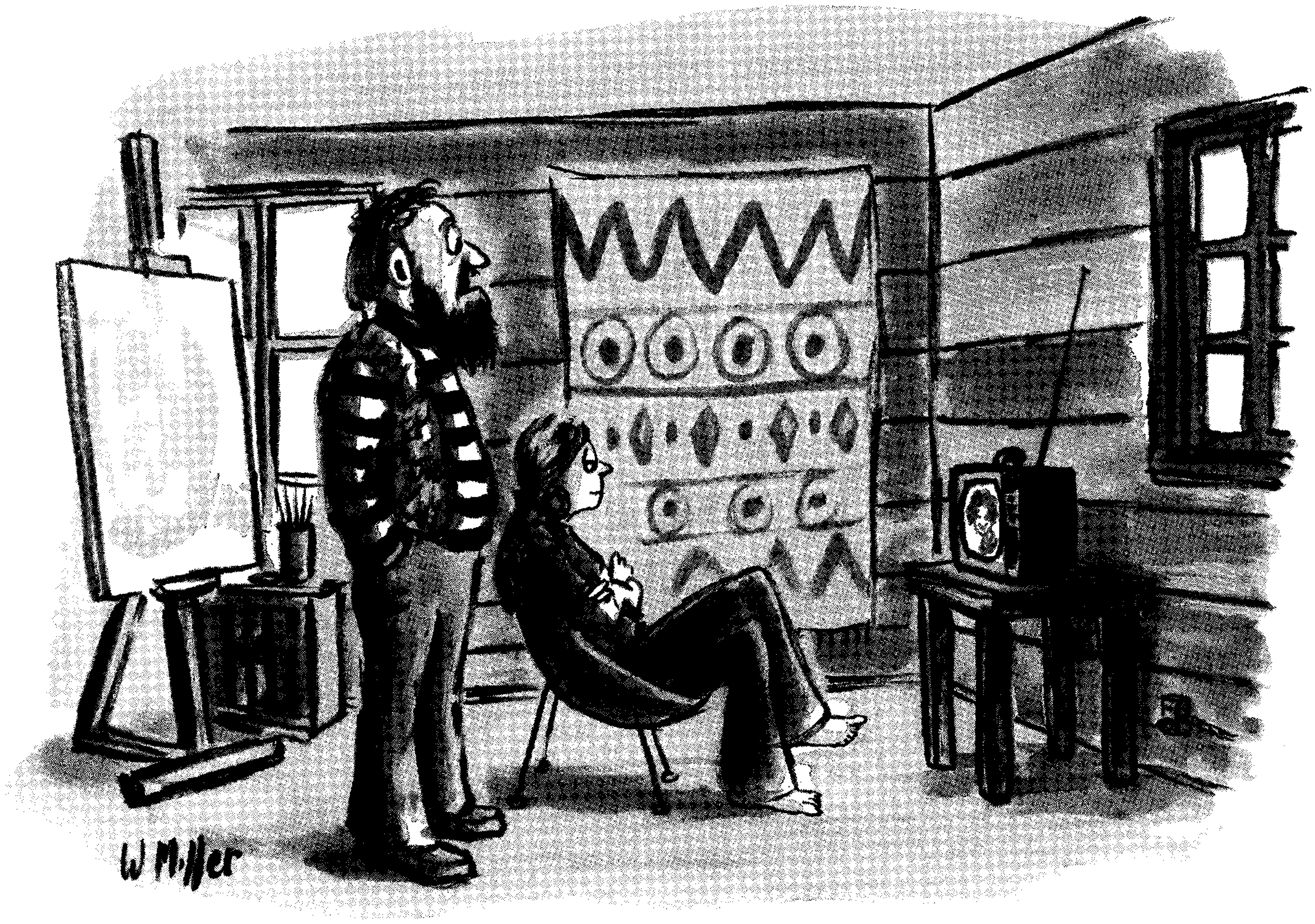

"I mean, like, don't you think it kind of weird to get electricity from our windmill-powered generator and then use it to watch reruns of 'I Love Lucy'?"

• •

pattern in which public authorities had been created, this was impossible.

But what if the pattern were changed? What if in some way he were able to keep the money?

Madigan and others close to Moses watched him explore and expand the possibilities. The actuality of the money, Moses began to realize, was not its most significant aspect. Its potential was what mattered. The traffic forecasts that Madigan was making—and continually remaking, as traffic swelled to unforeseen proportions—showed Moses that by 1938 the total annual income of his authorities would be four and a half million dollars. This amount was not insignificant to him; it was as large as his total annual Parks Department budget. But it was not as significant as eighty-one million dollars. And eighty-one million dollars was the amount of forty-year four-per-cent revenue bonds that could be floated—"capitalized" was the word in the bankers' vocabulary that Moses was learning—with an income of four and a half million. If he could keep the authorities' revenues and use them to float bonds, then, he would be able to float eighty-one million dollars' worth, or thirty-five million more than the total of forty-six million in bonds that the three New York City bridge authorities had outstanding. He would have eighty-one million dollars to use to create and realize dreams.

Much more than eighty-one million dollars, in fact. The multiplier factor would be increased by the proved success of his bridges. When he and Madigan were originally attempting to persuade bankers to invest in the authorities, the ability of toll bridges to attract substantial amounts of traffic had been in doubt, and the bankers therefore demanded a coverage of 1.75 or 2 (anticipated earnings double the sum required to cover interest and amortization) and a return of 4 per cent on their investment. Now that toll bridges were a proved commodity, bankers might settle for a coverage of 1.5, or even 1.4, and an investment return of 3 per cent, or even 2.75, and any reduction in coverage or interest rates meant an increase in the amount of the bonds that the authority income could capitalize. More important still, if some of the money raised by the floating of new bonds were used to build new bridges on which tolls could be charged, the authorities' income would be more than four and a half million dollars. Since each dollar of tolls could capitalize roughly eighteen dollars in bonds, there was an additional built-in multiplier factor at work: the more public works he built, the more money he would have with which to build still more public works. And this factor would work indefinitely—possibly forever.

By 1936, Moses had already built public works on a scale unmatched by any man in the history of America. But all the highways and parks and bridges he had built were little more than nothing next to the highways and parks and bridges that he wanted to build. He had turned into reality his dream of a great Henry Hudson Parkway along Manhattan's shoreline, but there was still the Brooklyn shoreline, and the Staten Island. He wanted parkways there, too—a "Circumferential," or "Belt," for Brooklyn, a "Shore" for Staten Island—and he had wanted them, and been arguing for their creation, for more than ten years. He was reshaping

"Attention, Mr. Bargain Hunter: One pair Arctic snowshoes, one genuine coonskin cap (medium), and one complete set of the World's Most Honored Music by the Longines Symphonette. Will sell or swap for samurai sword, Luftwaffe staff uniform, or other World War II memorabilia."

to his own vision an urban park system that dwarfed any other urban park system in the United States, but the parks he had created in New York were, in turn, dwarfed by the parks that he dreamed of creating. Even those parks that he had been able to create in the city, moreover, had not been created as he wanted; he had been forced to scale them down, to use inferior materials, to compromise. And that was just in the city. He had built eleven thousand acres of parks, the greatest state park system in the country, on Long Island, but he could foresee all too clearly the day when there would be so many people living in the metropolitan area that eleven thousand acres would not be nearly enough. After more than a decade of building public works, the public works he had not yet built loomed before him larger than ever. The chances of building them seemed—particularly in the city—to be growing steadily more remote. LaGuardia may have pulled New York back from the door of fiscal death, but not even LaGuardia could restore the city to fiscal health; the corruption that preceded him had weakened the body politic far too seriously. Moses could see no reasonable possibility of the city's being able to finance his dreams. If he wanted to remake the city, it was clear, he was going to have to do the job without its money. And if he was able to keep the authorities' revenues, keep them indefinitely, he would have the money.

He would, moreover, have money that was free of the customary governmental restrictions. For years, he had been attempting to build up what he called a "stable planning force"—a large group of engineers, architects, and draftsmen who would be in his employ permanently, who could be used to design not just the projects for which the city or state had allocated construction funds but those that only he was planning. The Legislature had never allowed him the money to design any but current projects, but let him keep control of the authorities' revenues and he would be able to study the transportation needs of the city and its surrounding counties before the city or the counties studied them. He would be able to determine by his own criteria which transportation facilities should be built and in which order. He would be able to determine by his own criteria *how* these facilities should be built—what their design, size, and precise site should be. He would be able to translate these general plans into blueprints and specifications. And then, when the time was right—when a large new grant of money from the federal government or some other source outside the city became available, or when public demand for a solution to a particular transportation problem or to the transportation problem as a whole mounted to a point at which politicians were frantically searching for some solution—he could present these plans to the politicians as the solution: a solution already engineered and already designed; a solution whose costs had already been estimated and whose planning was a *fait accompli;* a solution that awaited only their approval before being put into effect; a solution for which, in many cases, money was already available. What politician would be willing to risk public antagonism by withholding that approval?

And if a politician did dare to suggest an alternative, what good would it do him? The city possessed neither an engineering corps capable of planning large-scale public works nor the

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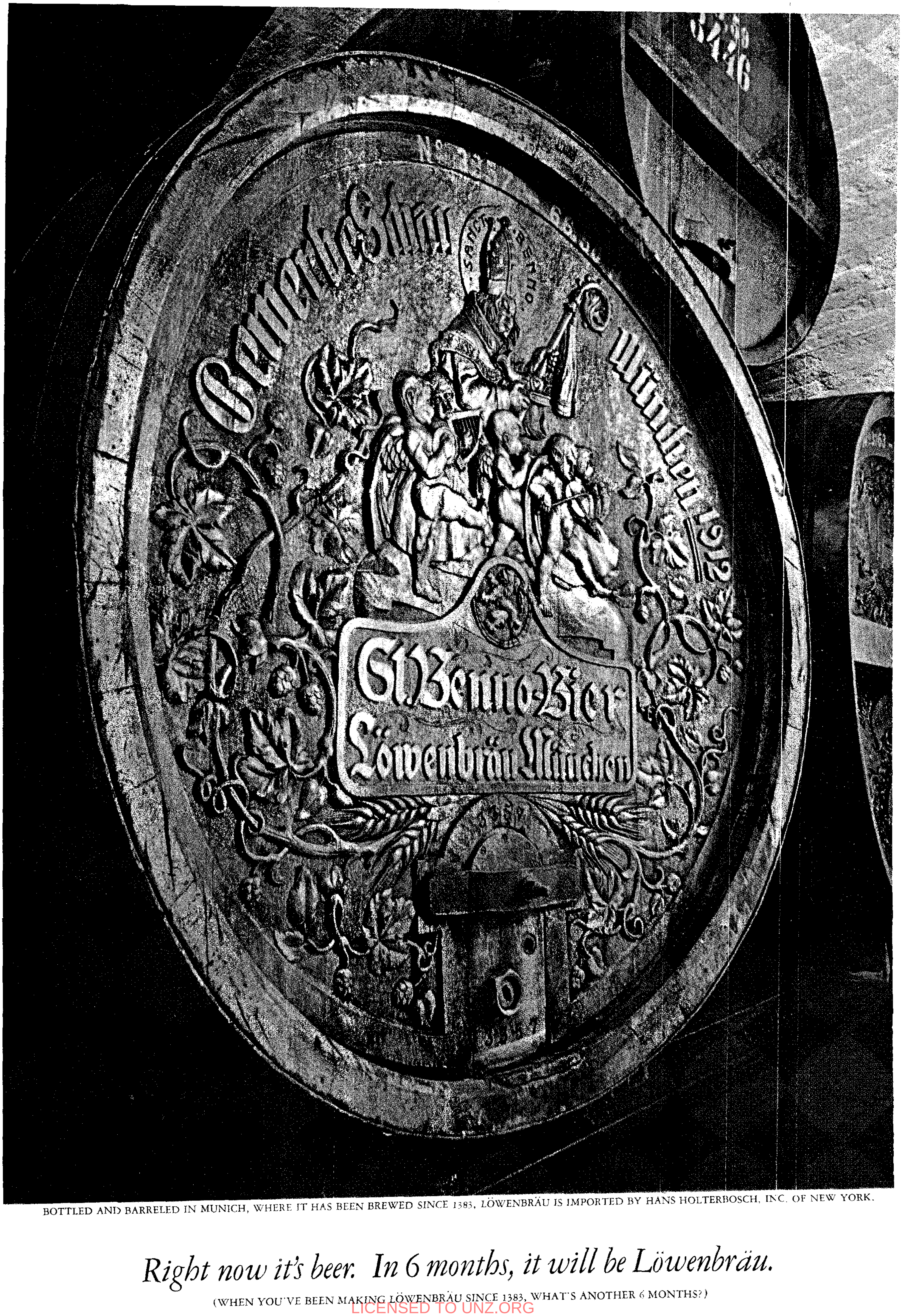
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(WHEN YOU'VE BEEN MAKING LÖWENBRÄU SINCE 1383, WHAT'S ANOTHER 6 MONTHS?)

money to hire such engineers in sufficient numbers. For that matter, the city had no money to build an alternative large-scale public work if it wanted to; it would be dependent upon the federal government or upon Moses' authorities to provide the cash. Federal money might well be lost by the delay that additional studies would entail; as for the authorities' money, cross the man who was offering it and he might withdraw the offer, and the politician could then be accused of having cost the city a great public improvement. Let Moses keep control of the authorities' revenues and there would be no more nonsense about having the mayor or the Board of Estimate study alternative routes for a highway or alternative methods—mass transportation instead of highways, for example—of solving transportation problems. In the fields he had carved out for his own, the city would have to build public works where and how he chose.

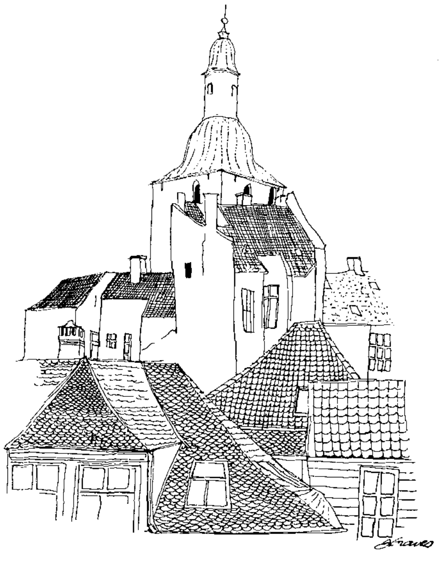
WHEN Moses drafted the bills and amendments to make his authorities self-perpetuating and free from outside interference, he knew that the public officials whose approval was necessary would never give it if they realized what they were approving. Those who were thinking men would realize that if they gave it they would be adding, without sufficient consideration by themselves or by the public, a whole new layer to urban government in America. The rest of them, concerned with power and patronage, would realize that to the extent they gave away power they would be diminishing their own. The key body whose approval was necessary—the Legislature, which under the state constitution alone had the power to create most types of public authorities—would never approve the bills that Moses was drafting if it understood them. So Moses would have to keep it—and all the state and city officials involved—from understanding them. He would have to persuade mayor, City Council, Legislature, and governor to approve his bills before they realized what was in them.

The safeguards included in previous New York State legislation on authorities restricted the life span of each authority through provisions setting a time limit on its bonds and a date by which it had to redeem all its bonds, surrender control of all its facilities, and go out of existence. Moses, drafting amendments in 1937 to the Triborough Bridge Authority Act, knew that the Legislature would never agree to the elimination of these safeguards. So he didn't eliminate them—he just made them meaningless.

Right at the beginning of the original Triborough act—in Section 1, which dealt with the authority's existence—the act said explicitly that the Triborough "board and its corporate existence shall continue only for a period of five years and thereafter until all its . . . bonds have been paid in full," a provision that, when coupled with a provision setting the maximum life of the bonds at forty years, limited the maximum life of the authority. The amended Triborough bill that Moses was proposing said the same thing—in the same place, right at its beginning, in Section 1. But it also said something else. Not at its beginning but long, legalistic pages later, in a subdivision of Section 9—a subdivision and a section that ostensibly had nothing to do with the authority's existence—there was a new sentence:

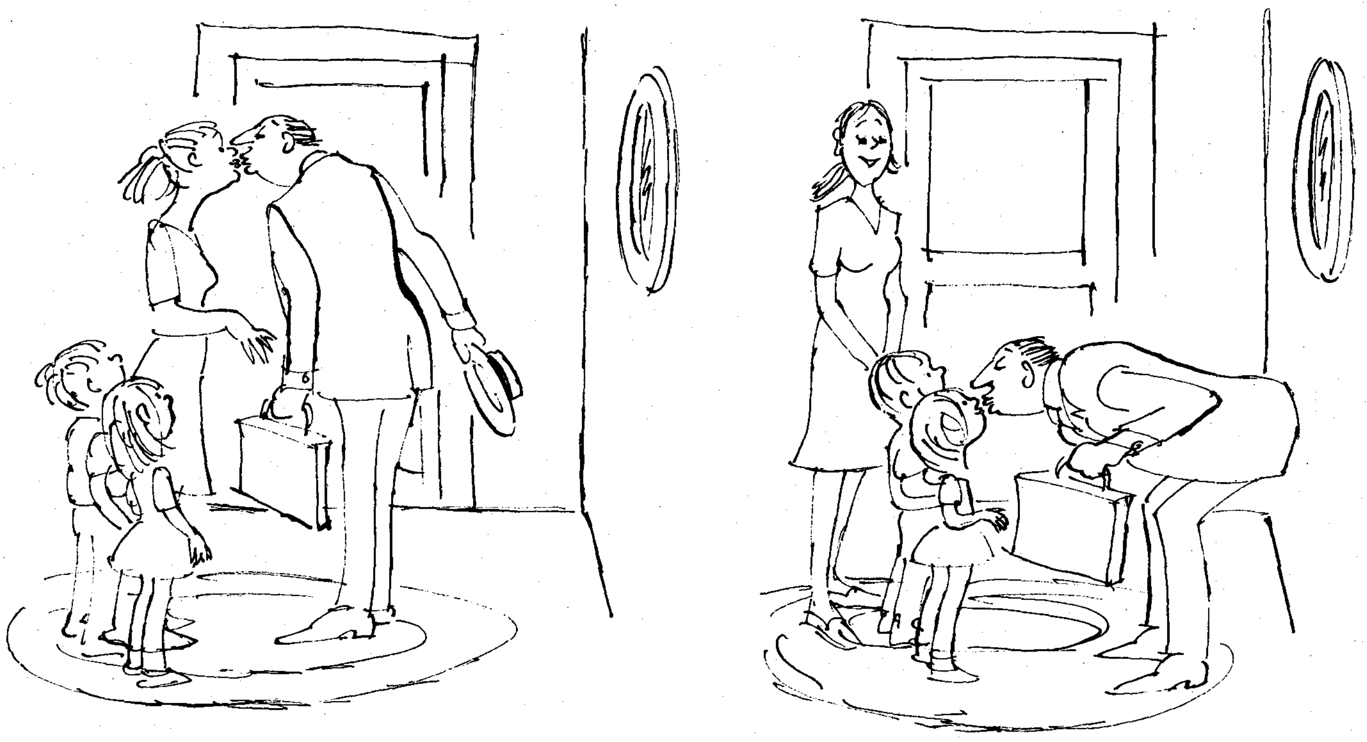
> The authority shall have power from time to time to refund any bonds by the issuance of new bonds, whether the bonds to be refunded have or have not matured, and may issue bonds partly to refund bonds then outstanding and partly for any other corporate purpose.

"He had figured out a gimmick," Reuben A. Lazarus, chief bill-drafter for both Jimmy Walker and LaGuardia, and himself a master of the gimmick, recalled several years ago. As Lazarus spoke, a smile broke over his old, wrinkled face despite his attempts to conceal it, and his voice was filled with admiration—the admiration of a master of a difficult craft for a man who was more than a master. "That sentence looked so innocuous. But it changed the whole act completely. With that sentence in there, he had power to issue forty-year bonds and every thirty-nine years he could call them in and issue new bonds for another forty years. LaGuardia had thought that authorities would be temporary creations that would build something and then turn it over to the city and go out of existence as soon as it was paid off. But with that gimmick in there it would never be paid off."



Never. The existence of the Triborough Bridge Authority "shall continue only . . . until all its . . . bonds have been paid in full," the act said. But because of Moses' amendment the authority no longer had to pay its bonds in full. Every time it had enough money to pay them in full, it could instead use the money to issue new bonds in their place. The amendment meant that, unless it wanted to, the authority would never have to turn its bridges over to the city. It could, if it desired, keep the bridges—and stay in existence—as long as the city stayed in existence.

The safeguards included in previous New York State legislation on authorities restricted their scope through provisions setting a limit on the amount of the bonds each could have outstanding—a limit sufficient to pay only for the specific project or projects that the Legislature wished it to build. The original Triborough act contained such a provision; this was a clause stating that the authority could not have outstanding more than thirty-five million dollars—an amount sufficient to cover its share of the cost of the Triborough Bridge. (The eighteen-million-dollar cost of the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge was added in a later amendment, bringing the total limit to fifty-three million.) But Moses' gimmick made that restriction meaningless, too. For by empowering the authority to issue new bonds not only to pay off old ones but also for "any other corporate purpose," it was empowering the authority to keep its indebtedness at fifty-three million dollars even though it had money available to pay off part, or even most, of that sum. For example, if the income was high enough to pay all the carrying charges and also accumulate a surplus that after five or ten years amounted to twenty million, the authority could then call in twenty million dollars' worth of its outstanding bonds, pay them off, and therefore have only thirty-three million outstanding. Its legislatively authorized borrowing capacity would still be fifty-three million. Its revenues would support bonds in that amount. So the authority would have twenty million dollars of borrowing capacity. It could issue twenty million in new bonds and



use the proceeds of the sale for "any corporate purpose."

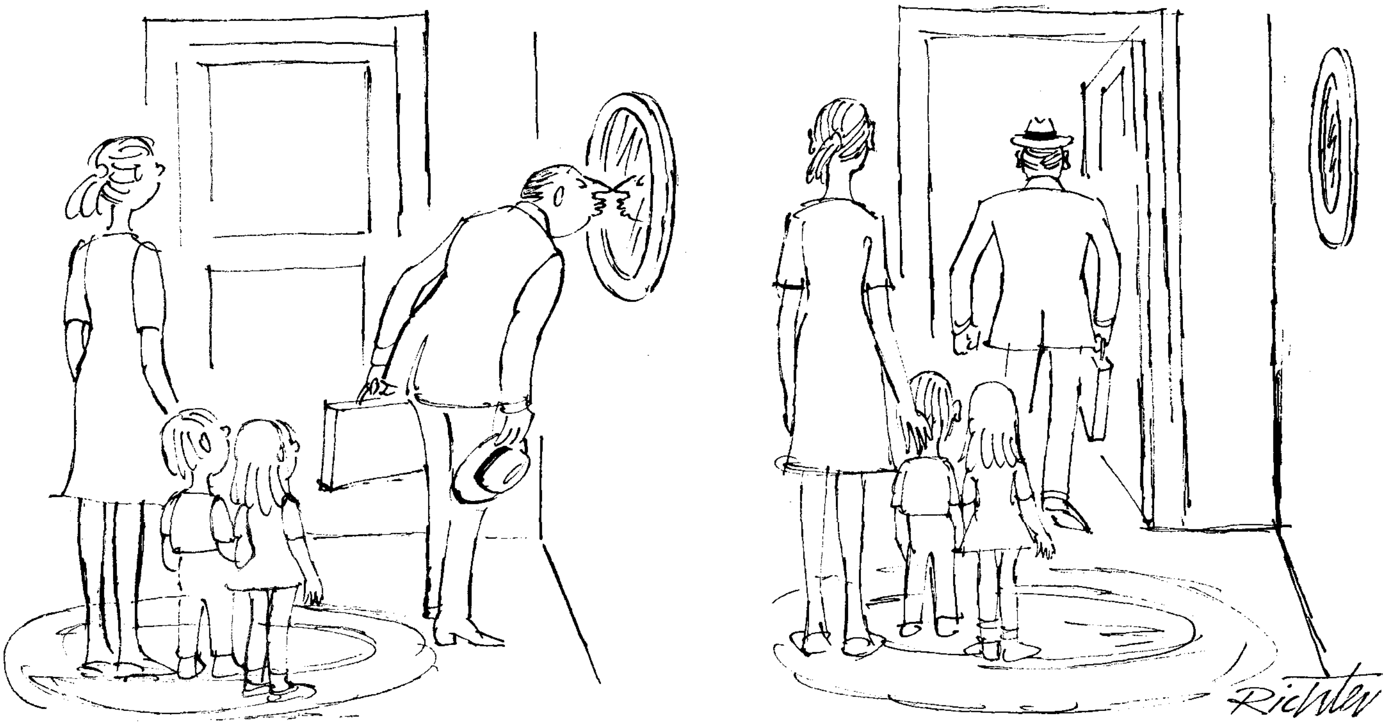
And what might such a purpose be? Moses' Triborough act empowered the authority to acquire land for and construct not only bridge approaches but "new roads, streets, parkways, or avenues connecting with the approaches," and to widen "existing roads, streets, parkways, or *avenues . . . connecting* with the approaches." The word "connecting" was innocuous—until one began to think carefully about what it would mean if Moses expanded its definition (as he had earlier expanded the definition of "approach," by persuading the P.W.A. that "approach" could mean the four miles of the Grand Central Parkway leading to the Triborough Bridge). If an approach was miles long—the Bronx approach to the Triborough Bridge, for example, was six miles long—scores of roads, streets, parkways, or avenues intersected ("connected" with) it. Under his act, the Triborough Bridge Authority would have the right to widen any or all of them. It would also have the right to build a new thoroughfare that would connect with the approaches anywhere along their length. And how long could that thoroughfare be? A block? A mile? Five miles? Ten? Could it be a highway that ran clear across the city? Under his act, it certainly could. And suppose he wanted to build another—a third—highway, to intersect the one he had built to intersect the approaches? Since the third road would connect with the second, and the second would connect with the approaches, why could not the third be said to connect with the first? Under a liberal definition—a definition such as Moses had long since proved himself adept at making—it probably could. In fact, one could probably say that any major thoroughfare in the city "connected" with any other. And if one could say that, one could say that the bill that Moses so carefully drafted meant that the Triborough Bridge Authority would have the right to construct highways throughout the city, in many respects exactly as if it were the city government.

And not just highways. In the act as he amended it, a clause gave the authority power "to construct and develop for the purpose of public parks" lands acquired "in connection with the Whitestone Bridge project and with new or existing roads, streets, parkways, or avenues connecting with such project." Thanks to this clause, the authority would be able to build parks along any of the highways it was constructing. Since the authority would be able to build highways throughout the city, it would be able to build parks throughout the city, too.

And not just highways and parks. Buried deep within the original Triborough act was a clause giving the authority the right to build and operate *any* "facilities for the public not inconsistent with the use of the project." Not with the project—with the *use* of the project. Since the project now consisted of bridges, roads, and parks, why, under that clause, would it be inconsistent for the authority to build housing nearby, which would allow more members of the public the convenient use of those bridges, roads, and parks? Why, for that matter, would the construction of *any* public facility be inconsistent with the use of the project? An aggressive authority chairman, anxious to stretch to the limit the powers conferred by the act, could well find in that phrase legal authorization to build any type of public facility he chose anywhere along the authority's bridges, roads, streets, parkways, avenues, and parks—anywhere, in fact, in the city.

And Moses made sure that, in building and operating its projects, the authority, despite the limitations set on other authorities by previous Legislatures—limitations that he was well aware the present Legislature would never agree to waive for Triborough—would nevertheless possess powers virtually without limit, powers equal to those possessed by a sovereign state, or by the city of which, in theory, it was merely a creature.

By the time Moses had finished drafting his bills, his authorities had not only all the powers of "bodies corporate" but many of the powers of "bodies politic." His authorities had the right to do all things that a business corporation could do—for example, to sue, to make contracts and bylaws, to acquire real estate and use it or lease it or dispose of it, and, of course, to issue bonds—and they had the right to do many things that private corporations could not do. They had the power to operate public facilities, to require the public to pay tolls for their use, and to prevent the construction of competing facilities, so that the public had no choice but to pay those tolls. They had



the right to govern their domain by making their own laws and by maintaining their own police force to enforce those laws. They could have their own great seals and set their own statutes of limitations. They had the sovereign power of eminent domain. They had, in fact, some powers that sovereign states—at least the sovereign state of New York—did not have. They could let contracts without competitive bidding. Their officials could be removed only for cause; they were immune from the pleasure of the governor.

And Moses made sure that these powers, these powers corporate and politic, would be embodied, ultimately, not in the authorities but in him. In the case of the single-member authorities, of course, the authority *was* Robert Moses. The legislative acts creating the Henry Hudson and Marine Parkway Authorities said flatly, "The powers of the authority shall be vested in and be exercised by the member." The Triborough, Jones Beach, and Bethpage authorities had three-member boards, but the other members of these boards deferred to Moses, and while the enabling act creating each of these authorities said, "The powers of such corporation shall be vested in and exercised by" a majority of the members of the board, it continued, "Said board may delegate to one or more of its members . . . such powers and duties as it may deem proper."

And Moses made sure that no one would ever be able to take those powers away. In the Triborough act, he did it in Section 9, Subdivisions 2 and 4, Clauses A through I. Subdivision 2 authorized the authority to pass resolutions governing the sale of its bonds. The various clauses of Subdivision 4 said, when taken together, that these resolutions could contain provisions dealing with toll rates, authority rules and regulations, and "*any other matters, of like or different character, which in any way affect the security or protection of the bonds.*" And Subdivision 4 also said that any such resolution "shall be a part of the contract with the holders of the bonds."

"Contract." In that word was the clue to the new, immense potentiality that Robert Moses saw in public authorities. Any legislation can be amended or repealed. If legislators were in some future year to come to feel that they had been deceived by the wording of the Triborough act into granting Moses wider powers than they had intended—the right to maintain tolls on a bridge even after the bridge was paid for, for example—they could simply revoke those powers. But authorities can issue bonds, and a bond is a legal agreement, or contract, between its seller and its buyer, and under the Constitution of the United States a contract is sacred; no state—and no creature of a state, such as a city—can "pass any . . . law impairing" its obligations. Section 9, Subdivisions 2 and 4, Clauses A through I gave Moses the right to embody in the Triborough Bridge Authority's bond resolutions all the powers he had been given in the legislation creating the authority. Consequently, from the moment the bonds were sold (thereby putting into effect the contract they represented) the powers he had been given in the legislation could be revoked only by the consent of both Moses and the bondholders. If, for example, he copied into the bond resolutions the legislation giving him the right to charge whatever tolls he wished, for as long as he wished, that power, from the moment the bonds were sold, could never be revoked without his consent. If he copied into the bond resolutions the legislation giving him his other new, broad powers, those powers, too, could never be revoked. The elected representatives of the state and the city might have given Moses those powers, but they would never be able to take them back. Moses had previously needed, to a considerable extent, the support of the city's mayor, its other elected officials, and, perhaps most of all, its people. Now, to a considerable extent, he didn't need them anymore. And he let them know it.

LaGuardia's awakening came with jolting rapidity. In 1938, exactly one month after the Mayor, on the strength of his trust in Moses' earnest representations, had assured Governor Herbert Lehman that the city was retaining ample control over Moses' authorities, and had thereby persuaded the Governor to sign one of Moses' new authority bills, a dispute arose between LaGuardia and Moses over Triborough's hiring practices, and Moses wrote the Mayor, "It is silly to force a court test of such a matter, but I shall have to take this up with attorneys for the bondholders and with the trustees unless the matter is adjusted."

The Mayor thought he knew how

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"THE NON-DIETING DIET" . . .*

Walking is magic to keep (or win back) a strong, lean body (and that, gentlemen, is only the beginning)!

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No man is the worse for knowing the worst of himself. If you are overweight today despite repeated bouts of dieting that ended up in *willpower* failure a few weeks or months later, you are not alone. Few men are willing to make the sacrifice of *lifetime hunger* to do it. So what is the alternative? As the British say: "Not half bad!" And this is why!

First, the chief cause of overweight is *sloth—not gluttony!* Your body cannot escape the law of conservation of energy. The food you eat is potential energy. Your body must burn up this energy or store it as fat.

Second, the correction of overweight (for a man who is not a hog about his eating) is neither a temporary thing nor a particularly hard thing to do . . . but it has to become *a way of life!* In fact, *second nature* to you!

Third, *you do not have to go on a reducing diet, you do not have to do anything but WALK.* To many men this common sense fact seems too easy, too ordinary a method to be taken seriously. Surely, they think, reducing and weight control must require a more strenuous and punishing regime. Well, let's look at the facts . . . the *mathematics* of it.

In a pound of body fat there are approximately 3,500 calories. So, when you eat 3,500 more calories than your body needs, it *stores up* that pound. But when you *burn up* 3,500 calories *more* by walking than your body needs to keep at its same weight, you *lose* that pound of body fat. It makes no difference how long it takes your body to create this *imbalance* of 3,500 calories. The end result is the same. You get fatter or leaner by one pound . . . whether it takes your body one week, one month, or one year!

Now let's apply these facts (3,500 calories = one pound) and see what actually happens. If you *eat* 117 calories *more* per day (a mere 39 calories more per meal) than your body needs to maintain its present weight, you will *gain a pound a month.* But if you *burn up* 117 *more* calories per day by walking than your body requires to stay at its present weight, you will *lose a pound a month . . . 12 pounds in a year.*

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*"THE NON-DIETING DIET" . . . our thanks to the authors of that fascinating book *The Magic of Walking* (copyright 1967 by Aaron Sussman and Ruth Goode) for the title of this report.

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to handle so outrageous an attempt at intimidation. "Now, there is one matter I want to make perfectly clear," he replied, and he continued:

> The Authority bondholders have absolutely nothing to say and have no control over purely administrative matters of the City of New York. So, don't talk about a court test on such matters or taking up anything of this nature with the Authority's "attorneys for the bondholders." The Mayor establishes the policy for the City as well as the selection of the Commissioners of the Authorities, and the Authority bondholders have absolutely nothing to say from the Commissioner down to the last line of attendants. You are a City official and will take up matters with the Corporation Counsel of the City of New York and not with "attorneys for the bondholders."

Moses' reply was blunt. "I think you had better read the agreements and contracts," he wrote.

As poor F. Trubee Davison had done years before, after introducing Moses' state-park bills in the Legislature, Fiorello LaGuardia sat down, too late, to study documents drawn up by Robert Moses that he had approved because he had relied on Moses' word concerning what was in them. Then he called his legal advisers in to read them.

"Well, that was the day of the great awakening," recalls Paul Windels, who served as corporation counsel under LaGuardia. He and Reuben Lazarus told the Mayor that, as Windels was to put it, "of course, under the bond resolution, the authority *did* have the power to employ its own counsel, and it had all these enormous other powers as well." The Mayor, of course, had powers, too. On some of his authorities Moses served ex officio, because he was the city park commissioner. The Mayor could fire Moses as park commissioner, and thereby divest him of his membership on those authorities. But this power existed in theory only; political realities made it meaningless. Remove him from the authority undertaking the Rockaway Improvement, for example, and he might drop his attempts to get state money for the Atlantic Avenue and Rockaway grade-crossing eliminations. The city had no funds to do the work itself. LaGuardia would find himself in the untenable position of sacrificing a great public improvement for the sake of personal revenge on a faithful and immensely popular public servant. LaGuardia might, of course, attempt to make clear the fact that the issue was not personal. He might attempt to make the public understand that public authorities had been given too much power. But the Mayor was only too well aware of the futility of attempting to explain the technicalities of bond-resolution contracts to an electorate that wanted Things Gotten Done—and that idolized the Man Who Got Them Done.

Furthermore, while the Mayor could remove Moses from some authorities, he could not remove him from the Triborough Bridge Authority—he had no charges of specific wrongdoing to bring against him—until his term expired, in three years. During those three years, Moses would still have immense powers in the city. He would still be in charge of huge public works that were being constructed within the city's borders. Making an open enemy of Moses would lead to an immensely embarrassing situation—a situation that, moreover, would continue to be embarrassing for what was in political terms a lifetime.

And these considerations combined with the others that always hamstrung LaGuardia in his dealings with Moses: Moses' popularity; Moses' immense influence with a governor and a Legislature from whom the Mayor constantly needed favors; Moses' ability to ram through the great public works that the Mayor desperately wanted rammed through. LaGuardia knew that Moses could ram them through—scandal-free and in time for the next election. With good reason, he doubted whether anyone else could. The powers that the Mayor possessed over Moses' authorities in theory he did not possess in practice. Political realities gave him no choice but to allow Moses to remain at their head. And the Mayor knew it.

Moses knew it, too. After reading the bond agreements and contracts, LaGuardia dropped all further discussion of the authorities' powers. Moses never raised the matter again. But thereafter he treated LaGuardia not as his superior but as an equal. In the areas in which he was interested—transportation and recreation—Robert Moses, who had never been elected by the people of the city to any office, was thenceforward to have at least as much voice in determining the city's future as any official the people *had* elected—including the mayor.

BEFORE the Second World War, Moses employed his leverage with New York State—a force not responsible to New York City's voters but possessed of considerable influence over the city's government—to compel the city to give him a free hand in certain areas of public works. Hardly had the war ended when another outside force, the federal government, began to loom larger and larger over the city. And Moses, with his aims for the city now enlarged—enlarged to a point at which they involved, in effect, the reshaping of its entire public estate—employed that force, too, to compel the city to accept his aims as its own.

The scale of the new federal involvement in urban America was unprecedented. Before the war—during the entire Depression—the federal government had financed nationwide a total of one hundred thousand low-income housing units. Within the first four years after the war, the federal government authorized the financing of more than eight hundred thousand low-income housing units. In 1949, Title I of the National Housing Act codified a new concept—urban renewal—which insured that Washington's role would thenceforward be as crucial as City Hall's not only in low-income housing but in most major urban reshapings. Before the war, the highways that federal aid built had been mainly in the open countryside. The Federal Aid Highway Act of 1944 authorized the first substantial arterial-highway mileage within city limits, and with each postwar federal highway act the proposed urban mileage soared: since the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1956, the federal government has financed the construction, within the cities of America, of eighty-three hundred miles of roadway. Most Depression-era federal aid had, moreover, been funnelled into the cities through the cities' governments or through new agencies, such as housing authorities, set up and controlled by the cities' governments. And this had been particularly true in New York, where LaGuardia's alliance with President Franklin Roosevelt had insured that Works Progress Administration and Public Works Administration grants would be funnelled through the city's highest elected official. Moses had been able to obtain a disproportionate share of such grants, but only by working with and on that official. As federal grants to cities increased after the war, however, so did the power of the federal bureaucracy—at the expense of the cities' power.

In New York, as the city's control over federal grants decreased, Moses' control over them increased. It increased partly because of Moses' bill-drafting genius, and what that genius enabled him to make of a new post—that of City Construction Coördinator—which he obtained in 1946, from Mayor William O'Dwyer. The post

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lay outside the established structure of the city's government. Nowhere in the forty-nine chapters of the city charter was there any mention of it. To some men, this might have represented an obstacle. To Moses, it represented an opportunity: since there was no definition of the position's powers, he could write the definition himself. As O'Dwyer had conceived the powers, they would be substantial. The coördinator, though he was an appointed official, would in the construction field possess authority over all other appointed officials, even major departmental commissioners. But this power would last only as long as the postwar adjustment period and would be subordinate always to that of the elected officials to whom the voters had entrusted the power to make decisions for the city; the coördinator would be merely an instrument for carrying out those decisions. Moses drafted an amendment to the city's administrative code to create the position—delivering it to the incoming administration in the midst of the inaugural confusion—and ostensibly the amendment was faithful to O'Dwyer's conception. The Board of Estimate and the City Council passed it unanimously after the most cursory discussion, and O'Dwyer quickly signed it into law as Local Law No. 1 of 1946—the first legislative act of his administration.

But among the lines of convoluted legalisms the amendment contained a phrase—concealed at the end of a long sentence whose other clauses all purportedly limited his powers—allowing the coördinator to "represent the city in its relations with coöperating state and federal agencies." Moses used this phrase, so innocent in appearance, as authorization to write into contracts between the city and the state and federal governments provisions designating him as the city's *sole* representative with whom these agencies agreed to deal—thereby making certain that it would be he, and he alone, who would present the city's position, or his version of the city's position, on the design and relative desirability of construction projects to the two "outside" governments that would be providing the lion's share of the funds for such projects. The phrase also empowered Moses to negotiate with federal and state officials, learn their position, and present his version of their position to the mayor, the Board of Estimate, and the City Council. Moses' version was not always strictly accurate. For twenty years, for example, he hoodwinked successive mayors, telling them that the Bureau of Public Roads was unalterably opposed to building the Lower Manhattan Expressway as a tunnel. But for twenty years—until 1965, when Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., went to Washington to find out about the expressway for himself—no mayor or other city official questioned that. During those years, the city's elected representatives heard only Moses' version of what the federal government was "insisting" on.

Moses took over housing by indirection. The harried Mayor O'Dwyer, faced as soon as he took office with a need for competent housing administrators, found Moses ready with recommendations. Before the Mayor realized what he was doing, he had filled three of the five places on the City Housing Authority—and several top authority staff positions—with men loyal not to him but to his construction coördinator. Though Moses never had any formal connection with the Housing Authority, he controlled it absolutely for a decade. As late as 1955, Warren Moscow, on being appointed its executive director that year by Mayor Wagner, reported to Wagner that its chief engineer regarded Moses, not the Mayor, "as his boss."

In 1948, Moses had a visit from a Yale classmate who wanted to discuss details of a new type of federal slum-clearance program—"urban renewal"—that he was considering sponsoring. It was United States Senator Robert A. Taft. Months before Congress approved the National Housing Act of 1949—months before the public had even heard the phrase "urban renewal"—Moses had persuaded O'Dwyer to appoint a Mayor's Slum Clearance Committee (Robert Moses, chairman). Through that committee, Moses controlled urban renewal in New York—by far the largest program in any city in America—for a decade. The Mayor and the Board of Estimate—according to Jacob Lutsky, an adviser to three mayors—"never even knew what was going on in that committee until a project was presented to them for approval."

While using the new force of the federal government, moreover, Moses did not neglect the old force of the state government. His control of the Legislature, cemented by patronage and favors, remained as solid after the war as it had been before. As for the governor's chair, it was occupied for the first fourteen years of the postwar era by Republican Thomas E. Dewey and Democrat W. Averell Harriman. Dewey liked to boast that "Bob discovered rather quickly that he couldn't push me around," but the words rang distinctly hollow to men like the G.O.P. politician who once heard Moses on the phone with the Governor: "I walked in and he was cursing and shouting—'You God-damned son of a bitch! Don't you tell me what to do, you stupid son of a bitch!' Then he hung up, and I said, 'Bob, was that the *Governor*?' And he said, with that big grin, 'Yeahhh.' " Harriman, a crusty aristocrat whose lack of awe even for Presidents was to become legendary, stood in awe of Moses, because he had been so impressed by the scope of Moses' accomplishments in the creation of public parks. But Harriman had some ideas, rather novel among public officials of the time, about the need for increased concern for individuals and for community participation in the planning of public works. Convinced that Moses was not the final word on the construction of urban expressways that he had been on the construction of suburban parkways, he installed a new superintendent of the Department of Public Works, John W. Johnson, of Buffalo, gave him several liberal young aides, and told them to "get tough" with Moses. But Moses got tough with them—and with Harriman—instead.

James Truex, a Harriman aide, has described the facts of political life that the Governor began to learn. "If you began to fight with Moses," Truex says, "you'd have to fight with him on so many fronts. You'd have to fight with him on parkways and on parks. He had so much potential for trouble because of the many directorships he had. He could always cause you so much trouble by calling you 'a dirty politician'—he was above politics, of course. Governors were always nervous about this. You knew that if he said something, the newspapers would pick it up big." Moses disciplined Harriman not only by using publicity but by withholding it—by not inviting the Governor to speak at the public-works ceremonies that public officials need in order to create an aura of accomplishment. In 1957, for example, Moses staged a day-long series of ribbon cuttings to celebrate the completion of a string of grade-crossing-elimination projects for which Nassau County communities had long been clamoring. The Governor, who had authorized the projects and provided the funds for them, didn't even know that the ceremonies were

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being held until he read newspaper stories about them—stories and pictures of Moses and the other official participants, all Republicans. On another occasion, Harriman called in Truex and another aide and, according to Truex, "the Governor said he was getting reports from the local people up on the St. Lawrence that Moses was going to tear out lots of the homes of little people along the St. Lawrence for his parkways, and the little people had to be protected, and we should get right up there to ascertain if the reports were true." The two aides found out that the reports were true. "There were cottages lining the shore near Massena," Truex says, "nice-looking cottages, too—cottages into which you could tell loving care had gone. Moses was just obliterating them. But about ten minutes after we got back to Albany there was a letter from Moses to Harriman: These people—us—had been up in his territory, and we had been talking to people we shouldn't have been talking to, et cetera. And that was the last we heard of the little people. It was never brought up again." The Governor had backed down. Shortly thereafter, he suggested that the huge centerpiece of the St. Lawrence project be named the Robert Moses Power Dam. Soon he was not only being invited to ribbon cuttings but being afforded star billing and, occasionally, the opportunity to make the only major speech—besides Moses', of course.

As important as his relationship with the governor was his relationship with the state's administrative machinery. It was, of course, largely *his* machinery—the governmental apparatus that the State Reconstruction Commission, under his direction, had designed in 1919. He, more than any other individual, knew which of the tens of thousands of administrative positions in that government were crucial to his purposes, and after a quarter of a century of power in the state he had "Moses men" in most of these posts. He had taken measures to minimize the threat to his purposes posed by key officials who were not Moses men; some of these officials would have been astonished to learn (most of them never did) that their secretaries, in transcribing confidential memoranda and minutes of secret meetings devoted to blocking a Moses project or to curbing Moses' power, made extra carbons that were delivered nightly to Moses' representatives in Albany.

The superintendent of the Department of Public Works was generally a Moses man. In an arrangement at least

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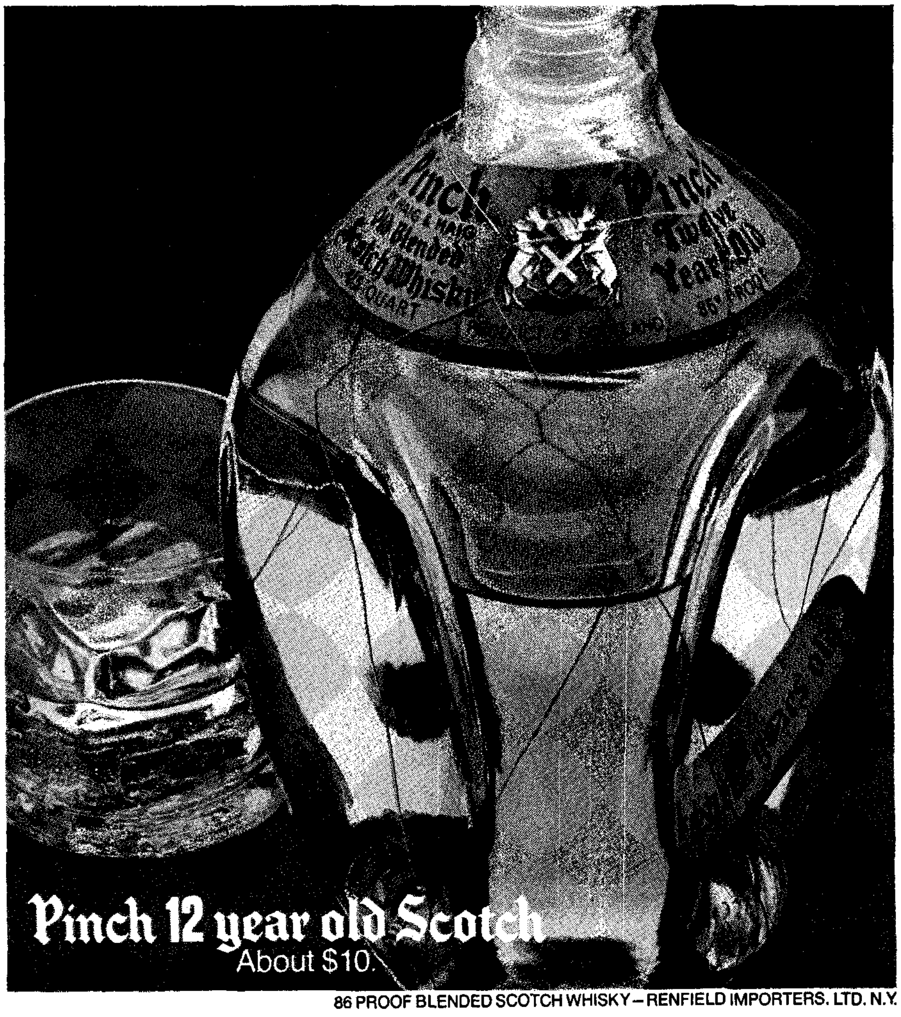

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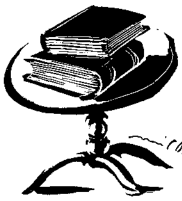
tacitly approved by three governors—an arrangement that lasted for about seventeen years after the Second World War—Moses had the absolute power to decide not only who would design and build all highways in the metropolitan area but which highways would be built, when they would be built, and where they would be built. The state had in effect turned over to him—intact and complete—its control over the construction of arterial highways in and around New York City. And since the state, not the city, was the partner with the federal government in the construction of the interstate highway system, Moses had control of all federal funds spent on arterial highways within the city.

IT was not only forces outside the city's government that Moses used to bend the city to his will. He used forces inside its government as well—greed, for example. Greed had always been the force that drove the city's five-county Democratic political machine. But during LaGuardia's twelve years in office the machine's influence in the city's government had been all but eliminated. Moses, in Getting Things Done, had been able to deal almost entirely with LaGuardia during those twelve years, and only occasionally with the spiritual descendants of the Tammany mayor Red Mike Hylan.

With the election of O'Dwyer, however, the machine was back in power. At first, it was not dominated, as it had been before LaGuardia, by the Manhattan Democratic organization housed in Tammany Hall, at Union Square. Weakened in relation to its allies by the citywide population shift, which sharply reduced Manhattan's once commanding share of the city's registered Democrats, the Manhattan organization had been cut off from patronage and contracts at City Hall by LaGuardia, at the Statehouse by Lehman, and at the White House by Roosevelt, who, taking revenge for its defiant support of Alfred E. Smith's candidacy at the 1932 Democratic National Convention, had funnelled whatever federal largesse LaGuardia didn't get through the boss of the Bronx, Edward J. Flynn, and through the Brooklyn Democratic organization. By 1945, Tammany's Union Square headquarters no longer belonged to the Manhattan organization, which, finding it increasingly difficult to meet the mortgage payments, had had to sell the building, and neither did control of the city's five-borough Democratic machine. Journalists, rhetorical traditionalists, were still referring to that machine as a whole as "Tammany Hall." However, if the catch phrase was misleading in political terms, it was accurate in moral terms: the controlling structure of the postwar Democratic machine was different from the pre-LaGuardia model but the ethics were not. As the *Herald Tribune* said in an editorial in 1945, "A vast, corrupt organization, starved through twelve long years, is panting for its revenge." New York was again a city in which "SCANDAL" and "GRAFT" and "FRAUD" glared bold and black out of the headlines on newsstands. New York was a city in which public office was increasingly a means to private profit. The Democrats shrewdly made enough key Republicans a part of the arrangement by which the city was governed—putting them on the public payroll, giving them a share of the judgeships and a cut of the lucrative city contracts, taking them in as business partners—so that the G.O.P. wouldn't try too hard to disrupt those arrangements. New York was the city of the fix, of "protection," of the shakedown—a city in which everything had its price.



The price was highest in Moses' fields. Ever since the post-Civil War years in which the Tweed Ring took fixed percentages—five per cent for the mayor, ten per cent for the parks commissioner, twenty per cent for the comptroller, twenty-five per cent for William Marcy Tweed—of the padding in contractors' padded bills, public works had been the main ingredient in the graft on which Tammany battened.

Now the techniques were different: subtler, smoother. Charlie Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall from 1901 until his death in 1924, had taught his men that it was stupid to take cash—that it was too easy for some prying reporter or rebel district attorney to trace it, too easy to prove that it had been taken in exchange for a favor, too easy to subpoena a contractor's books and haul the contractor's timid little bookkeeper before a grand jury and frighten him into telling what the items listed as "cash disbursements" really represented. By precept, if not by preachment (for Silent Charlie had not received his nickname for nothing)—for example, by having his Board of Aldermen hold up street-closing permits for the construction of Pennsylvania Station until the railroad awarded the excava-

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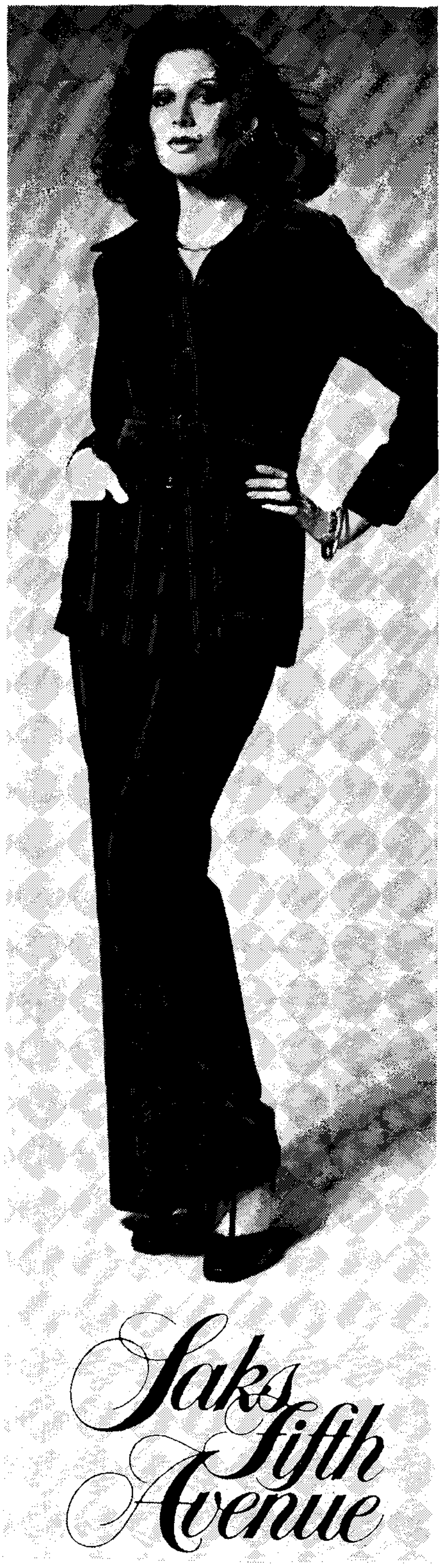

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tion contract to a firm in which he had a hidden financial interest—he showed Tammany that there were safer ways of making money from public works. By 1905, George Washington Plunkitt, who as a state senator had ridden at the head of the Black Horse Cavalry (a squadron of influence-peddling state legislators), was sitting, resplendent in handlebar mustache and gleaming stovepipe hat, on Graziano's bootblack stand in the old courthouse off Foley Square during noon hours expansively explaining how cavalry was obsolete and how he was making millions from the "coincidences" surrounding "big improvements"—coincidences that he called, in a phrase he may have coined, "honest graft."

Murphy and Plunkitt were uneducated men; they had never been to law school. If they had, they would have found the making of honest graft safer and easier still. Al Smith, as always, phrased it best. Strolling through a law-school library one day, the Governor noticed a student poring intently over his books. "There," he said with a smile, "is a young man studying how to take a bribe and call it a fee." By the twenties, most honest graft was being worked through fees—mostly through legal fees (more politicians belong to the legal profession than to any other) but also through real-estate and insurance brokers' fees, called "commissions," and public-relations fees, called "retainers." Jimmy Walker's crew, overconfident and careless, forgot the teachings of the Master, but Samuel Seabury, chief counsel of a legislative committee investigating the affairs of New York City, uncovered their hidden bundles of cash (one official testified lamely that he had found three hundred and ninety thousand dollars in "a wonderful tin box") and drummed those teachings into Tammany anew, strongly enough so that they would never be forgotten again. In the post-LaGuardia era, there was no more Tin Box Brigade. It was the Retainer Regiment now. Corrupt public officials who were lawyers would support or oppose a bill according to the wishes of a business firm, and later the firm would retain the official in his private capacity as an attorney, paying him a fee for "services rendered." Corrupt public officials who were insurance brokers would be allowed to write the policies of a firm they had obliged, and thereby obtain the commissions attached. In the interaction of politics and public works, cash was now the medium of exchange only on the lowest levels. If some investigator found that

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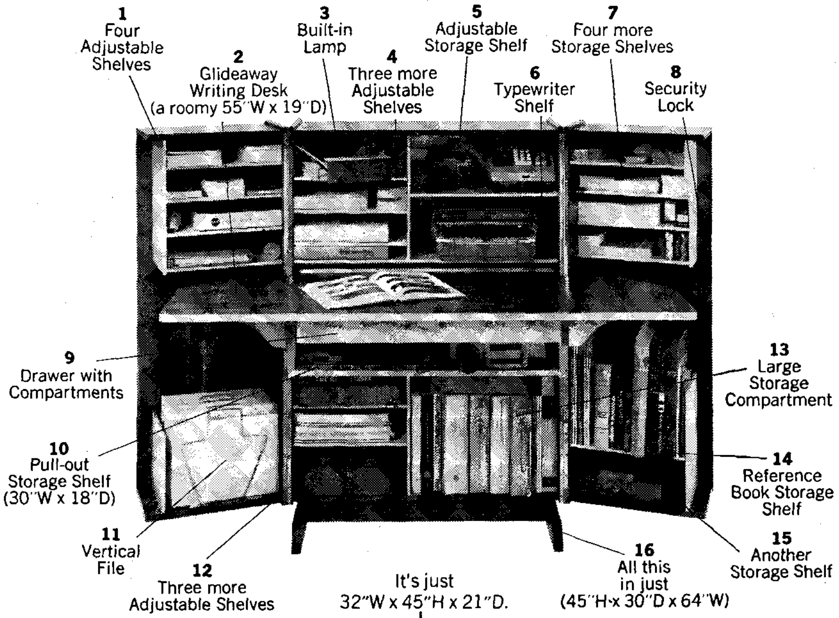
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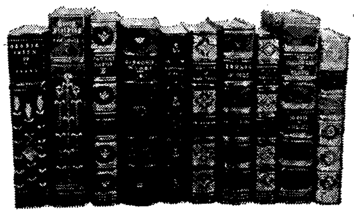

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a firm's books included a ten-thousand-dollar payment to a city councilman, next to the payment would be the notation "legal fee," and who could prove that the services the councilman had rendered to earn the fee were anything other than legal—that the councilman's vote in favor of a bill the firm also happened to favor was anything but coincidence? In any event, the presence of a councilman's name in a firm's books would be unusual—an indication that either the firm or the councilman was still ignorant of the higher refinements of honest graft, one of which was to have the firm pay the fee not to the councilman but to another law firm, which would take out a small handling charge for itself and pass the rest along.

The profit in public works in New York had long been huge; with the postwar building boom, fuelled by vast infusions of federal money, it reached new dimensions. "It's a king's ransom in a city this size," Reuben Lazarus has said. And if there was subtlety now in the making of this profit, its making was still the machine's motive for all it did. The greed was only refined, not eliminated. The Tammany Tiger, starved for so long, was more voracious than ever. Every public work, it sometimes seemed, and particularly, it seemed, every large-scale public work of the type with which Moses was concerned, had to have its arrangements, its payoffs, its deals—its coincidences. Until the coincidences were arranged, there would be no public work. If Board of Estimate or City Council approval was required, that approval would not be forthcoming. If it was necessary for a city agency to put an announced policy into effect, such action would be endlessly delayed. The great Mayor was dying, almost penniless, in a little house in Riverdale; now, in the City Hall he once had ruled, everything had a price. And to Get Things Done in the city one had to pay it.

Moses had the money to pay it, partly because his control of the City Housing Authority gave him control of close to a billion and a quarter dollars, mostly federal and state funds, dispensed through that agency; partly because his control of the state Department of Public Works gave him control of another billion and a quarter dollars in federal and state funds dispensed through that agency; and partly because his control of the Mayor's Slum Clearance Committee gave him control of a billion dollars more dispensed through that agency—a total, during the first fifteen years after the Second

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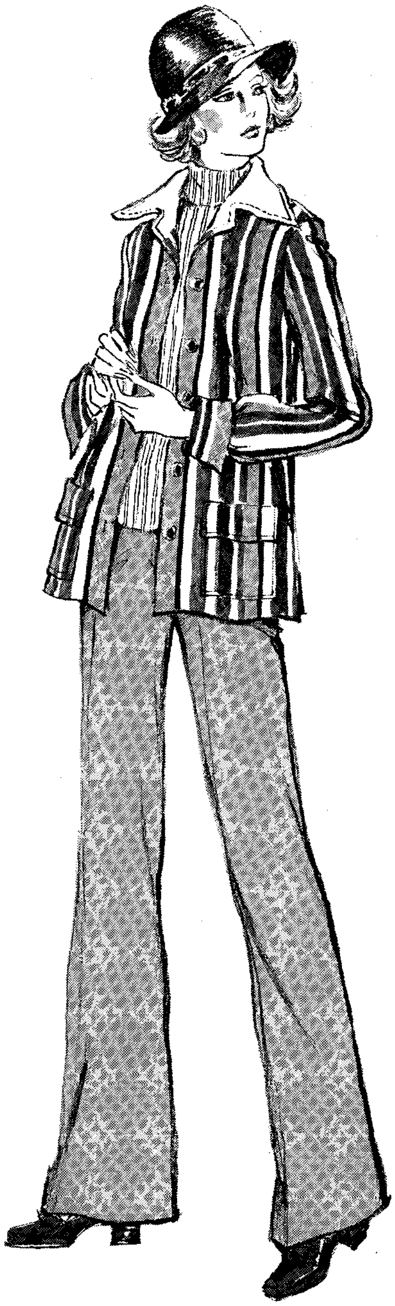

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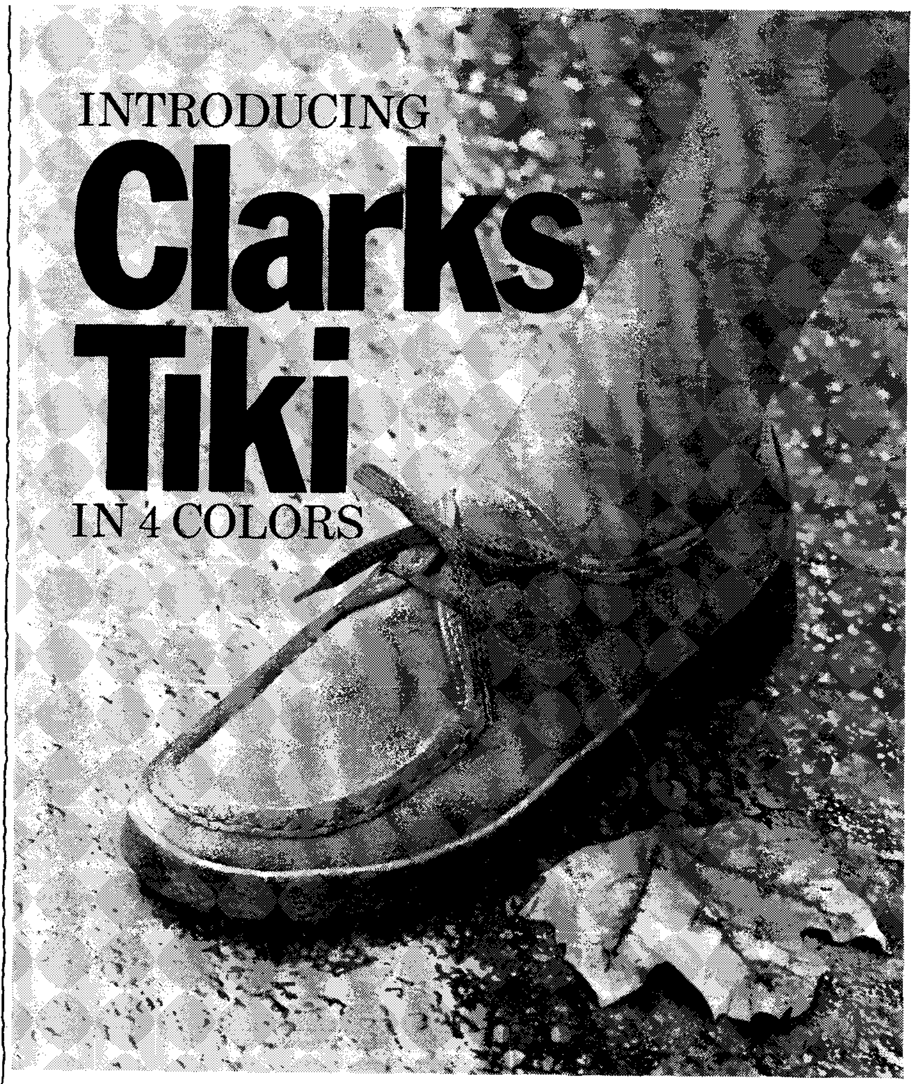
World War, of close to three and a half billion dollars dispensed through agencies that were largely beyond the control of the city's government. But he had the money to pay it mainly because of his control of an agency that was largely beyond the control of any government, federal, state, or city: the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority (as Triborough was called after its merger, in 1946, with the New York City Tunnel Authority). With the end of the war, and of gasoline and tire rationing, and with automobiles pouring off the assembly lines again, the volume of automobile traffic in New York soared. The authority's annual income had been seven million dollars in 1941; in 1951, with the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel's thirty-five-cents-per-car charge swelling the toll receipts, the authority's annual income was twenty-six million; in 1961, with the Throgs Neck Bridge open and operating, it was forty-three million; in 1967, with the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge open and operating at fifty cents per car, it was seventy million—a thousand per cent higher than it had been before the war. These receipts—less, of course, the relatively minor operating expenses and the interest payments—were capitalized through the issuance of revenue bonds. During the first fifteen years after the Second World War, Triborough provided Moses with more than three-quarters of a billion dollars to spend on public works in New York City. So during those years agencies controlled by Moses and largely independent of any supervision by the city's government spent on public works within the city close to four and a half billion dollars. The city's government—mayor, Board of Estimate, City Council—was able during that period to spend on public works a total of less than three and three-quarters billion dollars. Robert Moses spent on public works within the City of New York more—far more—than the city itself spent.

A significant aspect of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority revenue was the secrecy in which its spending could be cloaked. Federal and state expenditures were matters of public record, subject to public disclosure. But Triborough's—because Triborough was a public authority—were not. Therefore, it was safer to take money from Moses than from the city. A politician or a public official could accept a legal fee or insurance business from Triborough in the knowledge that no reporter or reformer would ever be able to discover that he had done so. In theory, the state or city comptroller could make the discovery, for the legislation that created Triborough and the Public Authorities Law authorized in-depth audits of its books by these two officials, but there was no precedent for any in-depth audit; only the most cursory had ever been undertaken. And there were reasons both practical and political to doubt whether one ever would. One was the very size of Triborough: auditing the authority would require a huge staff working for a long time (one estimate was fifty accountants working for a year), and no comptroller had that kind of manpower to spare, so the job would require a sizable appropriation from either the Board of Estimate or the State Legislature—and it was highly unlikely that members of the Board or the Legislature who had accepted fees from Triborough would appropriate money to open books that would have their own names in them. (The comptroller's party designation was irrelevant; members of both parties were in those books, so his audit would inevitably embarrass members of his own party.)

Edward N. Costikyan was a reform Democrat who suddenly found himself able to observe the machine as no other reformer had ever observed it—as its leader. New York's political convulsions of the nineteen-sixties catapulted him—to his own amazement and that of Tammany Hall—into the Hall's chairmanship and kept him there for more than two years. And Costikyan, upon descending from his unique vantage point, reported, "The magnet which attracts corrupters . . . the natural locus of corruption is *always* where the discretionary power resides." In New York City in the postwar era, the discretionary power resided principally in Robert Moses, and, like flies to a sugar bowl, the corrupters, the men who possessed influence over the city's political or governmental apparatus and were willing to sell that influence for money, were attracted to Moses, and to the seemingly bottomless sugar bowl whose lid only he could lift. And Moses did not send them away disappointed. Were Moses' projects free from political considerations, as he and the newspapers often asserted? Political considerations were in fact the basis—often the only basis—on which Moses dispensed his millions. With the power to distribute those millions according to any criteria he chose, during the entire postwar era he chose mainly a single criterion: how *much influence a man had, and how* willing he was to use that influence on Moses' behalf.

The distribution of the insurance on a single Moses slum-clearance project demonstrates the use of this criterion. During the mayoralty of Vincent R. Impellitteri, which lasted from 1950 to 1953, the insurance was handled by one of Impellitteri's backers, Robert Blaikie. No sooner had Impellitteri lost his bid for reëlection—to Robert F. Wagner, Jr., the hand-picked candidate of the Tammany boss, Carmine DeSapio—than Blaikie lost the insurance account to a broker associated with DeSapio. And so goes the over-all pattern of the distribution of Triborough's insurance—a pattern to be discerned only in records that the public has never seen. The authority's policies carried premiums of more than half a million dollars a year, which meant a yearly profit to brokers of more than a hundred thousand. And the brokers who received this profit had to do almost nothing in return for it; George E. Spargo, Triborough's general manager, noted in an internal Triborough memo that once "the big insurance"—the policies insuring Triborough's bridges and tunnels against collapse or destruction—had been placed with insurance companies, "little if any work on the part of the broker" was required. In 1954, almost twenty years after some of those policies were written, Spargo could say, "To my knowledge, the authority has spent millions of dollars on premiums and has never filed or collected a claim."

During the LaGuardia era, there was little political profit to be reaped through the sowing of such insurance policies. What there was was reaped through the Democratic machine, and some of Triborough's insurance was therefore given to a brokerage firm whose office was in midtown but whose connections were on Union Square. (The company's general practice was to parcel out its business, and the profits attached, to key Tammany figures.) But another major hunk of the insurance was given to the State Insurance Fund, without any brokers being involved, and still another was given to a broker with no political connections, for no other reason than that he had been an old Army buddy of Spargo's



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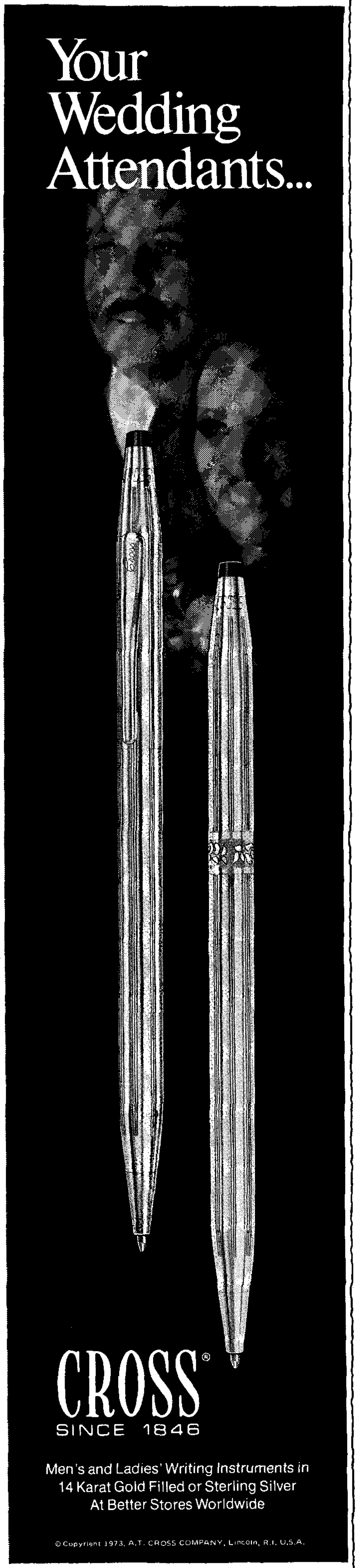

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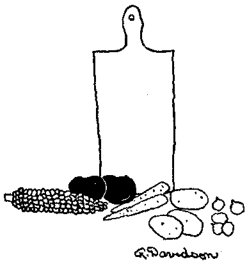
predecessor, Brigadier General Paul Loeser. With the machine back in power, all this changed. The Triborough insurance formerly handled by General Loeser's Army buddy and the State Insurance Fund was snatched away and given to a new broker. In a frank—frank because he believed it would remain secret forever—internal Triborough memo, Spargo gave a key reason for the choice of the new broker: "He was a friend of Tom Shanahan's." Shanahan was Tammany's chief behind-the-scenes financial manipulator for more than a decade, until 1958 or 1959. And as long as Shanahan remained in power, the insurance was left with Shanahan's friend. The midtown company was allowed to keep its share of the insurance, but a closer watch was instituted, to make sure that its farming out of business resulted in the maximum political influence for Triborough.

By 1954, Carmine DeSapio had solidified his control of Tammany, centralizing in himself more power than had been enjoyed by any boss since Charlie Murphy. He called the shots for the machine and, it sometimes seemed, for Wagner. Sometime in 1954 or 1955, DeSapio was invited to lunch at Moses' headquarters, the Triborough Authority building, on Randall's Island. On returning to his office that afternoon, he told a friend that he had found only two men present when he arrived—Moses and Spargo. And, so DeSapio told his friend, after mentioning that they knew he was connected with a certain insurance firm they offered that firm all of Triborough's insurance—the half million a year in premiums and one hundred thousand a year in profit. DeSapio told the friend that he turned the offer down. "He told me," the friend recalls, "that he was not prepared to exert the degree of influence over the administration and the Mayor that he felt would be required of him in return." That he was prepared to exert a lesser degree of influence is indicated by the fact that some Triborough insurance was given to a new broker, whom key Democrats considered close to the leader. Moses used insurance to make sure that his influence in the Legislature would be exerted not only indirectly, through the legislators controlled by DeSapio, but more directly, through at least one of a small group of leaders who really ran the Legislature—D. Mallory Stephens, a poor farm boy from Putnam County who in 1942 became chairman of the Assembly's Ways and Means Committee and a little while later began receiving Triborough insurance business. Stephens continually pressed Moses and Spargo for more business, telling them frankly that the influence he was using on their behalf entitled him to it, and no matter how much he was given he was never satisfied. So insistent did his demands become that in a secret memo in the early fifties Spargo told Moses, "The only way you can satisfy Mallory Stephens is to give him the business now handled by [Shanahan's friend]."



If many of the key Democratic politicians in New York City seemed organized now into a Retainer Regiment, it was Robert Moses who was leading the regiment out, in lockstep. Moses' fees did not come without strings. He was buying men's influence, and for each dollar he spent he made sure he received full value. The price was not demanded outright. Moses did not directly ask a recipient of one of his fees to return the favor by voting in the Legislature or the City Council for one of his proposals or by persuading legislators or councilmen to vote for the proposal. He did not ask a recipient directly for support of any kind. Asking would have placed both men in violation of the law and of various codes of ethics. And he neither performed any illegal act himself nor asked anyone else to perform one. Few of the recipients of Moses' fees were as blunt about the services they were expected to render in return as Mallory Stephens, who, on being asked late one night by his Albany suitemate, Reuben Lazarus, why he invariably supported Moses' legislation and opposed that backed by Austin Tobin, executive director of the Port Authority, replied, "Because Tobin doesn't give me anything." Moses did not operate by demanding a direct *quid pro quo*. Rather, it was a case of being on his team or not being on it. Politicians and officeholders who consistently supported his proposals were considered to be on the team, and men who were on the team were generally also on the payroll. The over-all record is very clear. When a mayor or a governor turned to a man on Moses' payroll for advice, often not knowing that the man was on that payroll, the advice given was invariably the advice that Moses wanted given. When a Moses proposal was before a city or state legislative body, legislators secretly on Moses' payroll, or controlled by men secretly on Moses' payroll, were generally the legislators pushing hardest for adoption of Moses' proposal. If Moses was buying influence, these men were peddling it.

In terms of money—the terms in which corruption is usually measured—Robert Moses was not himself corrupt. He was, in fact, as uninterested in obtaining money for himself as any public servant who has ever lived. In the politicians' phrase, he was "money honest." But in terms of power Moses was corrupt. Coveting it, he used money to get it. And because he had so much money (in his fields, far more than the city) and so much freedom in spending it (in his fields, far more than the city), within the city he became the locus of corruption—money corruption.

Consider his relationship with Tom Shanahan. In 1932, at the age of thirty, Shanahan became an officer of one of the youngest banks in the city, Federation Bank & Trust Company. He moved Federation into a field from which more conservative bankers shied: loans to construction contractors. The age of huge construction companies was still in the future; during the Depression, most of New York's contractors were small and broke. "Tom would take a contractor who didn't have the salary to pay his workers that week and back him," an associate has recalled. "He went on face value, and he very seldom went wrong." He backed Pete DiNapoli, head of Tully & DiNapoli (the story around Federation in later years was that when DiNapoli first came in to see Shanahan he had to borrow a nickel for carfare home to Queens), and the Slattery Contracting Company (which was better off, but barely), and a half-dozen others, who later made immense profits—and deposited those profits with Federation. By 1944, Federation had thirty million dollars in assets. And, increasingly, Federation's assets were Shanahan's assets. For years, he had been quietly buying up the bank's stock. When he was elected president of the bank, in 1944, he owned tens of thousands of shares.

It was not for principle but for profit that Shanahan entered politics. His dealings with contractors had shown him that their dependence on government contracts could be turned to personal financial advantage. The contractors owed him much; he transferred part of that debt to the Democratic

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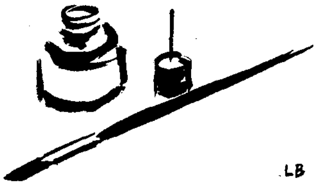
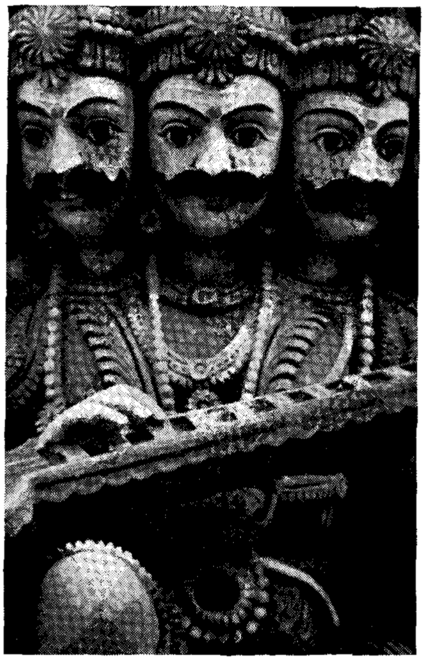
Party, raising so much money from them for the Party's 1941 mayoral candidate, William O'Dwyer, that when O'Dwyer decided to run again in 1945 he gave Shanahan a major role in the campaign. And soon after O'Dwyer was sworn in, a pattern in which politics and profit were intertwined began to emerge on Shanahan's loom: the contractors he had persuaded to contribute to the Democratic Party were being handed lucrative construction contracts by Democratic government officials and were depositing the profits from those contracts in his bank.



In 1948, when Shanahan was forty-five, O'Dwyer appointed him—with an absolute minimum of publicity—to the City Housing Authority. Memberships in the Housing Authority were "non-paying," but in Shanahan's case that adjective applied only to salary. Within a remarkably short time after he was sworn in, the word was out around town, not only among contractors but among architects, landscape architects, engineers, insurance brokers, and real-estate appraisers, that you had to "do business with Tom Shanahan"—do your banking at Shanahan's bank and give a portion of your anticipated profits to Shanahan, presumably for the Democratic Party—or forget about your chances of getting any work from the Housing Authority. And even after you had obtained a Housing Authority contract, the word had it, your business with Shanahan was not finished; when you submitted the bill for your work, further payoffs would be required, or somehow the bill would keep getting lost in the Housing Authority's files. The banker quickly became, in the words of one reform Democrat, "one of the most notorious boodle boys around town."

Little publicity attended Shanahan's rise in banking and less his rise in politics. For years, there was scarcely a mention of his name in political stories in New York newspapers; there is no mention of it at all in "Tigers of Tammany," by Alfred Connable and Edward Silberfarb, the supposedly definitive history of Tammany Hall. But for more than a decade Shanahan was Tammany's moneyman—the man who, more than any other, greased the wheels of the machine. He was the hub of political payoffs and influence peddling in New York. And for most of that time he was Robert Moses' closest associate in the city's government. The fees to Shanahan's bank for banking services—fees for acting as paying agent for Triborough bonds, for example, which required little work and which other banks would have liked to have but had no opportunity to bid for—amounted to tens of thousands of dollars on a single issue of Triborough bonds. But these were minor items. The payoffs that really mattered in the Moses-Shanahan relationship were figured not in thousands of dollars but in millions. In 1948, Triborough deposited fifteen million dollars in the Federation Bank & Trust Company—which at the time had assets of only thirty-nine million dollars—thereby increasing the bank's capital assets by nearly forty per cent at a single stroke. Some of this money, moreover, was placed in accounts on which Federation paid no interest, so the bank had the use of the money—to lend out and earn interest—without paying a cent for it. And it was left in those accounts for the entire decade that Shanahan remained in power. In the fifties, on Moses' order, Triborough shipped to Federation $48,963,000 in authority-owned investment securities—a violation of every prudent business principle, because at the time it did so the bank did not have resources sufficient to cover that amount if the securities were lost.

Moses placed at Shanahan's disposal not only his money but his power, which Shanahan used to make more money. During his first five years on the Housing Authority, Shanahan, with the help of two men who had been appointed to the five-member authority on Moses' recommendation—the chairman, Philip J. Cruise, and William Wilson—dispensed certain authority contracts as he wished. Naming Shanahan vice-chairman of the Mayor's Slum Clearance Committee in 1955, Moses delegated to him virtually absolute power over certain of its projects. Shanahan used his vice-chairmanship as a lever to force prospective slum-clearance sponsors to do business with him. "A part of my deal was that I had to do my banking at Shanahan's bank," one subsequently related. Federation's assets, already on the climb, began to climb faster: between 1948, the year in which its president was appointed to the Housing Authority, and 1958, the year in which he resigned from the post, they increased from thirty-nine million to a hundred and sixty-four million. Shanahan, already a millionaire, became much richer; at



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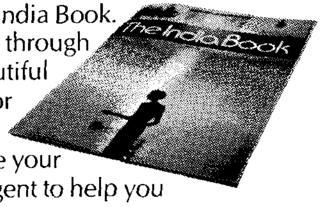

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the time of his death, in 1963, his holdings in Federation stock figured in the millions of dollars.

And while Moses put his vast reserves of money and power at Shanahan's disposal, Shanahan put his vast reserves of influence at Moses'. The banker was interested in who got Housing Authority and urban-renewal contracts; unconcerned with the aims and principles of government, he wasn't interested in where Housing Authority and urban-renewal projects were situated, why they were situated there, or how they were built—the factors that interested Moses. The banker ran the Housing Authority for Moses. The Housing Authority projects built were the projects Moses wanted built—on the sites where Moses wanted them built, to the specifications Moses desired. In 1953, when Shanahan's term expired, Moses wrote Mayor Impellitteri, "It [is] of the greatest importance" that "Tom" be reappointed. It was—to him. The influence that Shanahan exercised for Moses was not limited to Housing Authority and urban-renewal projects. Time and time again when the city's government officials were divided on proposals made by Moses, the banker's power helped tip the scales in Moses' favor.

MOSES did not extend his field of force only over individuals, of course.

One cannot dip a toe into the waters of New York politics without sensing somewhere deep beneath the surface the presence of an enormous force, a power unseen but immense: the power of banks. Banks control the dispensing of huge amounts of title insurance, and they can dispense it to politicians. The activities of banks generate huge amounts of legal work, and they can dispense the least onerous and most lucrative aspects of that work—local real-estate closings, for example—to politicians. A bank can give a politician a fortune in a number of ways—by electing him to its board of directors, which gives him inside financial information; by letting him buy bank stock at favorable prices; by giving him an unsecured, low-interest loan, which allows him to make investments without risking his own money. The acceptance of these and other favors puts a politician in a bank's debt. Some political analysts speak of the influence of New York's banks as influence exerted almost entirely on the Republican Party, but anyone who believes that believes that it is only Republicans who are interested in money. The power of the great

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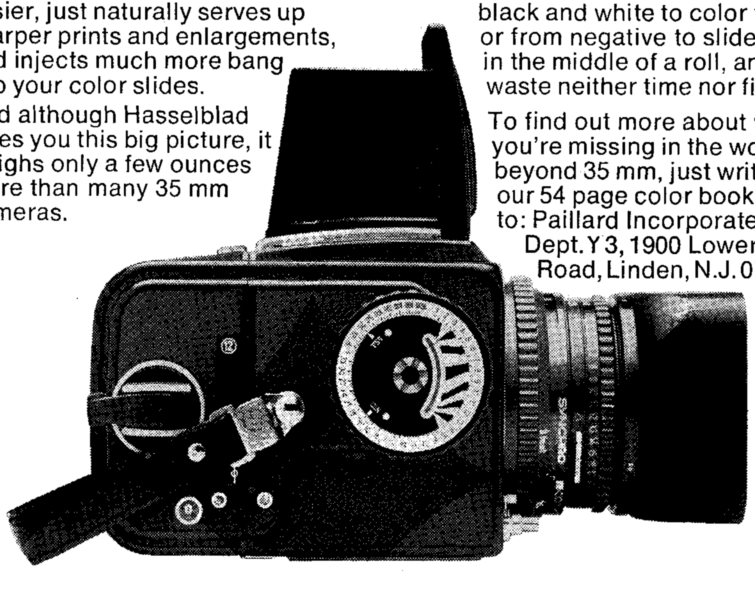

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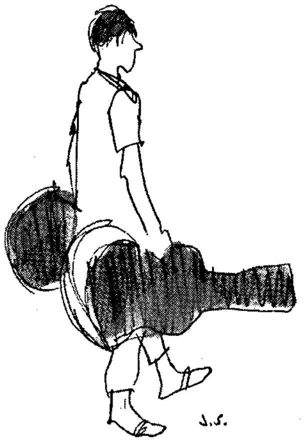
banks of New York crosses party as well as county lines. Within the over-all political structure of New York—city and state—it is pervasive and immense. And Moses enlisted it behind his aims.

Banks themselves have one aim: making money. Moses made sure that their aim and his coincided. He made sure that banks would make money—quick money, easy money, safe money—from his public works. Revenue bonds, which were the key to his authorities' existence and power, were also the key to the alliance. Of all possible investments legal for banks, public-authority bonds were the most desirable. In selecting investments, bankers had three objects: to keep their money safe, to make as much money as possible with it, and to keep the money they made. Keeping money meant, in postwar America, tax exemption. Corporate bonds were dependent upon corporate profits, which were much more risky than bridge tolls. The yield of such bonds was higher—in 1971, in the neighborhood of eight per cent—but because banks had to pay half of their profits to the government in taxes, in terms of money kept the yield of a corporate bond would be only about four per cent. So tax-exempt authority bonds assured both greater safety and a higher return than corporate bonds. United States government bonds were as safe as authority bonds, and their yield was as high, but that yield was subject to federal taxes, so their net yield was lower. State and municipal bonds, which were exempt from taxes, had about the same net yield as authority bonds, but in the view of the hard-eyed men on Wall Street they were not as safe. Higher-yielding than any other safe investment—higher-yielding, in fact, than most *risky* investments; higher-yielding, even, than those riskiest of investments, personal loans—a public-authority bond was simply the best investment a bank could make. By far. A high return on the banks' money was already assured by the tax-exempt status of authority bonds. But Moses provided a still higher return. The interest rates on his bonds were higher than they needed to be to attract buyers—so much higher that over the life of a single bond issue bondholders would receive tens of millions of dollars more than they would gladly have settled for.



And favored bankers didn't have to wait for years to make money on Moses' bonds. He enabled them to make money in a single day. Banks make quick profits on bonds through underwriting—a procedure in which they agree to purchase bonds from the issuing agency in the hope of reselling at a profit those they can't afford themselves. In the case of Triborough's bonds, of course, "hope" was an inaccurate term. No matter what the state of the market, every postwar Triborough bond issue was sold out—with many buyers still clamoring for them—within twenty-four hours after the underwriting banks offered them for sale. In the case of Triborough's bonds, therefore, the underwriters' "risk"—the possibility that the bonds couldn't be sold—was negligible. And Moses made sure that the underwriters' profits would be huge. He allowed the Verrazano underwriting syndicate, for example, to purchase three hundred million dollars' worth of bonds from Triborough for $295,760,851, and these bonds were sold—on the same day they were issued—for $300,570,851. Thus, the syndicate reaped a one-day profit of almost five million dollars.

Moses' generosity to banks had to be paid for out of the pockets of New York's motorists, of course. If bondholders received tens of millions of dollars extra in interest, users of Triborough's facilities would have to pay tens of millions of dollars extra in tolls. But Moses wasn't concerned with the cost to the public. His concern was to enlist in his cause the banks that could use their power to push behind-the-scenes political leaders, state legislators, city councilmen, borough presidents, mayors, and governors into approving a public work that they might otherwise not approve. Open bidding would have defeated this purpose. Banks would not push hard for a public work if they knew that after it was approved they would have to bid against other banks for its bonds and might not get them. Banks would push hard only if they knew before the work was approved that they would profit from it. So Moses let them know. He inserted in the acts creating his authorities a phrase that per-

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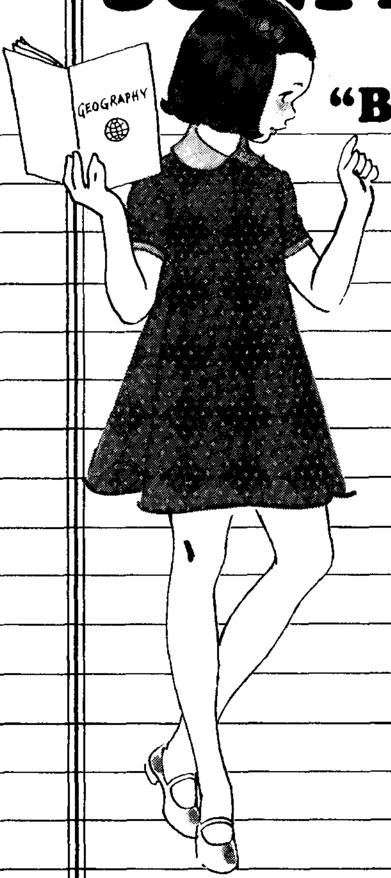
mitted them to sell their bonds either at "public or private sale," and, of course, he invariably selected private sale.

It wasn't just bankers' grays that Robert Moses had marching behind him; it was blue collars and hard hats, too. Contemning workingmen and their organizations, and desiring to drive men, to hire and fire them as he pleased, to hold their economic fate at his mercy, he had naturally contemned labor unions in the thirties; let her invoke whatever laws she chose, he had told Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins then, no union bricklayer would ever work at Jones Beach. But by the postwar forties labor unions had acquired vast power in New York. Their membership, which ran to a million plus, formed the base of the Democratic Party's popular support, and their campaign contributions—contributions not only of money but of manpower to perform the vital doorbell-ringing and Election Day transportation services once performed by ward heelers—were indispensable. In Moses' fields of operation, the key union figures, Harry Van Arsdale, president of the city's Central Labor Council, and Peter J. Brennan, president of the Building and Construction Trades Council (later President Nixon's Secretary of Labor), had substantial power to influence government. Moses' contempt for workingmen and the unions that represented them had not changed, but emotions like contempt had long since been subordinated to the desire for power; invited to lunch at Randall's Island, Van and Pete, as their host was soon calling them, found themselves the object of Moses' easy, gracious charm.

Moses and the unions had a fundamental identity of interest. The hunger that drove the construction workers could be satisfied only by the satisfaction of the hunger that drove Moses. Postwar pay in the construction industry was good, but construction workers are paid only when they work. And it takes a lot of construction to keep two hundred and fifty-five thousand construction men working in the city. When there is no work, construction workers blame their union officials, so the incumbent leaders are constantly worrying about where next year's work, and the next year's, and the next, is going to come from. Thinking as they must in terms of employment for tens of thousands of men, they think only peripherally of private construction projects. Putting up even the largest private office building will require the labor of only a few hundred men for a year



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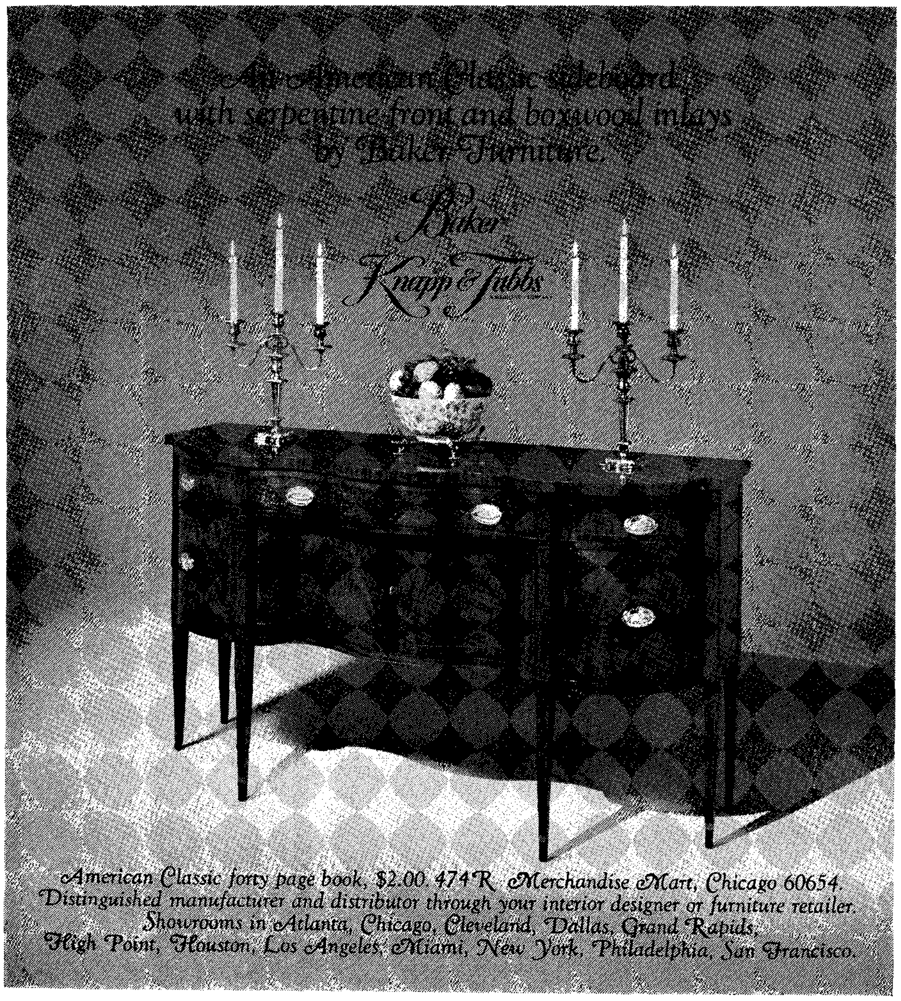

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or so. And, besides, union leaders have little, if any, influence over private construction. But the construction of a large public work—a suspension bridge or a highway—will require thousands of workers for substantial periods of time. The Verrazano-Narrows Bridge—just the bridge proper, apart from its access roads—employed a daily average of twelve hundred men for five years. And union leaders, thanks to their political muscle, have vast influence over public construction. Union leaders, therefore, are constantly pressing for the scheduling of new public works. When employment is low, they press for immediate groundbreaking for new projects. When employment is high, even when employment is full—even, in fact, when employment appears likely to be full for some years to come—they press, having learned how long a "lead time" a large-scale public work requires, for *planning, scheduling, and the letting of* contracts. It was just as important to the union leaders as it was to Moses that government accomplish, build, Get Things Done, on a big scale.

The city government *couldn't* build on that scale. It couldn't afford it. Neither, in general, could the state. And those projects that the city or state did decide to build were constantly being delayed by the red tape of bureaucrats and by what the Van Arsdales and Brennans regarded as the timidity of public officials—men they saw as so "scared" of offending voters that *they* listened to "the nuts, the protesters" instead of "pushing ahead" with the laying of concrete and the erection of steel that meant "progress." Only Moses and the Port Authority and the federal government had the financial resources to build on the desired scale. And the Van Arsdales and Brennans knew that Moses, as city construction coördinator, controlled the flow of federal funds into the city, and that for almost a decade after the war he possessed enough power so that the Port Authority needed his O.K. on most major projects within the city. And the Van Arsdales and Brennans were impressed not only by his money but by his will. "When he got mad, he was a raving maniac," Brennan says. "I've seen him say to an employee of his, 'Now, God damn it, you get this done or don't come back'—like, you know, he'd stare at you and he'd raise the arms . . ." Brennan and Van Arsdale loved that. In him they found—and, at their very first meeting at Randall's Island, recognized—a man who understood what was really important.

The contractors recognized the same thing. Their down-to-earth speech grew almost lyrical when they talked of Robert Moses. They thought of themselves as builders, and they thought of him as the greatest builder of all. One had only to sit under the chandelier of the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria at an annual dinner of the Building Trades Employers Association, a dinner at which, even in mod 1968, it was difficult to find a single shirt that wasn't white (or a single face), to see that to these men he was a hero, and to see also the frame of reference that made him a hero. One had only to watch the packed ballroom, *not previously* stirred to enthusiasm by anything except the rendition of the national anthem, rise, table by table of burly, white-haired, red-faced men, applauding furiously, after short, squat Roger Corbetta, a bull in black tie, introducing the guest of honor, said, "This great master builder . . . Hundreds of millions of dollars have been poured into the construction business by this great dirt-mover, as he likes to be called. . . . Two power projects . . . One *billion* three hundred million dollars . . . A great man, a great builder, a man of history . . . serving the public for years: the Honorable Robert Moses." One had only to watch them rise and cheer again, time after time, as the guest of honor, graceful and poised and easy in his dinner jacket, his presence filling the dais even at seventy-nine, delivered, in a harsh, nasal monotone, his diatribe against "crackpots" who opposed "progress."

They admired—idolized—him, and they also needed him, urgently and continuously. They had built up big organizations, and big organizations mean big overhead. They had acquired vast amounts of heavy earthmoving and construction equipment—equipment so expensive that the purchase price was often borrowed from banks, with the equipment itself as collateral, so that, in effect, there was on each earthmover and crane a mortgage, on which a payment had to be met every month. New York's big contracting combines needed to keep working, and they needed to keep working on big projects. Moses controlled such projects. If his favor had made these contractors, they knew, his disfavor could break them. So he controlled them, and he controlled their political contributions.

THE power that Moses could mobilize behind his plans for the city was evident in his relationship with the city's five borough presidents—the officials through whom the city's five Democratic county organizations had for decades exercised much of their political influence—and in his relationship with the Board of Estimate, on which they sat, and which was supposed to be the heart of the city's legislative system. The borough presidents were traditionally the keystone of the system by which the county machines held power; the five borough halls over which they presided were storehouses of the public-works contracts and individual jobs that during those decades could be translated into political power. With a few exceptions—most notably parks and parkways, which had been turned over to Moses by the Legislature in 1934—each borough president controlled every public work in his borough, from bridge to catch basin. In addition to being able to tell contractors whom to hire, borough presidents had direct appointive power over hundreds of laborers' jobs and hundreds of administrative and bureaucratic positions as well. The county machines were embedded in the community. On Primary Day, Democratic voters would find on the ballot the names of neighbors, for four or five county committeemen would be elected from each election district, and a district might be no larger than a single heavily populated city block; in Tammany's heyday, there were more than thirty thousand Democratic county committeemen in the City of New York. One of the committeemen from the district would be named district captain. At a meeting in the local clubhouse, he and other captains would elect a district leader. The district leader would, in turn, elect the county leader—an Ed Flynn or Frank Kelly or Jim Roe. This system was, of course, hardly the democratic pyramid it appeared to be. The county leader at its top could, for example, employ his power to force the district captains to elect the district leader

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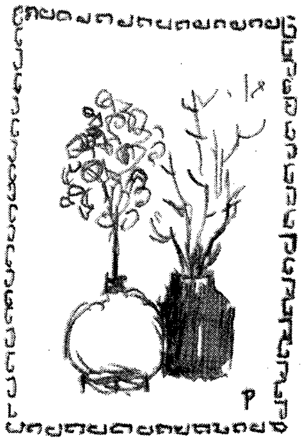
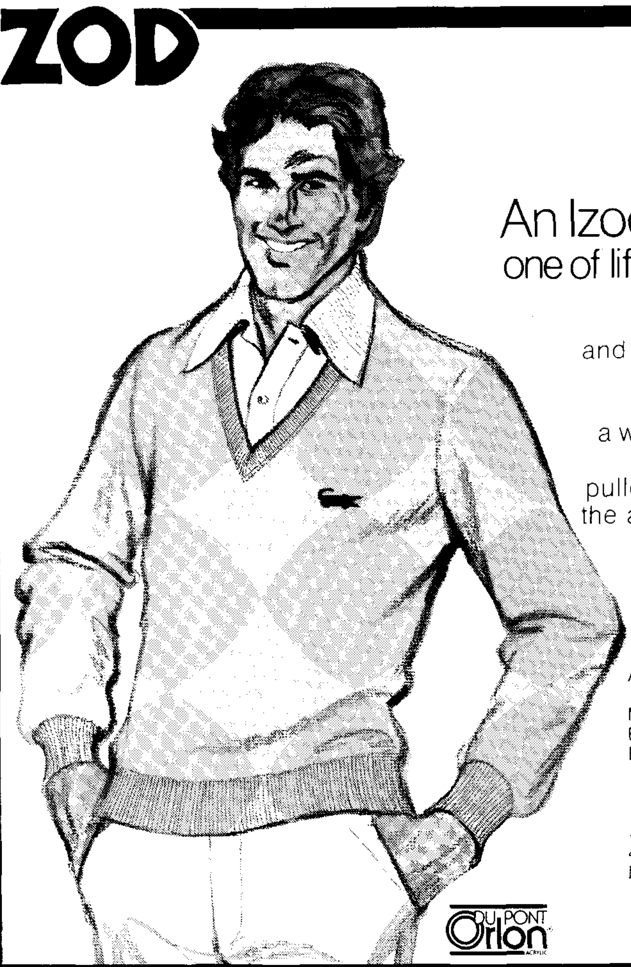
he wanted; that is, power ran downhill as well as up. The democratic shape of the pyramid was further distorted by the fact that a principal ingredient in the mortar that held it together was graft. But there *was* a pyramid, and its base *was* the people. And, through the hierarchy of county committeeman, district captain, district leader, county leader, and borough president, the people's voice *was* heard—even in public-works matters. The district captain had to produce votes in his district to keep his job, so he not only had to do small favors for voters—obtain jobs or loans for them, intercede with a grocer who had cut off their credit—but also had to be his district's champion at City Hall: to be able to obtain a neighborhood playground and see that it was situated where the neighborhood wanted it, or to kill a plan to run a highway through the neighborhood. The district leader who wanted to remain a district leader had to be responsive to his people, and he had to be willing to fight for them—and to be able to win. The borough presidents, the titular heads of the county machines, placed in their jobs by the county bosses and relying for their support on those bosses and on the district leaders, had to be just as responsive to the people. Other pressures—private, subtle, and strong—were, of course, always working upon them. But the pressure of public opinion was at least as strong as any of the others, and far stronger than most.



For two reasons—a desire for increased efficiency in city government (which backfired) and a desire to curb the powers of the corrupt machines—the reformer-drafted city charter of 1936 shifted the responsibility for many municipal services, notably street-cleaning and construction and operation of public buildings, from the borough presidents to centralized city departments reporting to the mayor. This shift dealt a body blow to the small contractors who had played a vital role in providing the jobs and campaign contributions that the machine needed. "All at once," says Charles Rodriguez, a former deputy borough president of the Bronx, "the individual contracts, per-diem employees, snow-removal jobs that had been a source of strength were gone." As for major public works, the borough presidents' authority was eroded by the charter and by the new scale of construction made possible by the entrance of the federal government into the field; under the W.P.A. and P.W.A., the emphasis shifted continually away from the block to the neighborhood, from the neighborhood to the borough, from the borough to the city. Because the federal programs were so big, they were administered on a citywide basis, and federal officials were predisposed to select as the local administrators of such programs officials who represented the whole city rather than one of its segments. In New York, this predisposition was reinforced by the Roosevelt-LaGuardia alliance, which resulted in the funnelling of all federal public-works contracts through City Hall instead of the borough presidents' offices. Handling the new scale of construction demanded a new breed of contractor—industrial giants with enough financial resources to fulfill cities' bonding requirements and enough technical expertise to handle previously unprecedented engineering, architectural, and construction problems. And since such corporations received their contracts through City Hall, not a borough hall, they gave their campaign contributions to City Hall, not a borough hall, and hired outside architects, engineers, and bonding firms that City Hall recommended. The 1961 charter transferred most of what remained of the borough halls' power over public works to the mayor, so that the borough presidents no longer had charge even of the signs that identified their streets or the sewers that ran beneath them. The borough presidents' access to individual jobs was limited still further by charter revisions that step by step pared away the number of administrative jobs over which they had direct appointive power. The borough presidents found it increasingly difficult—and, in the postwar era, impossible—to give satisfaction to their constituencies. They could not provide jobs for individuals, could not give work to local architects or engineers, could not oversee the dispensing of orders to local businessmen or of policies to local insurance brokers and bonding firms.

In theory—the theory of government in New York that political scientists, to judge by their writings, adhered to—the borough presidents, by sitting ex officio on the Board of Estimate, possessed (at least until the charter revisions of 1961) substantial legislative as well as administrative powers: the power to control the city's departments and agencies by approving or disapproving every single agency expenditure; the power to control city employees by authorizing or refusing to authorize their hiring and their individual salaries; the power to make any changes they wished in the mayor's executive budget; and all "residual powers" not specifically delegated to the mayor, the City Council, or the Planning Commission. The most detailed and comprehensive analysis of the city's government ever written—"Governing New York City," by Professors Wallace S. Sayre, of Columbia, and Herbert Kaufman, of Yale—concludes that "on the chessboard of the city's politics, the Mayor may be king, but the Board of Estimate is queen . . . the single most powerful participant in the distribution of the stakes of city politics." Over public works, which did so much to give a city its permanent shape and to mold the lives of its inhabitants, the Board's powers were, on paper, particularly strong. And the votes on the Board jointly controlled by the borough presidents enabled them, if they stuck together and cast the votes as a bloc, to prevent the Board from acting without their consent on any of the many public-works decisions that required a two-thirds or three-fourths majority. They did stick together, under an informal agreement that none of them would vote for a public work unless the president of the borough in which it was to be situated approved. So absolutely did they honor this agreement, year after year and decade after decade, that the pledge, which the borough presidents themselves called "borough courtesy," became known to frustrated agency administrators as "the unwritten law."

But new realities in public works made the borough presidents' legislative powers as meaningless as their administrative powers. One new reality was the wealth of Moses' public authorities and the fact that the Board of Estimate had no control over either the source or the expenditure of that wealth. The Board's control over conventional city agencies rested ultimately on the fact that those agencies had no money except what the Board chose to give them, and that the Board could dole it out to them item by item, scrutinizing every line in an agency's budg-



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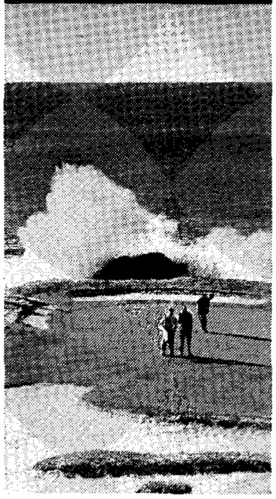

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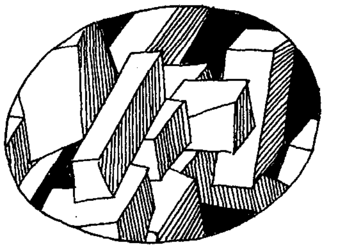
ct request. But Moses' authorities had an independent income. They didn't need the city's money, and therefore they didn't need the city's approval in spending money. Another new reality was the poverty of the city's government, which was both absolute (LaGuardia's worst nightmares paled before the realities of New York's postwar finances) and relative—relative to the new needs created by the city's growth and by the fact that the growth consisted of an inpouring of impoverished immigrants in need of more help than the city was accustomed to give, and relative to the new needs of the county Democratic organizations that controlled its politics. The city simply did not have the money to build public works on the scale now required by the public—or by the greed of the political machines. But Moses' authorities—the authorities, and the state and federal governments, whose expenditures in the city he controlled—had the money. The borough presidents, through their seats on the Board of Estimate, had power—power to withhold street-opening permits, for example—which could stop authorities from building. But since the 1936 charter the borough presidents did not have the power to build substantial public works themselves. Their power was negative only. They could not provide what the people—and the county machines on which their own careers depended—were demanding. They became, in Rodriguez' words, "incapable of giving political satisfaction to their clientele." The old system by which they had lived was dead. In its place was a vacuum.

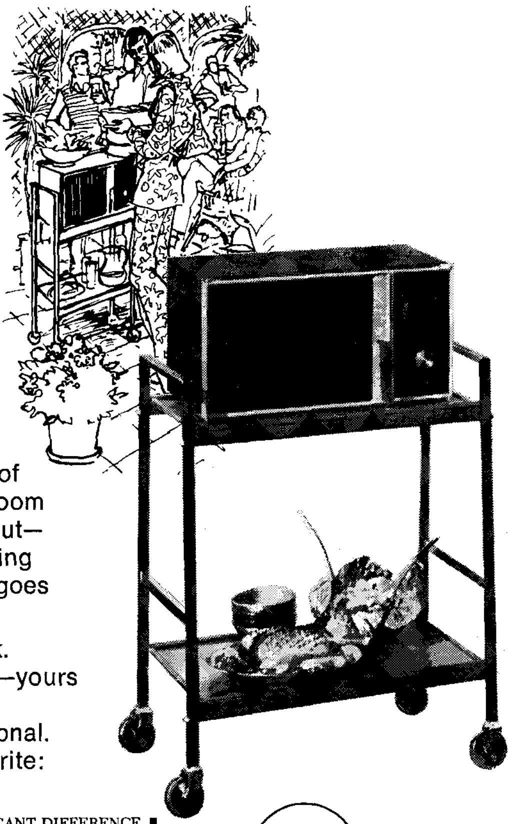
And into this vacuum stepped Robert Moses. To a borough president agonizing because he could see no way of solving his borough's traffic or housing problem, or of providing the jobs that his local unions wanted or the contracts, insurance, and "coincidences" of honest graft that his county organization wanted, the Coördinator would suddenly appear bearing wondrous gifts. He would present to the borough president a proposal for a highway or an urban-renewal development that would "solve" the problems. He could assure him that the financing was all arranged—that the Bureau of Public Roads or the Federal Housing Administration or the Department of Public Works had agreed to provide it as soon as he requested it. When the borough president asked how long it would take to draw up the plans, Moses could tell him that they were already drawn up, and that the project was awaiting only one thing: his O.K. The borough president could see that the proposal would provide, at one swoop, jobs, contracts, and architectural and engineering fees. Knowing Moses' reputation as a man above politics, he might wonder who would be getting the contracts, jobs, and insurance. But he would soon become aware—if not from Moses himself, then from Stuart (Mustache) Constable, executive officer of the Parks Department, or clever little George Spargo—that, reputation or not, the jobs, contracts, and insurance would go where the borough president wanted them to go. And if he inquired among politicians who had previously worked with Moses, he would also be told—not in so many words, perhaps, for such things were not discussed flat out, but in enough words to get the idea across—that Moses was, as J. Russel Sprague, the Republican boss of Nassau County, had commented many years before, "a practical guy, a guy you can talk to": a guy who, in other words, would have no objection if friends of the borough president began buying up quickly, before even a word of the proposal had leaked to the papers, the land that would have to be condemned; a guy who would accept the borough president's recommendations on who should get the contracts. "What he was doing was giving them a package," Rodriguez says. "He was giving them a finished product. If a borough president accepted the proposal, there would be a resolution of every demand." And when the county organization gave its annual dinner, the borough president would be able to look down from the dais and see that all the tables were filled, and the dinner advertising journal lying beside his plate would be satisfyingly thick. What Moses was doing, of course, was creating a new system, which revolved around him, and substituting his public works for the traditional means whereby political machines existed and grew fat. Whether the politicians he was dealing with understood this or not is doubtful. "But," Rodriguez says, "they knew it was an advantage." They may have simply seen it as a "package," but they knew it was an attractive package.



It was even more attractive because

it would be popular with the public. “There was nothing in the public mind that was unpopular about Moses’ performance then,” Rodriguez says. “He was a giant.” There would be a satisfaction not only of the demands by the unions for jobs and by the contractors for contracts but of the demands by the press and the public for action. The borough president “would be able to go back to his community as an accomplisher of really big things.” And, perhaps just as important, he would know that when the time came—during a campaign or at the end of a career, or over a Thanksgiving-dinner table, with his grandchildren sitting listening—for summing up his accomplishments in life, for telling what he had done for his borough, he could say that during his administration this great road had been built.

There was, of course, a price on the package. The price was that if you wanted it, you had to take it as it came. You couldn’t ask for even the smallest alteration. The borough president knew his borough better than Moses or Moses’ engineers did. He knew its people, and where they went to shop, to worship, to play, to walk in the evening. He knew the neighborhoods in which they lived. Therefore, he might know that putting a highway where Moses wanted it would isolate a neighborhood from its shopping area or its churches, while a route just two blocks away would neatly divide two neighborhoods that had little social intercourse anyhow. Moses didn’t know, and he didn’t care to learn. He would not even discuss such considerations. He would allow no analysis of community feelings, of planning considerations—no discussion of alternative routes based on such considerations. There could be no discussion of the worth of a citywide program as a whole, or of whether your borough might have greater need for other projects—schools, perhaps, or health clinics, or neighborhood public libraries—and whether those should be built first. What happened when a borough president sought to raise such considerations is described by an official who spent many years working for one who occasionally did: “All Moses had to do was push a button and the phone calls and telegrams would pour in: you were holding up work, you were holding up progress. ‘We need jobs—do you have any other jobs to offer us? Have you got a better idea for solving the transportation problem? Where is the money gonna come from? You’re holding up progress.’ Let me tell you—until



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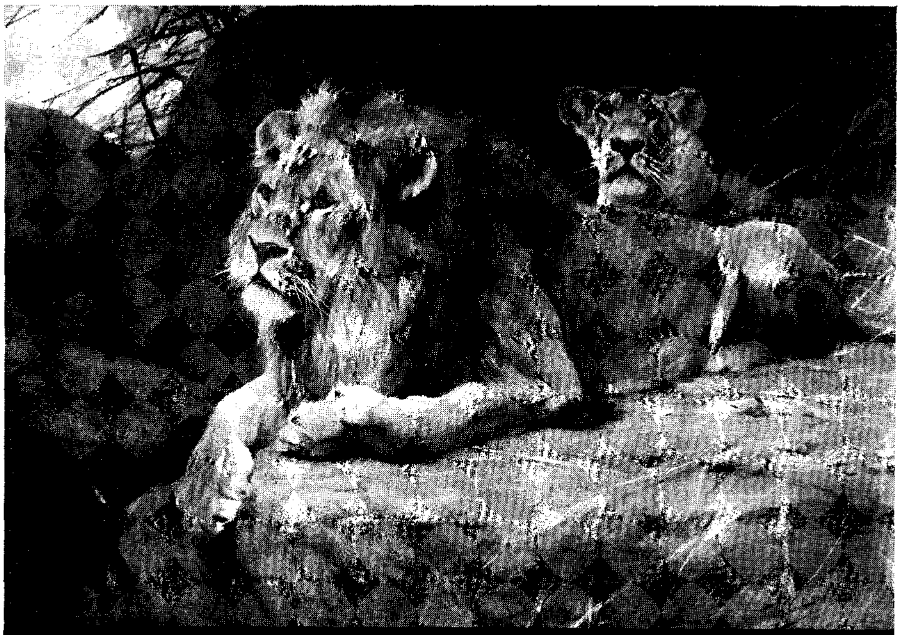

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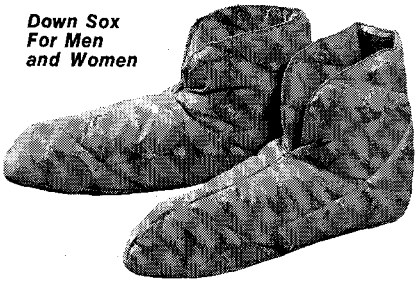

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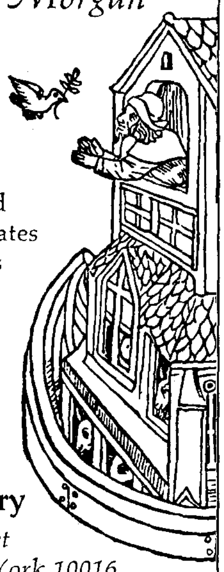

you've sat on the other end of those phone calls for a while, you have no idea how hard it is to stand in the way of 'progress.' "

When, as occasionally happened, a borough president persisted in raising such considerations, Moses used the power of money to discipline him—so effectively that he was not likely to try it again. In late 1952, for example, a dispute arose over a proposed elevated expressway along Bruckner Boulevard. It was to cost twenty-three million dollars. Triborough would pay. Bruckner Boulevard, drawing customers from the residents of pleasant neighborhoods nearby, was one of the most thriving commercial areas in the Bronx. Businessmen who owned stores along it were aghast. It had been proved that elevated structures brought ineradicable blight to the streets along which they ran; the city had been tearing down its ancient elevated railway lines for that very reason. Could not the expressway be built below the surface of the boulevard—in a tunnel, preferably, or, if this was too expensive, in an open cut? There might be some additional cost, but surely it would be worth something to avoid the destruction of the most thriving area in the borough. At least, should not the below-surface solution be *considered*? Under intense pressure from the merchants, who together constituted a formidable lobbying bloc, Bronx Borough President James J. Lyons made the mistake of insisting that Moses consider the alternative plan. Moses' response was to call in reporters and announce that he was reallocating three million dollars of the twenty-three million for a highway project in Manhattan, ten million for a highway project in Queens, and the remaining ten million for a highway project in Brooklyn. (The Brooklyn project, ironically, was the widening of Third Avenue beneath another Moses elevated highway, the Gowanus Expressway, which had destroyed another pleasant neighborhood without alleviating any problems; Moses wanted to widen Third Avenue now because traffic along it was worse than ever.) During the very next battle—over the route of the Cross-Bronx Expressway—Moses remarked in a letter to Mayor Impellitteri (which was released to the press) that "in recent months, Borough President Lyons lost some twenty million dollars" for the Bronx. And, Moses added, "precisely the same thing" would happen with the Cross-Bronx Expressway if Mr. Lyons didn't change his tactics. Lyons,

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red-faced and sweating beneath his plastered-down, shiny black hair, changed them in the very next Board of Estimate executive session. Although he had been delaying approval of the expressway because of local protests, and promising consideration of alternative routes, he approved the route Moses wanted. And he never again, during his eight remaining years on the Board, seriously questioned any Moses proposal.

New York's old political system, the system under which the borough presidents were key figures, had never been even close to truly democratic. The ideal one-to-one equation between the people's will and the government's action had been distorted, by the addition of graft, corruption, and other factors, long before Moses came to power. But, imperfect as that equation may have been, the factor of the public will was never insignificant within it. The borough presidents and the other elected officials who exercised power under it had been kept in power only by the public's votes, and they had therefore been responsible and responsive to the public. But Moses was not responsible to the public. Its votes had not put him in office, and its votes could not remove him from office. He despised its opinion. The considerations that he took into account were the considerations that mattered to him personally: the project, in and for itself; the engineering considerations that would Get It Done the fastest and cheapest way; and the economic considerations that mattered to the forces he was using to impose his will on the city. By giving the leaders of these economic forces—the bankers, the union leaders, the politicians—what they wanted, he did not have to give the people what *they* wanted. The old system, imperfect as it was, had been responsive to the public. The new system—Moses' system—was not. In the postwar era, many forces were coming together to destroy democratic processes in New York. But he was the most important force of all. —ROBERT A. CARO

(This is the third of four articles about Robert Moses and the uses of political power in New York.)

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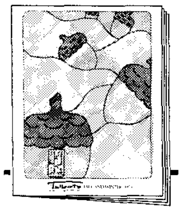

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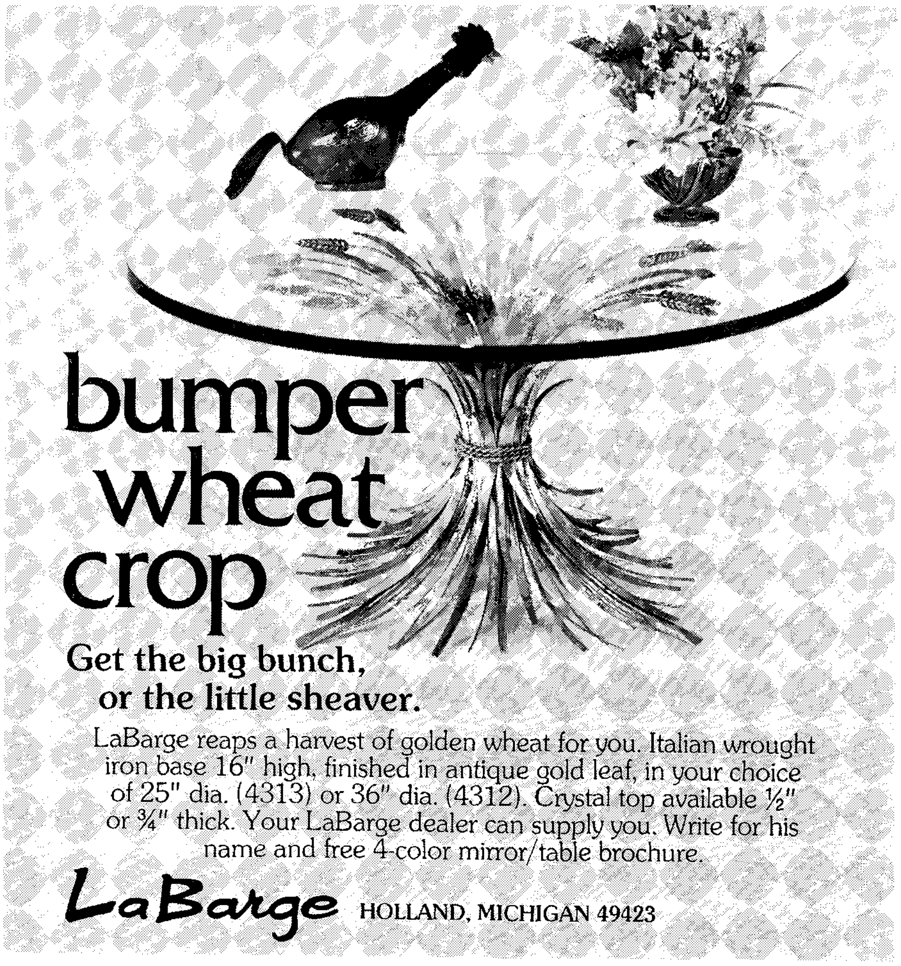

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Finding Ham in "Hamlet"

Claude Chabrol's "Ophélia" (made in 1962 but only now seen publicly in New York) is about a young man whose mother marries his dead father's brother. The hero, played by André Jocelyn, is struck on the head, as who wouldn't be, by the literary parallels of his situation, and the story of Hamlet swiftly takes over his life. He convinces himself that his mother, Claudia (played by the beautiful, twitch-mouthed Alida Valli), and his new stepfather, Adrien (Claude Cerval), a nervy factory owner intimidated by a strike, conspired to murder his father, though no ghost appears in support of his grandiose academic dream. He even finds a jocular gravedigger; dubs a surprised, forelock-pulling employee Polonius; and insists that a nice, firmly grounded girl named Lucie (Juliette Mayniel) is named Ophélia, a mistake that she keeps trying to put right, with no luck. His own likeness to the agile genius of Shakespeare's tragedy is small. This false Hamlet, named Yvan, is a strutting, paunchy fool, pigeon-toed and with something worryingly faint about his eyebrows. There are no lines on his face, which is smoothed by the proud calm of the egotist and untouched by Hamlet's intellect. Lacking insight and distress, the self-cast tragic hero concocts them. When he realizes that the name of his village—Erneles—is a near anagram for the French for Elsinore (Elseneur), he knows what to do. He arranges a film-within-the-film devised to catch out the innocents, whom he has cast as Gertrude and Claudius.

His mother and his uncle do indeed have the look of guilt. It is heavily implied that his new stepfather has been dishonorable as a tycoon. He looks fat with magnate's wiles and trickery, and his face bears the expression of mixed fear and arrogance which one associates with the trumpery sins of the moneyed. In a typical Chabrol moment of chill, he dies with the words "My son" on his lips, thus trying to bind Yvan to him in a tycoon blood relationship. Claudia even has a closet scene with him, which underlines his right to accuse her of "incest and murder." She denies neither. She merely calls him a monster. From what we see of things as Yvan sees them, his suspicions are as justified as Hamlet's: a flaw in a film that proposes itself as a comical-tragical story of a fake Hamlet lost in self-delusion and wandering through the damp castles and turrets of an insufficient mind muttering fogged imprecations.

"Hamlet" without the Prince is acknowledged to be impossible. This is "Hamlet" without the pain. Yvan-Hamlet—roaring at rooks, strolling head-in-air through fields, making faces at himself in the looking glass—sums up the type of the actorish actor in a way that makes him the most intentionally silly of Chabrol's heroes, who can otherwise often use a sort of dark facetiousness to suggest truly perturbed spirits. This Hamlet's self-absorption goes far into stupidity (which is something very different from lunacy), and only an inch into torment. It rises into an exhibition of petulance that seems not a clever young man's madness feigned to tempt devils into revealing themselves but a display of posturing about plump troubles confected for an audience.

The beginning of the film, misleadingly enough, is prodigiously good. Chabrol cuts from a long-shot of people outside a church at the father's funeral to a closeup of the corpse, then to a view of the mourners shot with the camera inside the open coffin, leaving us to sort out the hypocritical from the saddened. Valli is veiled in black.. The son is weeping. Real weeds? Real tears? The lid clangs on the coffin, keeping the camera's view inside. The son, outside, cries "Père!" The camera moves with the funeral procession toward the church. Credits. Then the church door opens and out comes a wedding procession, with Valli as the bride. Smiling friends. It is a fine, quiet, shocking opening. Funeral to marriage. "Within a month": Yvan's response contains some of the fury and distaste of Shakespeare's line. But then the tone begins to waver. It is not easy to enter Yvan's supposed mania, André Jocelyn being the least able of Chabrol's actors. The variants from Shakespeare seem conceits. Hamlet's advice to the players, when Yvan is making his film-within-a-film, ends in self-

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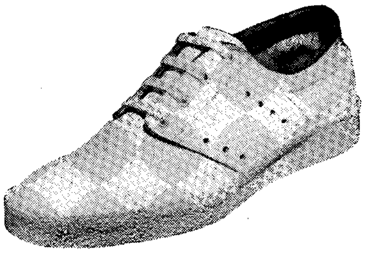

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conscious knowingness with an order not to quarrel about their credits. The Polonius figure alone is growingly interesting. He begins to be genuinely frightened for Lucie, and to epitomize the gossipy eavesdropper. Dispatched by his thug-hiring employer—Yvan's stepfather—to keep tabs on the boy, he fanatically climbs a tree and dies there of a heart attack, hanging from the branches like a scarecrow impaled on sticks. "A rat in a tree!" shouts Yvan, triumphantly. But it is not a tragic moment, as it should be, because Chabrol so often declines to take himself seriously. By introducing a keynote of sustained frivolity, he safeguards himself from the accusation of having his heart in something.

Chabrol's screenplay, written with Martial Matthieu, has a few cutting moments that are startlingly true to Hamlet's tortured intelligence and to his bilious staircase wit. ("Good night, Papa. Good night, Aunt," Yvan says to his stepfather-uncle and his mother.) But Chabrol deliberately uses barnstorming actors, and generally leans all too much on the exaggerated gestures that he has always believed to contain people's most revealing behavior. He swivels practical jokes on the audience as if he were some backslapping compere with a spotlight at a dance with people in paper hats. He is temperamentally bored by naturalism, which strikes him as diluted, so he has made an aesthetic of ham, but his efforts not to mean what he says, which "Ophélia" now and then beautifully surmounts, seem frantic and empty alternatives to what he can do if he doesn't try.

Lino Ventura is neither a highbrow nor a lowbrow actor. Perhaps he should be called a furrowed-brow actor. Above his expressionless features, with the morose mouth and the nose like a downturned thumb, looms a forehead like a corrugated iron roof. It is a perfect face for the taciturn comedian. It is also, it turns out in Claude Pinoteau's "Escape to Nowhere"—bad title—a perfect face for a stoic spy divided between two loyalties. As Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist, he is split down the middle in his life and thought as if with an axe. Because he is a scientist, his loyalty is not particularly to any one nation: it makes him perfect spy material. The Russians have been using him for years. But it turns out that he is French. He was kidnapped from Grenoble sixteen years ago. What does it matter which flag he serves? Like many Frenchmen, he seems to have a shrug built into his soul. Or perhaps it matters as much as life itself? As much as the wife he left behind so long ago, who has remarried and, surprisingly, can now make stolen time with him lit with pleasure when he thought himself forever consigned to the drab? "Escape to Nowhere" is a good spy story and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity.

Haliakov is a member of a Russian delegation that has been sent to London on a study program. Involved in a suspicious car accident, he is picked up by the English, who learn of his kidnapping from France, where he was called Clément Tibère. The English need the names of two English physicists who are undercover Russian agents. In exchange, they promise him a free life in the West. Is it what he craves? Maybe. Always, two things seem to be true at the same time. The English want him to talk; the Russians want him to shut up. By taking out life insurance with the English, he is condemning himself with the Russians. As soon as he gives the English the information they ask, he is released, but he is no more of a free man. The K.G.B. is on his trail everywhere. He struggles back to France like a lost dog. Hitchcock himself is finally rivalled by two marvellous scenes of tension at concerts in Geneva and Paris, by a brilliant tussle by the French Secret Service to decode the scientific secrets hidden in sheets of music manuscript—crotchets instead of minims, filled in with microdots—and by a fight for time while the French Secret Service's brains work and Haliakov-Tibère wanders in Switzerland with a loaf of bread, a bar of chocolate, and a blanket. Images remain in the mind. The dirt marks of desperate men's fingerprints around a bell in an inquisition cell. And always the prevailing ambiguity: a signpost, for instance, that points in one direction to Grenoble and his old life, and the abandoned house where he and his wife once lived, and in the other direction to Geneva and obligations. Does it matter, the choice? Not at all? Or very much? The film is tinctured with a dark, charitable intelligence not usual in spy movies.

ENORMOUS articulated earth-movers, golf carts, mobile homes, banks for senior citizens set on wheels by the most attractive comic gang of bank robbers, all severely and eccentrically bent on a criminal task approached with rigorous academicism. "Bank Shot," directed by Gower Champion, is a vehicular dream. Instead of tunnelling his way out of the maximum-security prison where he is supposed to be incarcerated until his toes turn up, George C. Scott bashes his way out on the earth's surface, which is sorely injured in the course of his scheme of snitching a gigantic yellow earthmover while the proper driver is in a matching yellow portable privy. Scott has been in communication with his old mate Al G. Karp, played by Sorrell Booke. Karp enters the prison posing as a lawyer. He wears a white carnation and continually fiddles with a false mustache (soup-strainer, dessert-duster), which has come loose for lack of makeup gum. Now and then, he casually waves get-away maps at the prison guards and says in a shout bound to deceive nobody that they are legal documents.

The bank-heist plot, untellably complicated and untellable because telling would spoil the fun, involves a game, fussy woman accomplice of middle age (Bibi Osterwald) who goes around accessorized with a neck brace (along with dangly earrings) because she has been advised to wear it for insurance purposes, bank heists being as unreliable as they are. It also involves Robert Balaban as an intently hero-worshipping young ally who was slung out of the F.B.I. and who much respects George C. Scott because he had the most impressive robbery record in the Bureau's offices. The Balaban character looks on himself as exorbitantly lucky to be apprenticed to the master artist of bank robberies. George C. Scott has an air of dignity that goes with his supremacy as the intellectual of crime. He believes in Plans. When he is steaming the aches out of himself after spending the night under a mobile bank of mysterious uses—it is later stolen and parked in a trailer site for senior citizens, and disastrously disguised in a non-waterproof "washable" pink paint that a dumb pretty broad bought because "washable" sounded so clean—he raises his detrunked head with stern intelligence out of his steam cabinet to survey a naked girl with hauteur;

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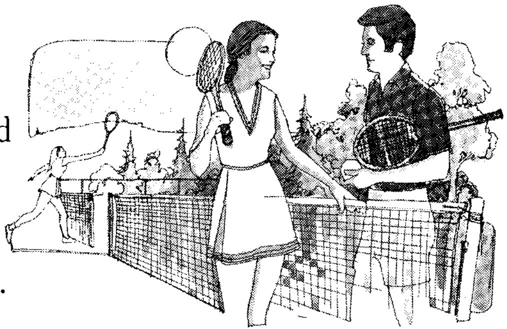

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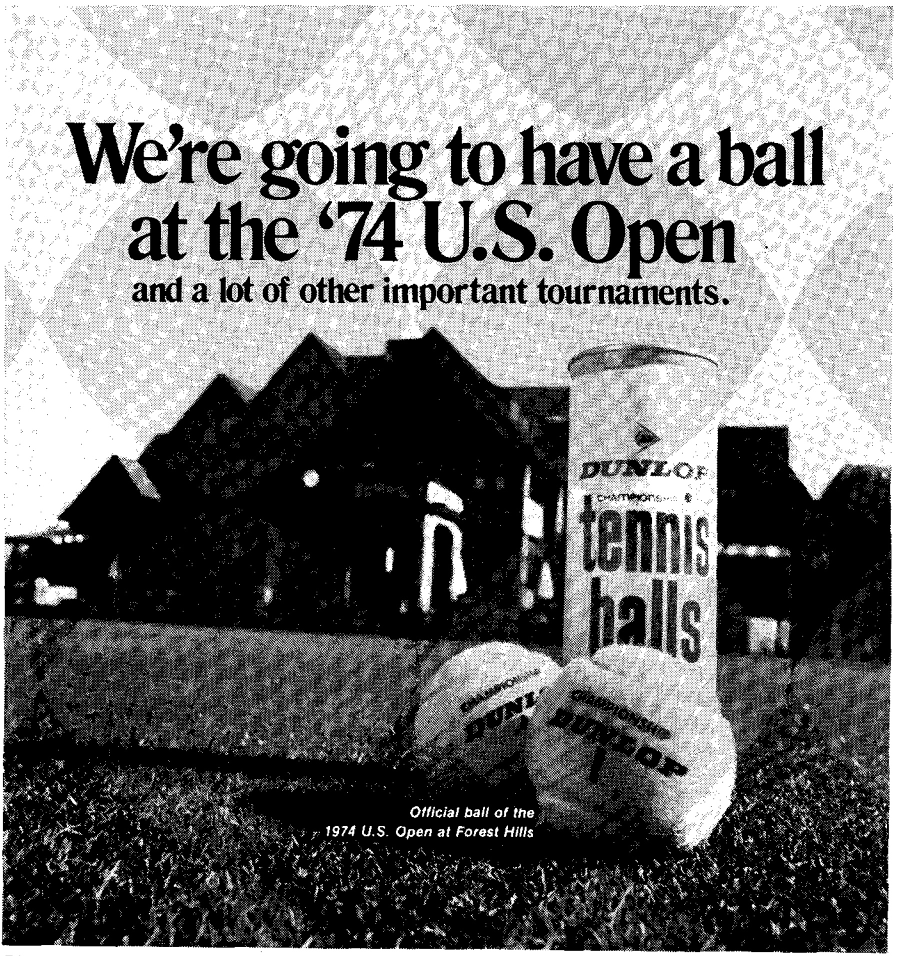

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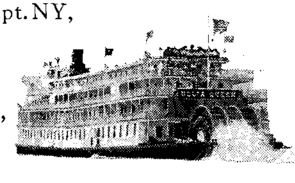

he looks at her very distantly, as if he were working out a problem in linguistic philosophy. Even in ignoble positions, he carries himself most regally. Under the credits, regarding with remote respect a ketchup bottle that he shakes over a plate of uneatable food—pronounced by the incompetent Bulldog Streiger, an unconvincing terror of a prison warden, played by Clifton James, to have a secret ingredient of peanut butter—he looks like a gourmet Edward VII viewing a suspicious dish of oysters. Even when he has to motorbike West to find his gang, which has cottoned on to a fortune waiting for wheels to be slipped under it by some such idiosyncratic robber, he has the bearing to wear a raspberry-colored crash helmet, a studded jacket, and an awful lot of hippie hair on and around his face as though they were coronation robes. He rides his bouncing bike poker-backed, with a severe expression of being meant for grander vehicles: the yellow earthmover at the beginning spoke to his temperament.

"Bank Shot" ends facetiously, and it has some less good, less stony-jawed moments when characters mug, pull faces, and go through complicated maneuvers for laughs. It also falls into the present category of movies having to be about blood and thunder, or crime, or decapitation, or squeamish disasters, even if they are in a comic vein. It is hard to get backing for a serious or sunny movie about domestic dilemmas or for an essay in character. All the same, "Bank Shot" is a droll film of its kind.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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> While the British, like everyone else, are drinking more wine, it is safe to say that is, they dine regularly more American wine (unless, that they are not drinking at the United States Embassy). The United States welcomes imports with open arms, but European barriers effectively bar American wines almost without exception.
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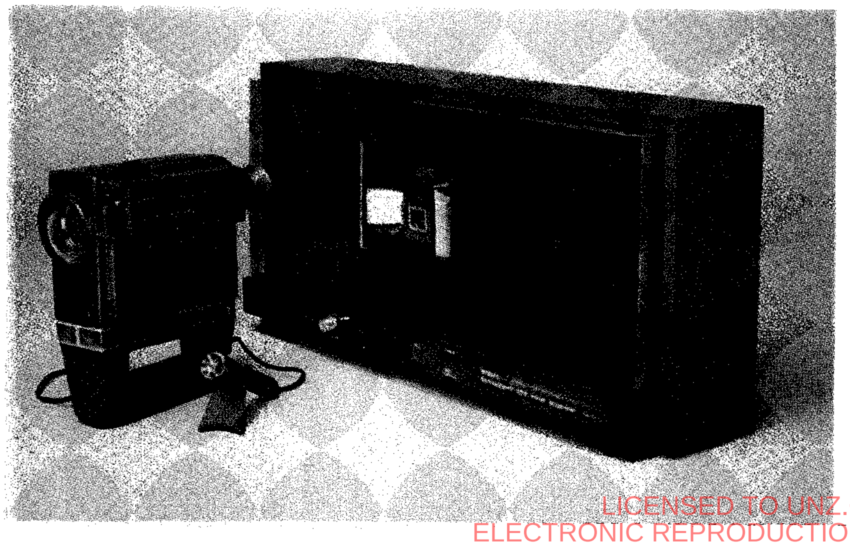

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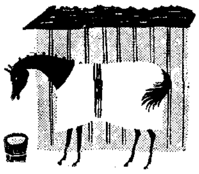

SOMEONE once said that Saratoga Springs eternal, and perhaps it does. Anyhow, the Grand Old Lady of Union Avenue, as a number of sentimentalists call it (losers have another name for it), is the only racecourse in the country where horses are saddled under the trees in a huge paddock—the largest I have ever been in. Apart from that, though, it isn't the same old Saratoga Springs it was back in the days when the Cavanaugh Special brought its trainload of bookmakers and their crews up from New York for the meeting. And if you didn't have a car you went to the track in a yellow depot wagon behind lean horses and a fat driver. It was never dull after the races. There was the Brook Club or the Arrowhead Inn or the floor show at the Piping Rock. Or you could just sit on the veranda of the United States Hotel, along with other horseplayers, and watch the crowd milling up and down Broadway. A certain glamour still hangs round the place; that's why we always come back.

This year's meeting opened with the Schuylerville Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, as has been the custom since it replaced the historic Flash Stakes, which was discontinued in 1972. The Schuylerville was run off in two divisions. In the first, Our Dancing Girl, a 10–1 shot, won by a nose. In the second, Laughing Bridge, who was second to Ruffian in the Astoria Stakes last month, rolled home by thirteen lengths in the lively time of 1:09⅘ for the six furlongs. Laughing Bridge, a dark bay by Hilarious out of Brookbridge, is owned by Neil Hellman, an Albany man who brought out Linda's Chief two years ago. There seem to be a lot of fillies at the Spa. So many came out for the Test Stakes, for three-year-olds, which is a prep for this weekend's Alabama, that it was also split. Fred Hooper's Quaze Quilt showed speed in the first section, zipping into the lead in the first quarter and never being headed. The Pennyacres Farm's Maybellene won the second section. I don't think Chris Evert, who is everybody's favorite for the Alabama, need worry about either of them.

The Whitney Stakes last Saturday was disappointing. Not that it wasn't exciting watching Infuriator leading by lengths until Fred Hooper's Tri Jet bore down on him in the last furlong and beat him by a neck. Rather, it was because the six runners were what Jack Campbell, the nonpareil handicapper, would have called Class B horses. (Forego, the only Class A horse around, turned in an unsatisfactory workout and wasn't entered.) Still, it was a fast-run race, the nine furlongs being ticked off in 1:47, which was too fast for Stop the Music, with whom the Greentree Stable hoped to win its sixth Whitney. He was third.

WINNERS of the classics seem to have no luck in the Monmouth Invitational Handicap. Last weekend, Little Current, hero of the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes, followed Riva Ridge, who won the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont in 1972, Pass Catcher, winner of the 1971 Belmont, and Dust Commander, winner of the 1970 Kentucky Derby, by going down to defeat in the Jersey track's $100,000 special. From all accounts, Little Current made a good try—and he really had a large order. He hadn't run since the Belmont, in June, and he was carrying 127 pounds and giving weight in chunks—besides which he isn't quick off the mark, and he was asked to go a shorter distance than he likes. Still, he was beaten by only a dirty nose by Holding Pattern, to whom he gave ten pounds and who was hard and fit from a trip to Omaha, where he won the President's Cup at Ak-Sar-Ben. A brown gelding by Old Bag out of Miss Caesar, Holding Pattern had done all his racing this season in the Middle West. He was always in a good position in the Invitational and, taking the lead in the stretch, had just enough left to stand off the challenge of Little Current. Bud Sarner, who trains Holding Pattern, hasn't decided whether he will come back East for a go at the Travers or remain at Arlington Park for the American Derby.

THE boys and girls are betting much more with the OTB shops around town than at the track at Saratoga Springs. But Monmouth Park is getting a big play, too.

—AUDAX MINOR

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BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Indianapolis News*]

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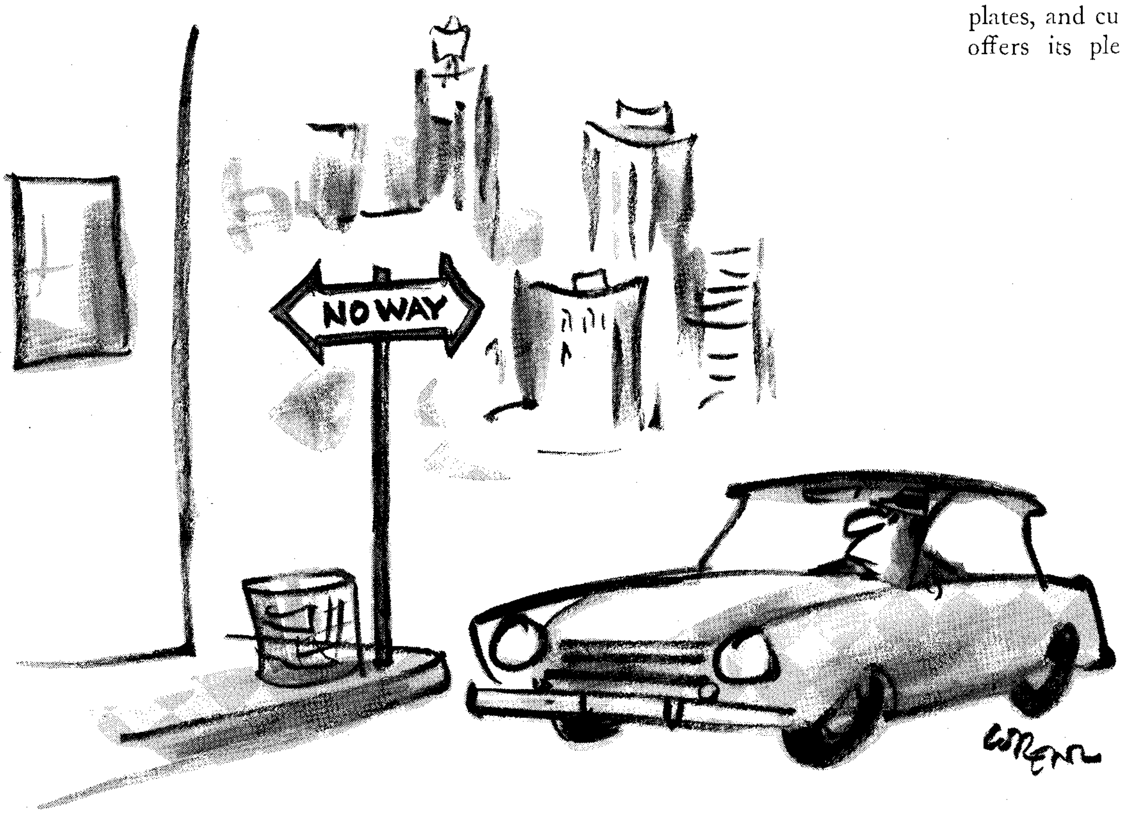
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE rusticity that has crept over New York apartments in the last decade—filling them with country furniture, stoneware crocks, patchwork quilts, mason jars, folk artifacts, and cottage-garden flowers and herbs—has taken some of the edge off going to real country houses. To escape from a city apartment that looks like a farm kitchen, to a farm kitchen, is not much of an escape, and it is probably time that owners of rural retreats did something to redecorate them. To help out in this Thoreauvian task, I offer the following report on furniture and household objects of a non-rural, non-folk-art, non-nineteenth-century-functionalist, non-handcrafted, non-Shaker character which, in most cases, don't cost very much and, wherever possible, aren't altogether hideous.

At the Nicol Gallery, 217 East 84th Street, whose sign reads "Antiques, Paintings, and Glassware from the Depression Era," sets and individual specimens of cheap, machine-pressed glass cups and saucers, plates, bowls, and serving pieces are on view in green, amber, pink, blue, or clear glass, decorated with various lacy, fancy floral and bird patterns, with names like "Madrid," "Royal Lace," "Partridge and Rose," and "Florentine." This glassware entirely avoids the shopworn look of honest functionalism and graceful plainness that we are trying to avoid, and offers, instead, a refreshingly tacky representation of lower-middle-class false refinement such as used to incense writers of social novels, and now seems harmless and almost charming. The Depression glassware used to sell for around a dollar a set (which included four each of cup and saucer, dinner plate, and salad plate) and now sells for around $65 a set. Individual pieces have gone up correspondingly: cups and saucers range from $4 to $10 a pair; sherbet dishes are around $1.50; cookie jars are from $8 to $20; large serving bowls (eight inches) are around $10; dinner plates are from $2 to $5; and compotes are from $6 to $15. Various plainer relics from the period are also offered: rectangular glass refrigerator jars with grooved sides are $4 each; a glass orange-juice reamer with a handle it can be hung up on is $1.50 in a clear glass version and $4.50 in colored glass; and a tarnished old aluminum eggbeater with a peeling painted wood handle is $3. The designation "Depression glass" is a technical term among collectors, I learned from the two young men who run the gallery. They said that the genre is better known in the Midwest than in the East, but that it is slowly beginning to gain a foothold here. (There is already a Hudson Valley Depression Glass Club.) They attribute the growing popularity of the stuff to the current thirties revival, and to the fact that today "everything is made of plastic."

This, of course, isn't true, nor does it even completely apply to the realm of cheap things sold in dime stores. A surprising number of things in the dime store are not only not made of plastic but are things that were designed during the Depression or earlier, and that simply never stopped being manufactured, evidently because people never stopped buying them. One example of such tried-and-truism is a line of ironstone dinnerware, whose manufacturer chooses not to identify himself, which comes in several versions. One is plain off-white with scalloped edges, and another is decorated with kitschy polychrome bouquets of flowers and with gold lines that follow the wavy edge. I remember these dishes from my childhood (Mom used to like to serve the madeleines off them), and they can still be found at most Woolworths, Lamstons, and Kresses. The prices vary from store to store. A set of four floral dinner plates is around $3, and a set of plain ones is around $2.30. Four cereal bowls in the floral pattern are $2.50 a set, and the others are $2 a set. The line also includes fruit and soup bowls, salad plates, and cups and saucers. Kress still offers its pleasing Chinese-restaurant blue-willow pattern; dinner plates, salad plates, and large shallow soup bowls are seventy-nine cents each, a cereal bowl, saucer, or butter plate is fifty-nine cents, cups and fruit dishes are forty-nine cents each, and a twelve-inch oval platter is $1.19. Real Chinese-restaurant ware—made of vitrified china and thus more costly—is sold at the Bridge Company, 212 East 52nd Street, in a large variety of patterns (blue, pink, or dark red on white) and at prices that average $2 for a dinner plate or a salad plate, $1.50 for a bowl, $1 for a cup,



and $4 for a large oval platter. Various small oval, oblong, and round dishes that Chinese restaurants use for serving eggrolls, spareribs, dumplings, and sauces are on hand here for from fifty cents to $3.50 each, and can be put to such Occidental purposes as holding soap, cigarette ashes, or canapés. The Bridge Company also has a lot of plain white restaurant china (some rimmed with green or red) in its cavernous, dusty back room—plates, bowls, cups and saucers, and numerous serving pieces. Restaurant china has much to recommend it as china for the country. It is the most durable and impervious of chinas, and its associations with restaurants are agreeable; you feel more like a busboy than a drudge when setting the table and loading the dishwasher with these dishes.

BACK at the dime store, there is inexpensive, lightweight aluminum cookware (the Enterprise and Wear-Ever companies are two leading manufacturers) that will lend a fine proletarian note to the country kitchen being divested of its copper sauté pans and earthenware casseroles. In addition to their unprepossessing appearance, these pots and pans have considerable merit as cooking utensils. When the so-called "gourmet revolution" was launched, in the late fifties, it became an article of faith among its adherents that very good, heavy pots and pans were a prerequisite to the production of delicious food. There was a great general trip to the dump with the sort of cookware that had been good enough, when she existed, for the cook but was rejected by Child-centered young couples, who commenced to fill their kitchens with copper, enamelled cast-iron, stainless-steel, porcelain, and earthenware cooking utensils imported from Europe. By now, most of the imports have doubled in price, and many young couples who are equipping a second kitchen are reëvaluating, perforce, the merits of domestic cookware. Restaurant-weight aluminum pots are proving to be good substitutes for copper ones, regular black cast iron for enamelled cast iron, Pyrex dishes for white porcelain soufflé dishes, metal mesh strainers for horsehair tamises—and even lowly lightweight aluminum is proving adequate for many purposes (for boiling eggs or pasta or heating a can of soup one doesn't need or want anything better) and, in a pinch, can be used for more advanced operations, though one has to cook a little more guardedly with it.

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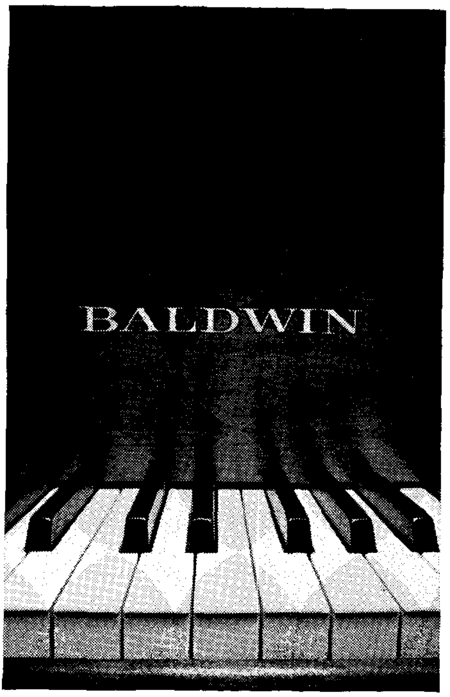
Avenue (24th), I found some lightweight aluminum cookware imported from Italy which costs as little as the aluminum sold in the dime store and yet looks as elegant and nicely proportioned as the objects sold at more stylish establishments. The pots are straight-sided and have long, graceful handles of a mottled-surface aluminum, and the flat lids that come with them have plain, square-cut handles. A three-and-a-half-quart saucepan of this variety is $4.10; a quart-and-a-half saucepan is $2.60; a covered sauté pan with high sides is $4.30; and an eight-quart stockpot is $5.95. As it happens, however, the dowdy pots and pans from the dime store turn out to be better cooking utensils. The ugly black plastic handles on their sides and lids serve the important function of keeping the cook from burning her fingers, while the handsome handles of the Italian ware get too hot to touch without a pot holder. The long-cherished belief that there is an inexorable connection between beauty and utility—that if something is functional it is beautiful, and vice versa—just doesn't apply here, as it doesn't in many other cases; nor does the notion that American manufacturers have some sort of natural craving for ugliness and tastelessness hold up to scrutiny. One finds that as often as not beauty has to be sacrificed to utility when cost is also a factor, and that many American kitchen objects are uglier than European imports precisely *because* they are more functional. Examples that come to mind are our whistling teakettles, potato peelers, rubber spatulas, orange-juice reamers, can openers, eggbeaters, and ice-cream scoops.

There are also some American products that are as good-looking as their European counterparts but are so common that their beauty, like that of roadside weeds, goes largely unnoticed. "Beauty" may be a little strong to describe the plastic dish racks and drainboards and wastebaskets and storage boxes and bins made by the Rubbermaid Company, and sold everywhere, but there is nothing about these amenities that isn't as sleek, straightforward, well proportioned, and ingenious as Scandinavian and Italian plastics; and yet when we buy a Rubbermaid dish rack we feel about as excited about our purchase as we do when buying a can of Crisco, whereas when we buy a plastic butter dish imported from Denmark or a salad bowl from Italy there is a distinct sense of pleasure. In "Walden," Thoreau icily discusses this deplorable side of our na-



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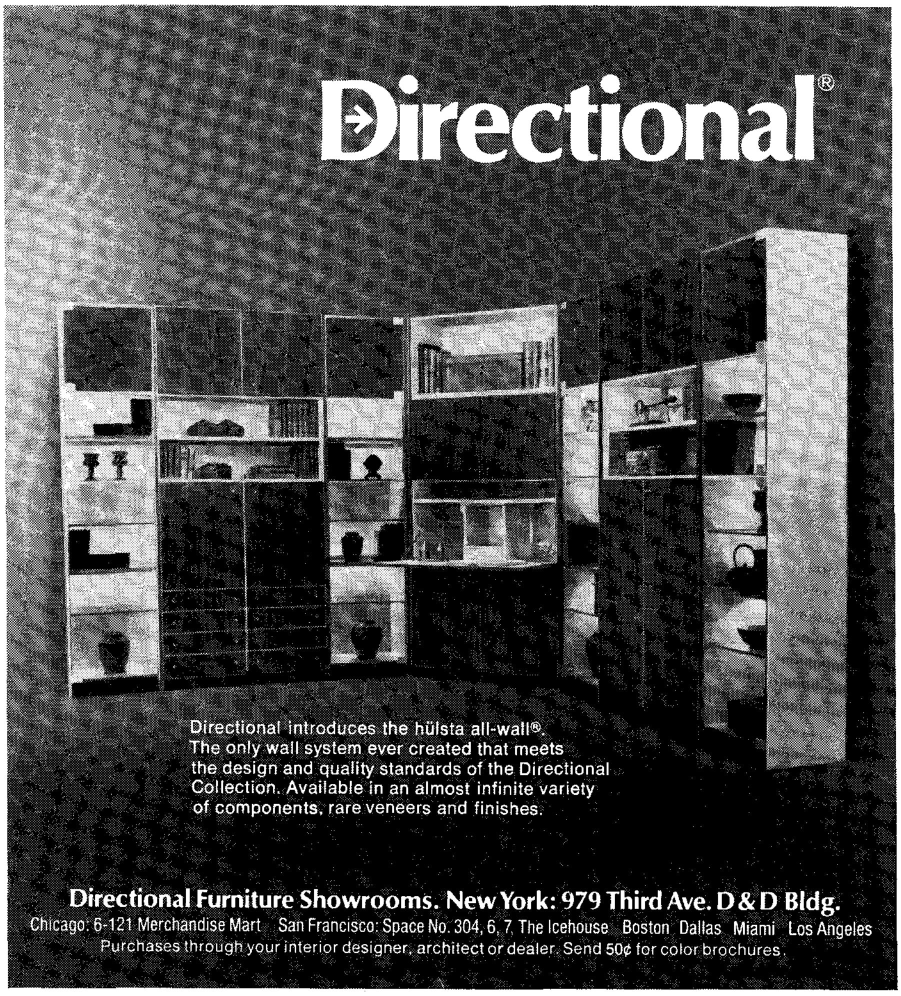
ture—"the childish and savage taste of men and women for new patterns [which] keeps how many shaking and squinting through kaleidoscopes that they may discover the particular figure which this generation requires today"—and in describing his own "rigid economy" and "more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose" he makes us feel guilty about our acquisitiveness and the amount of time we spend fixing up our country houses instead of walking in the woods and striking attitudes of moral superiority.

One way of solving this dilemma—an expedient that increasing numbers of people seem to be adopting—is to simply stop going to the country on weekends, and to spend Saturday shopping at Bloomingdale's and Sunday at home, guiltlessly arranging one's purchases. On a recent Saturday, the crowds at Bloomingdale's were almost as thick as those in a national park, and the following attractive new items were glimpsed and noted: Earthenware plates, bowls, and mugs hand-decorated with the mottled pattern and black rims that appeared on nineteenth-century tinware are offered in blue, green, black, or yellow on white, and cost $105 for a forty-piece service for eight. Individual items in this ware include coffeepots ($11.75), napkin rings ($6.50 for four), and salt and pepper shakers ($4.50 a pair). The collection illustrates a curious aesthetic principle. This is that when one medium is faked in another the results are awful only when the imitating medium is cheaper than the one being imitated (examples: plastic imitations of wood or tarpaper imitations of brick); when a more expensive medium is used to fake a cheaper one—as has been done in this case—the results are unexceptionable. The mellow, farmhouse aspect of these plainly shaped, nicely colored pieces lends itself well to the butcher-block or golden-oak dining tables that few city apartments are without today.

A collection of well-designed, unusually proportioned cannisters from Holland are another new sight at Bloomingdale's. They have clear plastic bodies and colored plastic tops—red, brown, and yellow are the choices—thinly rimmed with white. There are upright slabs in three sizes (the smallest is four and a half inches high, three inches wide, and two and a half inches deep, and costs $1.50, and the tallest is seven inches high, five inches wide, and three inches deep, and costs $3), and squat, sandwich-box-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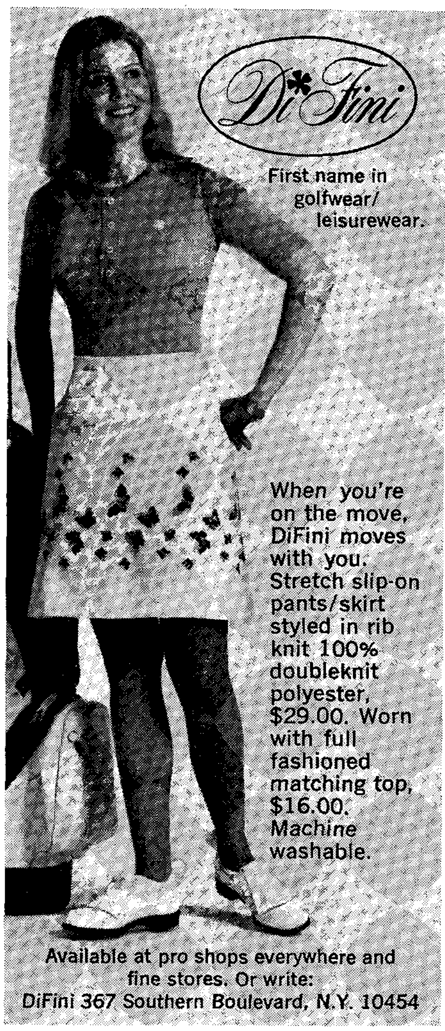

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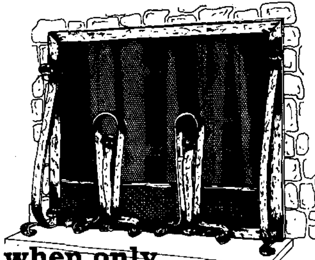
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type squares (a box seven and a half inches long, six inches wide, and two inches high is $3) that are sold individually, or in a stacking set of three inch-high bottoms and one top for $5. The tops are insulated and have an airtight fit, so that they can be used in picnic baskets as well as on kitchen shelves and in the refrigerator. The boxes have rounded corners and edges, and a European, distinctly un-Rubbermaid appearance.

A mailbox that would probably look out of place on a country road but looks great at Bloomingdale's is made of clear acrylic and brings to the regulation mailbox shape a look of elegance and dash that it doesn't have in regulation metal. It's about half the standard size, and "U.S. Mail" is stamped on one end in silver paint; the price is $14.

Some beach towels that Bloomingdale's introduced last year (and is still selling) are not very practical for the beach—they are much too heavy to carry around, especially when full of sand and seawater—but make beautiful wall hangings. They are woven with strong geometric patterns derived from American Indian and Turkish rug designs—Apache, Navajo, and Kilim are the names of the three patterns offered, and hard to choose among—and color combinations are, for example, navy, rust, dark green, and brown, or olive, rust, black, and mustard. Prices are $15.50 for a towel forty-five by seventy-two inches, and bath towels and hand towels are also available in these patterns for $5.75 and $2.50, respectively.

I was surprised to see ostrich-feather dusters selling in Bloomingdale's housecleaning section, among the furniture polishes and ironing-board covers, instead of—if anywhere—in one of the store's enclaves devoted to antiques or camp. One would have thought these objects had become as obsolete as the housemaids who used to wield them, or the word "dusting" itself, which sounds like something people do on drugs. But there the dusters are—with long wood handles and soft, speckled brown feathers. The label identifies them as Venetian Craftsman brushes; $5.

IN Altman's excellent housewares department, a number of the above-mentioned items are also offered—namely, the Dutch plastic containers and the imitation tinware, which includes pitchers ($9) and coffeepots ($12). Small Coke glasses are sold here, for seventy-five cents each, which

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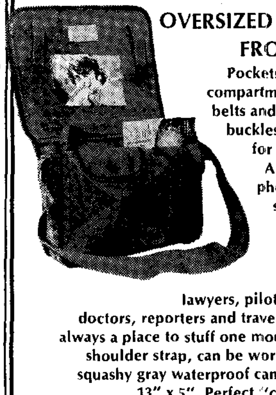
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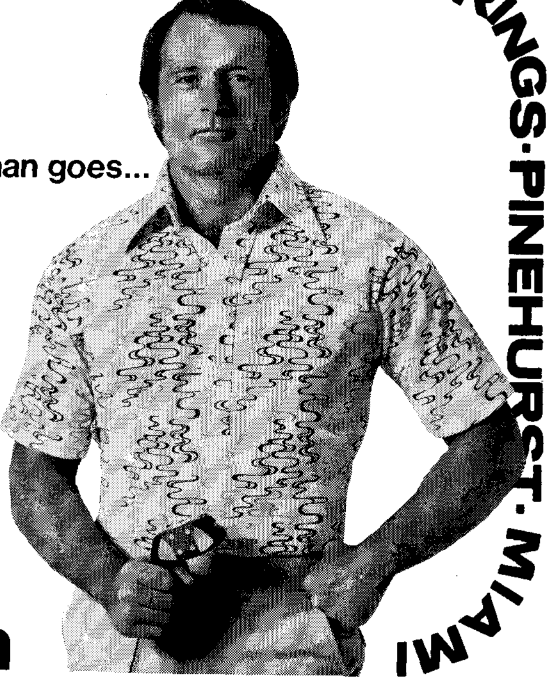
make good milk glasses for small children; and molded-glass sherbet cups of the nineteen-forties soda-fountain type are the same price. Altman's restaurant china from France is white with blue rims, and is priced at $3 for a luncheon plate, $2.75 for a large shallow soup bowl, $7 for a large oval platter, and $5 for a smaller one. The cups and saucers of this ware are marred by gold trimming that appears on their rims and handles. An appealing aluminum teakettle ($9) has a widely arching black handle, a gracefully curved spout, and a pattern of indented ovals around its sides and a simple petal design on the lid.

IN the field of outdoor furniture, there is almost nothing that one could level a charge of rusticity (not to say tastefulness) against. At hardware stores, shopping centers, and ten-cent stores, folding chairs of garishly colored plastic webbing attached to lightweight aluminum frames are sold for around $5 in upright versions and $10 in lounge-chair form, and will transform the most sylvan of scenes into a Photo-Realist landscape. These eyesores, if one is going to be fair about it, are very comfortable, very convenient because of their lightness, and an excellent buy. The tasteful (though by no means good-looking) equivalent of these chairs, made of tubular aluminum and webbed with bands of brown or dark-green and white leatherlike plastic, cost around $85 a side chair and $190 a lounge chair at places like Mayhew's. Design Research has a small, light folding chair called the Zurich outdoor chair, which is comfortable, stackable, not hideous, and, at $29, not prohibitively expensive. The all-white chair's seat and back are made of plastic-coated steel mesh, and the arms and legs are plastic-coated steel tubing; it has a neat, simple, modern appearance—the seat and back are square-cut, the legs neatly continue into the square-cut arms, and there is a slight splay. It measures twenty-one inches wide, twenty-two inches deep, and thirty-one and a half inches high, and the seat height is seventeen inches. A plain round table with a white laminated-plastic top, thirty-nine inches in diameter and twenty-eight inches high, is displayed at D/R with the chairs, and costs $89. Director's chairs continue to be liked, for good reason, and D/R offers a large choice of canvas colors (green, brown, white, orange, blue, red, black, and yellow) and a choice of frames: varnished, unvarnished, black, or white. The price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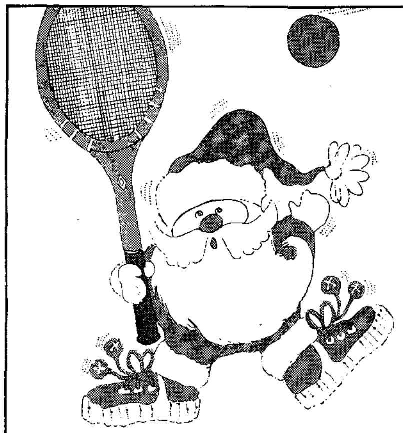

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COUNTRY-HOUSE libraries are like untended gardens, which grow more delightful as they grow more rank and unruly. A haphazard miscellany of books left behind by guests, books found in the attic, books everybody was reading one summer or another, books brought up for self-improvement, children's books, mysteries, books on nature and gardening—such unpremeditated libraries crop up wherever people spend vacations, and are as evocative of summer as the fragrance of phlox and the sound of katydids. People with new country houses—like people with new gardens who fill in bare places with nursery-grown annuals—can get a head start on their libraries by visiting secondhand bookstores and making random selections from among the twenty-nine-cent books on display outside the shop. ("From Baseball to Boches," by H. C. Witwer, "Enchanted April," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "How to Be a Better Woman Golfer," by Louis T. Stanley, and "Disorders of the Horse," by Elsie Hanauer, were some promising titles recently seen on Fourth Avenue.) But buying outdated books isn't really necessary. In a few years, just about every book published acquires the patina of gratuitousness that is the desired dominant note of the country library; and simply by keeping up with and hanging on to the new books one is sure to earn the gratitude of one's heirs.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

A SOBERING THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Lang thinks there is a freak chance that audiences may boycott the film ["Earthquake"].

"Let us assume," he said, "that between now and the film's release in November, there is a major earthquake in Los Angeles and a million people are killed. This may keep people away from the film."

•

As for Murrell, he gave credit to Braves general manager Eddie Robinson.

"I've been feeling good at the plate for about a week," he said. "Eddie Robinson came down and suggested that I hold my hat higher. I had been too low with it. I tried it and I feel real good up there now."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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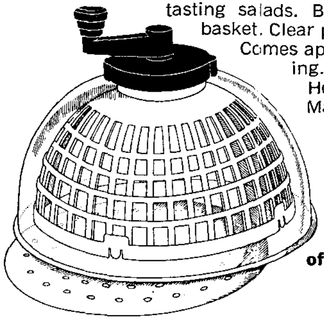

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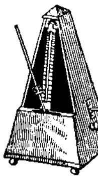

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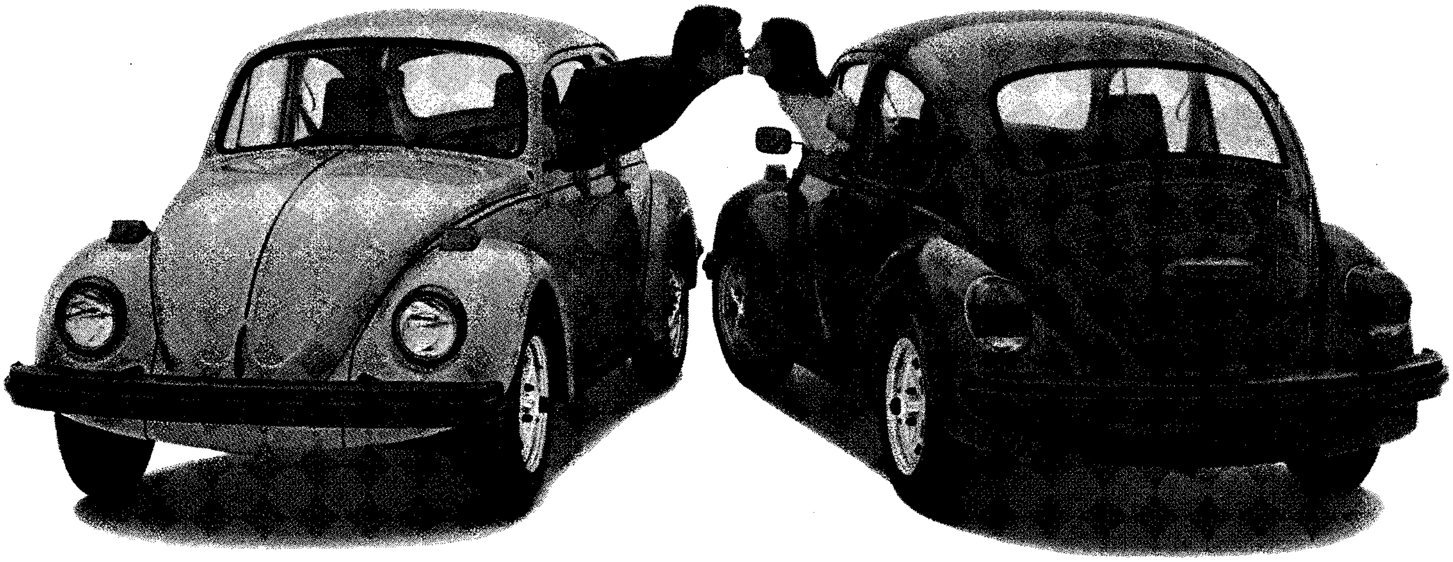

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MUSICAL EVENTS

CONCERT RECORDS

TO consider at a proper pace the flood of Rachmaninoff recordings celebrating the hundredth anniversary (1973) of his birth requires time, especially because these recordings were by no means made public simultaneously. By far the most important is the five-album set issued by R.C.A. as "The Complete Rachmaninoff" (ARM 3-0260, 0261, 0294-5-6; monaural, six sides to an album). The documentary importance of this set is beyond calculation. It records Rachmaninoff, the pianist, the composer, and the conductor, for Rachmaninoff was the last of the great symphonic performer-conductor-composers, the first of whom were Mozart and Beethoven. It is a category that is now, unfortunately, extinct. Performing his own music at the piano, he demonstrates how Romantic music was played in the Romantic era and should be played today. He is free with rubatos and with tempos; his interpretations breathe, and they reflect the varying impulses of the performer, and there is an aristocratic delicacy about everything he does. In his recordings of Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, Grieg, Saint-Saëns, Dohnányi, Henselt, Mozart, Scriabin, and Kreisler, his method is similar. It is a pleasure to listen to this most aristocratic of pianists, playing with the free, Romantic style of a bygone era, and always setting his magnificent technique to refined and poetic purposes. Most people today have forgotten how Rachmaninoff played, and the preservation of his style of pianism is a worthy endeavor.

In Volume I, the Second Piano Concerto—the most popular, and, I think, the best—is played by Rachmaninoff, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski. Aside from this, the first two volumes are made up entirely of shorter works for solo piano by (to name a few) Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Scriabin, Tchaikovsky, Chopin, and Rachmaninoff himself. In fact, all four of the Rachmaninoff piano concertos appear in the set; the Third Symphony and "The Isle of the Dead" are conducted by the composer. There is also the "Paganini Rhapsody," and many other works, among them the famous C-Sharp-Minor and G-Minor Preludes. His operas and songs have been omitted, and so has the Choral Symphony ("The Bells"), but there is enough to enthrall the lover of great pianism and to instruct even the professional. The accompanying orchestras do not always come through with maximum brilliance in these monaural discs, but the piano comes through beautifully.

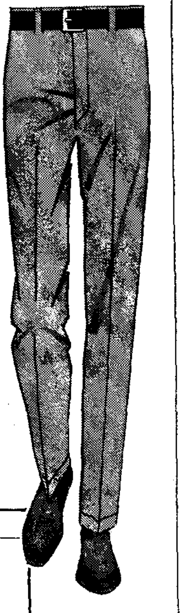
Sviatoslav Richter, the Russian spellbinder, also sets forth the Second Piano Concerto (Melodiya/Westminster Gold Series WGM 8231; monaural, two sides) with the Symphony Orchestra of the Leningrad State Philharmonic, Kurt Sanderling conducting, and Prokofieff's Allegro Inquieto, an early and somewhat noisy work of his satirical period. Richter has also recorded the Rachmaninoff preludes of Opus 23 and Opus 32 (Melodiya/Angel SR-40235; stereo, two sides), including the G Minor. His flair for the Romantic and his temperament are quite in the Rachmaninoff tradition. He plays a little more slowly, a little more powerfully, and with an even greater contrast in tempos. But, as all good Romanticists know, there is more than one way to perform a Romantic composition.

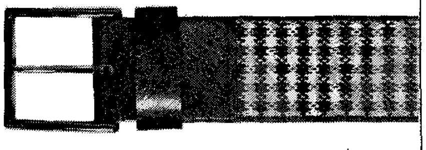
The Second is done yet again by Artur Rubinstein, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy (R.C.A. ARD 1-0031; stereo, two sides), and the Third by the gifted young Russian Yevgeny Mogilevsky, with the Moscow Philharmonic, under Kiril Kondrashin (Melodiya/Angel SR-40226; stereo, two sides). Rubinstein and the Philadelphians are, naturally, a known quantity; Mr. Mogilevsky, a dashing Romantic pianist, is introduced to us by this recording.

The Spanish pianist Rafael Orozco has done the Third Piano Concerto, this with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under the baton of Edo de Waart, for Philips (6500-540; stereo, two sides). Orozco is a powerful, extrovert virtuoso—just right for this music. His tempos are on the slow side.

Agustin Anievas, who has recorded the four piano concertos with the New Philharmonia Orchestra, under Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, Moshe Atzmon, and Aldo Ceccato (Angel SCB-3801; stereo, six sides), has the advantage of youth as well as stereo. Since rubatos are an integral part of Rachmaninoff, he plays with considerable freedom, though he lacks the delicacy of the Master. His interpretations are fresh, stirring, and virtuoso.

To Vladimir Ashkenazy were as-





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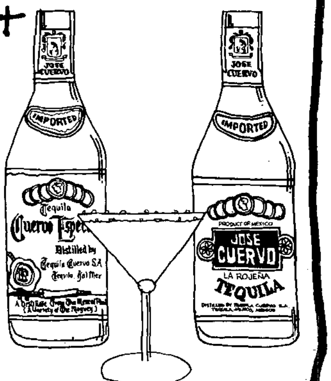

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signed the Variations on a Theme by Corelli, Opus 42, and the Études Tableaux, Opus 39, for London (CS 6822; stereo, two sides). He makes up in dashing, uninhibited virtuosity for a certain lack of delicacy, but his performances, aside from some pounding, are quite acceptable.

The Sonata No. 2 in B Flat Minor in its original version (the composer thought it too long and revised it), plus five preludes and the Étude Tableau in E Flat Minor, are the result of a recital in Moscow by Van Cliburn (R.C.A. Red Seal ARL 1-0352; stereo, two sides). Rachmaninoff needn't have worried about the length, and Cliburn has just the right touch of refinement.

Rachmaninoff's early Trio No. 2, Opus 9, subtitled "To the Memory of a Great Artist" (Tchaikovsky, who died as it was being written), has been issued by Melodiya/Westminster Gold (WGM 8254; monaural, two sides). The performers are David Oistrakh (violin), the late Lev Oborin (piano), and Sviatoslav Knushevitsky (cello). This work has all the emotional quality of the later Rachmaninoff, and its tone is appropriately melancholy. Interspersed among brilliant piano passages are sequences of a hymnlike character. The virile melodic gift is already there, and the performance is excellent.

Virtuosity more prodigious than what the Cuban pianist Jorge Bolet can muster does not exist today. His recording of "Great Rachmaninoff Transcriptions" (R.C.A. Red Seal ARL 1-0357; stereo, two sides) gives this virtuosity full play. Several of the transcriptions are much more than that—virtually rhapsodies on themes borrowed from their composers, among them Bach, Mendelssohn, Kreisler, Rimski-Korsakov, Bizet, and Moussorgsky. Two of Rachmaninoff's own less familiar preludes are thrown in for good measure. The performances are all brilliant.

Rachmaninoff's Vesper Mass, Opus 37, in memory of Stephen Vasilyevich Smolensky, is an entirely different matter—an extended work for a-cappella chorus, with a chaste quality not to be found in his piano music. It is wonderfully sung by the U.S.S.R. Russian Chorus, under Alexander Shveshnikov, with Konstantin Ognevoi and Klara Korkan as vocal soloists (Melodiya/Angel SRB-4124; stereo, four sides). The Mass, one of Rachmaninoff's few church works, reflects czarist Russia's sincere religious feeling, and it is performed by a typically Russian chorus, armed with those spectacular basses.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BOOKS

Saganland and the Back of Beyond

IN the *Herald Tribune* of April 14, 1955, under the headline " 'BONJOUR TRISTESSE' PRODIGY ARRIVES FOR 10 DAYS IN CITY," nineteen-year-old Françoise Sagan, after informing the interviewer that she wrote her sensationally successful novel in one lazy month, confided some thoughts on existentialism and then added, deferentially, "But I am no philosopher. Sometimes I think philosophical thoughts when I have nothing better to do." Well, a generation later, Mlle. Sagan evidently has nothing better to do, for her new (and eighth) novel, "Scars on the Soul" (McGraw-Hill; translated, from the French, by Joanna Kilmartin), is full of philosophizing and devoid of almost everything else. A fiction of sorts unfolds between pages of musing and self-display: two gorgeously languid characters from her play, "Castle in Sweden," the van Milhem siblings Sebastian and Eleanor, are revived ten years later and allowed to drift through a plot whose subsidiary characters keep dropping away (one commits suicide, others are abandoned or forgotten by the author) like petals from a vase of tired roses. The plot is in fact a subplot; the real plot, and the more exciting one, traces the chic, bored, speed-crazy ex-prodigy's attempts, through Normandy vacations and automobile accidents and spells of acedia, to push this little book through to its ending. End it does, with Françoise Sagan, as a character, in the arms of her paper hero, and this bit of origami may be, in her mind, her ticket of admission to the ranks of the New Novelists. Amid her *pensées* are some sentences devoted to these now avuncular experimenters:

> This is what I have against the New Novelists. They play with blank cartridges, defused grenades, leaving their readers to create for themselves characters left undelineated between neutral words, while they, the authors, openly wash their hands of them. God knows, ellipsis is tempting . . . but it's really a little too facile, possibly even unhealthy, to make people puzzle over obscurities when there's nothing to show that they've caused the author himself any real headache.

Whereas readers of "Scars on the Soul" will put down the book convinced, if of nothing else, that it caused the author a headache to write it.

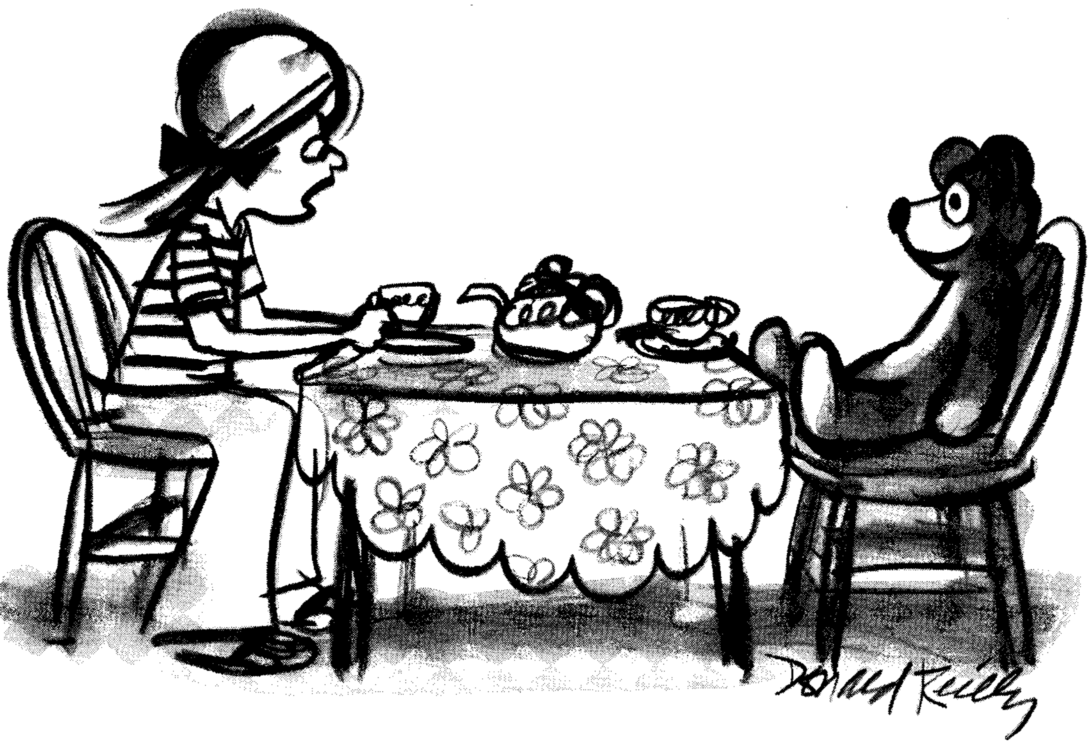
One must be fair. There is a dainty wit, a parody of decadence, in the delineation of the ethereally incestuous and cheerfully parasitical van Milhems. Not all of the author's *aperçus* are banal; she knows her world of night clubs and vacation villas and remorselessly self-conscious love. The book reads easily; it is *company*. The author's cry of personal crisis, which leads to a novel that haltingly invents itself under our eyes, feels sincere; she is honest even in her lameness and limpness of thought, and her self-exposure, as "someone tapping away at her typewriter because she's afraid of herself and the typewriter and the mornings and the evenings and everything else," has its fascination, as do, on this side of the Atlantic, the lurching franknesses of Mailer and Vonnegut. However, there is about "Scars on the Soul" an arrogant flimsiness that invites a quarrel, just as the generous margins and blank interchapter pages invite contentious jotting. "Oh, tush!" and "Ho-hum," I discover myself to have written, respectively, beside these pieces of Mlle. Sagan's wisdom:

> For nothing will alter my conviction that only by pursuing the extremes in one's nature, with all its contradictions, appetites, aversions, rages, can one hope to understand a little—oh, I admit only a very little—of what life is about. At any rate, my life.

> And the women who want equality with men, and the good arguments and the good faith of some and the grotesque obtuseness of others, human just the same and subject to the same god, the only god, whom they try to deny: Time. But who reads Proust?

Françoise Sagan reads Proust, is the answer. But her Proustian meditations have an unstately way of dwindling to nothing, to a flirtatious self-mockery:

> Since, fundamentally, the only idol, the only God I acknowledge is Time, it follows that I cannot experience real pleasure or pain except in relation to Time. I knew that this poplar would outlast me, that this hay, on the contrary, would wither and die before me; I knew I was expected at home and also that I could just as easily spend another hour beneath this tree. I knew that any haste on my part would be as stupid as any delay. And for the rest of my life. I knew everything. Including the fact that such knowledge meant nothing. Nothing but a privileged moment. The only authentic moments, in my view. When I



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say "authentic," I mean "instructive," which is just as silly.

Proust interweaves his speculations and confessions with the exhaustively evoked details of a world he powerfully loves; Mlle. Sagan has for fabric only the shreds and scraps of a world she has come to despise. She confesses on the first page "the distaste I now feel for a way of life that until now . . . had always attracted me." Later, she rises to the defense of her "Saganland" of the privileged and idle and frivolous: "The majority of the critics are appalling hypocrites. . . . What could be more enjoyable than to know that a whiskey on the rocks awaits you at a villa on the other side of this golf course, among people as lively as yourself, and as free from material worries?" But the defense rings hollow. The details are tired. The furniture and chitchat, the spongers and spongees of "Scars on the Soul" are dismissed in the same breath that evokes them; only the aloof weather and landscape of Normandy arouse the writer's respect, that reverent apprehending without which description is so much word-trundling. We have indeed come a long, heavy way from "Bonjour Tristesse," with its sparkling sea and secluding woods, its animal quickness, its academically efficient plot, its heroes and heroines given the perfection of Racine personae by the young author's innocent belief in glamour. The van Milhelms, those blond leeches, seem—by this retrospect—degenerate forms of the incestuous affection between Cecile and her father in "Bonjour Tristesse." Incest, self-love's first venture outward, feels deliberately burlesqued; Mlle. Sagan—at this juncture in her career, at least—has ceased to love herself, and has lost with love the impetus to create a fictional world.

AN *abundance of love nearly over*burdens "The Bridge of Beyond," the first novel by Simone Schwarz-Bart (Atheneum; translated from the French by Barbara Bray). The novelist, a native of Guadeloupe, married to the French author of "The Last of the Just," describes her intention in an autobiographical note: "For me, the essence of Guadeloupe will always be the most oppressed and proudest Negroes of the island, 'unbroken and unbreakable.' I early dreamed of speaking about them someday so that justice may be done for them." She has written "The Bridge of Beyond" (whose title in French is the very different "Pluie et Vent sur Télumée Miracle") "in memory of an old peas-

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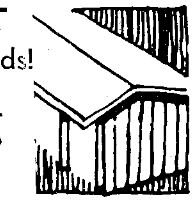

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ant woman of my village who was my friend." Telumee tells her story, beginning with her genealogy; she is the daughter of the black woman Victory, who was the daughter of Queen Without a Name, who was the daughter of Minerva, who was "a fortunate woman freed by the abolition of slavery from a master notorious for cruelty and caprice." These matrilineal generations overlap those of Mme. Schwarz-Bart's husband's recent short novel, "A Woman Named Solitude," which brings slavery to Guadeloupe in the person of Bayangumay, a girl abducted from an African village of pre-Adamic pleasantness. Schwarz-Bart is a European Jew writing about slavery; his wife is a native Guadeloupean writing about Guadeloupe. Though the two books have a companionable closeness of tone—a kind of tranced lyricism, as if, in her phrase, "dreamed in broad daylight"—her novel is the less surreal and the more substantial, the more convincing as a testament of life. The imagery of rivers flows through it, and its radiant shimmer and feeling of unforced movement are drawn from the center of the stream. "We were steeped in day, the light came in waves through the shifting leaves, and we looked at one another astonished to be there, all three, right in the stream of life." The book takes for its theme nothing less than living: Queen Without a Name "went on doing what God had created her for—living," though she can also ask, "To see so much misery, be spat at so often, become helpless and die—is life on earth really right for man?" Her granddaughter, Telumee, who acquires the title of Miracle, searches for "the thread of [her] life" and pronounces the verdict on her life and on life simultaneously:

> We have no more marks to guide us than the bird in the air or the fish in the water, and in the midst of this uncertainty we live, and some laugh and others sing. I thought I would sleep with one man only and he abused me; I thought Amboise immortal; I believed in a little girl who left me; and yet, without quite knowing why, I don't regard any of all that as a waste of time.

The events of the book are numerous; the author follows three heroines through their lives' adventures—their children, their lovers, their shacks, their occupations on the edge of survival. It is a frontier world, this post-slavery village of Fond-Zombi, where harsh disappointments suddenly wipe out years of tranquil harvesting; the human—or, more particularly, the female—capacity to survive sorrow and

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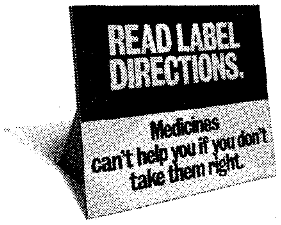

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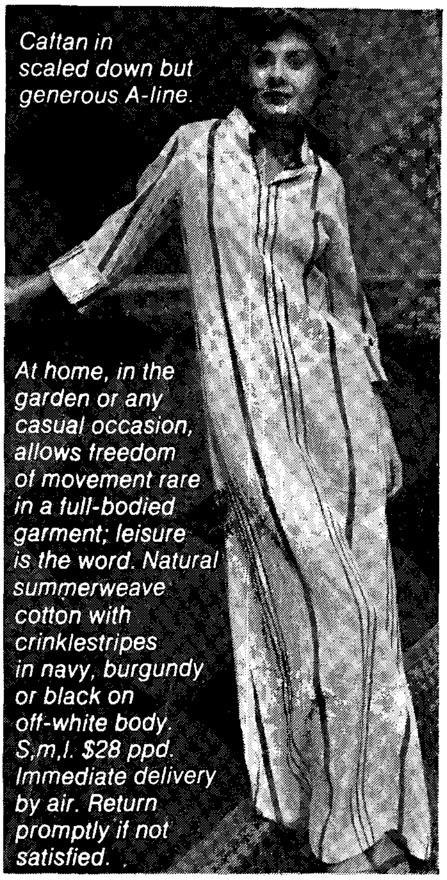
reconstitute the work of cultivation is a theme illustrated several times over, always movingly. The "miracle" attached to Telumee's name and present in the French title may be that of the human spirit, with its immortal resilience, its quicksilver moods admirable even when malevolent, its—as the book puts it—*panache*. Another theme is the special shape and tactics forced upon the Negro spirit in a land ruled by white proprietors. Telumee is advised, "Be a fine little Negress, a real drum with two sides. Let life bang and thump, but keep the underside always intact." The word "Negro" recurs insistently, not as a demoted term of racist distinction but as a metaphor for all men who are oppressed and scant of hope. To be Negro is to be human in a heightened degree: "however beautiful other sounds may be, only Negroes are musicians." Telumee comes to understand "what a Negro is: wind and sail at the same time, at once drummer and dancer, a first-class sham, trying to collect by the basketful the sweetness that falls scattered from above, and inventing sweetness when it doesn't fall on him." We are all, this novel makes us feel, "Negroes at the back of beyond," "flat on our bellies," our main defense "the Negro's ingenuity in forging happiness in spite of everything." "What happiness!" comes as the book's concluding phrase, and if words of wisdom are spoken by too many sibylline Negresses, and a Caribbean brand of black populism pushes some passages into sentimentality, the book's gift of life is so generous, and its imagery so scintillant in the sunlight of love, that we believe every word.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

WAITING OUT A WAR: THE EXILE OF PRIVATE JOHN PICCIANO, by Lucinda Franks (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). An intelligent and affecting book that, unfortunately, tries to do too many things at once: to narrate the life of Mr. Picciano, who deserted from the American Army and took refuge in Sweden; to generalize about such huge matters as American culture, Swedish culture, life in the Communist countries, and the immorality of the Vietnam war; and then, besides, to tuck in data about, and pen portraits of, other American deserters in Sweden. The best part of the book is the straightforward biography of Mr. Picciano, a person of



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exceptional gifts, none of which were recognized by his parents, priests, or teachers in Lodi, New Jersey, where he grew up. All in all, the Army was the last of a long line of institutions that failed him, but when we last see him he is about to be graduated from the University of Uppsala. Rather surprisingly, Picciano would like to come home. In his case at least, the argument for amnesty is compelling: the United States needs him more than he needs the country.

ALL SAID AND DONE, by Simone de Beauvoir, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Putnam). In this, the fifth volume of her autobiography, Mme. de Beauvoir brings us up to date on her doings—movies seen, trips taken, books read and written, friends made and lost (often, unfortunately, through death). Her approach is ruminative rather than narrative, for while she is not writing her own obituary, she does remind us that anyone born in 1908 has a longer past than a future. When Mme. de Beauvoir surveys her personality and achievements, she is more than satisfied. Even though the Soviet Union, the Third World, and old schoolmates have disappointed her, she finds her own life and works commendable. She notes that she is gifted with unusual equanimity, and attributes it to her happy childhood. The reader, looking for further tips on maintaining his peace of mind, may also note that Mme. de Beauvoir rarely reads books by authors with whom she disagrees.

A DAY'S MARCH NEARER HOME, by Roger Parkinson (McKay). The third, and final, volume of the author's history of the Second World War based on the recently released British War Cabinet papers; this book runs from El Alamein to V-E Day, and deals with the attainment of victory. Seen from inside the Cabinet, what history counts as steady progress did not always seem so at the time: counterattacks, setbacks, delays, threats of enemy campaigns, quarrels over military and political matters all presented problems, frequently simultaneously. Mr. Parkinson's introduction discusses the physical debilitation that emotional wear and tear caused British leaders—in December, 1943, Churchill's doctor, Lord Moran, was expecting his patient's death—and though *we* know that a good deal of the strain was unnecessary

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(the Anglo-American alliance held, and the Western Allies did not start shooting at the Russians), nothing shows more clearly in these papers than the unpredictability of war.

RICHARD LION HEART, by James A. Brundage (Scribners). Richard I of England (1157-99) was raised in Aquitaine and died, of an infected crossbow wound, in Touraine. The chief known events of his short life are quickly told—territorial wrangling (often on the battlefield) with his father and brothers, territorial wrangling (usually on the battlefield) with Philip Augustus of France, accepting the English crown in a three-day celebration marked by a pogrom, triumphing over Saladin in the Holy Land, languishing in political captivity in Austria, emerging after payment of ransom to resume his endless wars. He was strong, handsome, fearless, quick-witted, literate, homosexual, ruthless, generous, greedy, unreliable, a braggart, and a liar. He spent more time in Palestine than he did in England, and he was the worst king England ever had. And yet, as Mr. Brundage, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, declares and discusses in this impeccably documented and thoroughly interesting biography, he was also the towering hero of the twelfth century—in England, in Western Europe, in the Middle East—even in his own time.

LOIS LONG

LOIS LONG died last week, at the age of seventy-two. She joined the staff of the magazine in 1925, the year it began, and she retired in 1970. In the early days, the founder and first editor of *The New Yorker*, Harold Ross, was often uncertain of what he wanted the magazine to be—or, rather, he was certain only of what he wanted it not to be. This led to many muddles and high hopes dashed, but Ross never doubted that the ideal *New Yorker* writer, to say nothing of the ideal *New Yorker* reader, would be someone as like Lois Long as possible. He felt himself an outsider in New York, and in his eyes Miss Long was the embodiment of the glamorous insider. An exceptionally intelligent, good-looking, and high-spirited girl, she had graduated from Vassar in 1922 and had plunged at once, joyously, into a New York that seemed to be always at play—a city of speakeasies, night clubs, tea dances, football weekends, and steamers sailing at midnight. She wrote for *Vogue* (her father was both a lexicographer and a minister, and he had trained her to respect the hard craft of writing), and she tried her hand at acting as well. For a while, she shared a smart little flat in Murray Hill with a fellow-actress, Kay Francis; the parties they gave there are still remembered.

In the twenties, one of the most important departments in the magazine was Tables for Two, which reported on fashionable night clubs, cabarets, and restaurants. At first, the department was written and illustrated by an energetic artist and man-about-town named Charles Baskerville, who wrote under the pseudonym of Top Hat. (Almost half a century later, Baskerville remains an energetic artist and man-about-town.) When Baskerville went off to Paris to improve his skills as an artist, Miss Long took his place; Top Hat became Lipstick.

Lois Long aside, surely the most dashing figure on *The New Yorker* in those days was the artist Peter Arno, then enjoying his first taste of fame. Despite Ross's repeated, gloomy expostulations on the subject of office romances, it was perhaps inevitable that Arno and Miss Long should have fallen in love. They married and had a child and—also perhaps inevitably, given their strong temperaments—within a few years were divorced. (Miss Long subsequently married a proper Pennsylvanian named Harold A. Fox.) In the twenties, as fashion editor of *The New Yorker* and under the heading of On and Off the Avenue, she began to set down the first of what must total several million words of acute and candid fashion criticism. Her attitude was a novelty; most writing about fashion then, like most writing about fashion now, amounted to little more than the sedulous puffing of certain favored shops and designers. L.L. cared not a straw for anyone but her readers. Her intention was to instruct and entertain them by the extraordinary device of taking clothes seriously and writing about them honestly. The device succeeded, and she soon acquired an immense following. All her life, she went on telling the truth, with a wit and lack of rancor that made her career an enviable one.

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